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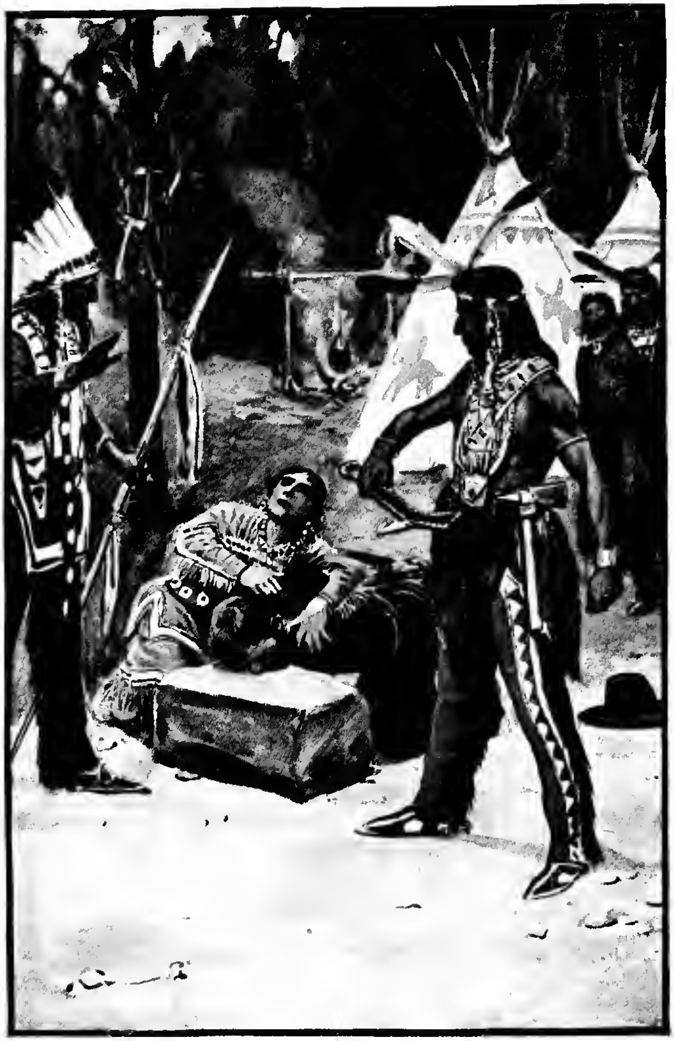

THE INTERCESSION OF PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

When Captain John Smith's head was actually about to be clubbed, she interceded with her father and his life was spared.

DARING DEEDS OF GREAT PATHFINDERS

TRUE STORIES OF THE BRAVERY AND RESOURCE OF INTREPID PIONEERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

BY

EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A. (CANTAB.)

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"GREAT BRITAIN IN MODERN AFRICA," "A HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE," &c., &c., &c.

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PREFACE

IT is the purpose of this book to recall to mind some of the work of pioneers of the adventurous, colonizing, and conquering class in the modern world. Some of these memorable heroes bear names for ever associated with achievements in which they played a leading part in founding new States. In this work were displayed the high qualities of courage, endurance, and resolution amidst dangers, difficulties, sufferings, conflicts, and toils of no common kind. The pioneers of an army are the military artisans who, provided with saw-backed swords, axes, and other needful implements, march at the head of the fighting-men to clear a passage through woods and jungles ; or, with explosives, pickaxe, and shovel, remove rocky barriers, and construct or improve roads; or, with rapid work in carpentry of piles and pontoons, bridge streams ; or, in the modern warfare, lay down and repair railways, and carry the electric wires onwards through hostile territory. In like fashion, some of the men here commemorated prepared for the advance of the peaceful forces of commerce and civilization by making their way steadily through obstacles of every kind that wild country and yet wilder man could interpose, and thus bringing strange and barbarous regions and their denizens into contact with a world hitherto unknown. In other instances of successful pioneering we deal rather with efforts of the armed forces of a nation than with those of individuals, or of small parties of men boldly plunging into Nature's wilds, and we see bodies of regular troops, or of native troops drilled and led by European officers, gaining beneficent triumphs over savage foes, making peace and order reign where anarchy was rife, or replacing an imperfect system of social and political life by one of higher position in the scale of civilization.

It is a remarkable instance of heredity that some of the best qualities of Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, were reproduced, after the lapse of about three centuries, in his descendant Baden-Powell, the man whose magnetic spirit, even more, perhaps, than his military skill and resource, kept the flag flying at Mafeking. In the hour of despondency among the beleaguered, that hero's influence never failed in reviving courage and hope, and, in the words of a resident, it was "better than a pint of dry champagne to see 'B.-P.' go whistling down the street, bright and confident."

Such was the spirit that brought success to many of the brave men whose deeds are here narrated.

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The contents of this volume are drawn from Mr. Sanderson's larger and more expensive book entitled "Heroes of Pioneering."

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DARING DEEDS OF GREAT PATHFINDERS

CHAPTER I

EARLY SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA

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THE first attempts at colonization in the region which became one of the most important and historical of the American colonies of Great Britain were made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under the patronage and with the pecuniary aid, though without the personal presence—a vital element in the enterprise—of Sir Walter Raleigh. That brilliant personage—at once soldier, mariner, prose-writer, poet, courtier, scholar, statesman, and gentleman-adventurer—named the land from the unwedded Sovereign, and received a knighthood for his share in the undertaking. Raleigh's half-brother, the brave, ill-fated Sir Humphrey Gilbert, started for the West in June, 1583, with a fleet of five ships, ranging from 200 to 10 tons burden. Gilbert had sold a large part of his landed estate in order to raise funds, and the best vessel was equipped by Raleigh at the cost of £1,000—a large sum in those times.

The voyage was unfortunate from the outset. The ship sent by Raleigh deserted on the third day after leaving port, on the plea that the captain and some of the crew were sick. A few weeks later, the little squadron was lost in a fog, and two ships more thus quitted Gilbert. These vessels, at the end of July, rejoined him at Newfoundland, of which the commander took formal possession in his Sovereign's name, and thus, in a sense, started the first British colony. Towards the end of August, Gilbert started southwards to explore the coast. Then came a sore mishap: the *Delight,* the only ship over 40 tons burden, carrying most of the provisions, struck on a rock, and went to pieces in full view of the other vessels. Gilbert was forced to turn homewards, and going on board the *Squirrel,* the smallest craft, he sank with her suddenly on a midnight in September, his last words being: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

In 1584 Raleigh, under a "patent" granted by the Queen, sent out two ships to examine and report upon the region which he desired to colonize. Arthur Barlow, the commander of one vessel, who left a record of the voyage, reports that on the 2nd of July the shallowness of the water and a sweet smell of flowers told of the nearness of land. The course taken had been more to the south than Gilbert's, and, on coming close to the shore, the voyagers looked on a land of woods and meadows, an abundance of wild vines, and of many streams. After passing about 120 miles along the coast they found an inlet, and reached an island, called "Roanoke," as they found, by the natives, at the entrance of what is now Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina, a little south of the State now called "Virginia." This island, about 20 miles long and 6 miles broad, had beyond it a spacious enclosed sea, with many well-wooded islets.

The land was formally claimed in the Queen's name, with possession for Raleigh according to her grant. On the third day, three natives landed from a canoe, and one of them, with no signs of fear, accosted Barlow and the other captain, Amidas. He willingly went with them to the ships, and, being kindly entertained and presented with some small articles, he went away, soon returning with a good supply of fish. Next day a flotilla of canoes arrived with two or three score of Indians, whose form, stature, and demeanour the English much admired. The brother of the local chief was among the natives, and when his servants had spread mats on the ground, and he and four of the chief men were seated, with the others grouped around, the two captains, with some of the crew, weapons in hand, drew near, and were received in fearless and friendly style. Presents were given to the chief, who asserted his superior position by putting into his own basket those which were being handed to his four subordinates.

Traffic soon began between the two parties, a tin dish, which was at once made into a shield, fetching twenty skins, and a copper kettle being bartered for fifty. The chief had explained that his brother, the King, had been wounded in a recent fight, and the state of affairs ashore was indicated by the eagerness of the natives to obtain any articles which would serve as weapons. Hatchets, knives, and axes were readily bought up, but the foreigners would not dispose of swords.

In a few days, Barlow and his men had a friendly interview with the chieftain's wife, attended by forty or fifty women, at the little town, and the utmost kindness and hospitality were shown. The native Queen, a born lady in manners, asked her guests to stay the night, and on their declining she sent them away with supper and bedding, and supplied a guard to keep watch over them at their boats. The chief showed perfect honesty in all the trade dealings, and Barlow declares that he "found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." In the middle of September the expedition was back in England, conveying two of the natives, and giving a good account of the fertility of the soil and the abundance of game.

Raleigh promptly prepared to make a settlement in so promising a territory, and a fleet of seven vessels, for conveying over 100 settlers, was placed under the command of the famous sea-hero Sir Richard Grenville. A courtier named Ralph Lane, a man of versatile gifts and adventurous career, ready to fight in any cause, and, at any rate, a courageous and able soldier, was on board as chief colonizer. The intended settlers may be described in familiar terms as "a very mixed lot." Many were eager to find silver and gold in the new region, without having any reason to expect such luck. Others were townsmen, without any experience of work in tillage or of hard fare, and looked for smooth times and soft living in the new home; few were really fit for the enterprise.

In the middle of May the voyagers were in the West Indies, and saw something of the Spanish possessors, and there, for some reason, ill-will arose between Lane and Grenville. Towards the end of June the fleet was off Florida, and before the middle of July anchored at an island near Roanoke. The leaders and a large party of men crossed to the mainland, and were well received by the Indians. Trouble soon arose, mainly from the fault of the new-comers. At one of the villages a native stole a silver cup, and the cruel punishment inflicted for the offence of one was the burning of the huts and the destruction of the crops.

Towards the end of August Grenville started for home, and was soon followed by all the other ships except one. Lane remained as a colonizer, and sent home good reports of the country, climate, and natives, but complained of the unruliness of his own people. In the spring of 1586 the prospects of these first English settlers in the New World were very poor. They had no seed-corn to raise food, and being also unskilled in catching fish, they were dependent on the Indians for subsistence. Lane unwisely took up exploration to the north and west, led on by reports of pearl-fisheries and precious metals, and during his absence trouble had arisen with the natives. On his return fighting began, and the firearms of the English and the courage and coolness of Lane saved the little colony, if such it can be called, from destruction.

On the 8th of June a large fleet appeared off the coast, and a Spanish attack was dreaded, but it was soon found that the vessels were under the command of Drake, returning with the spoils of war from Carthagena and San Domingo. The great Devon commander at once offered any aid, and at Lane's request sent off a 70-ton ship, two smaller sailing craft, four boats, and four months' provisions, with a body of sailors and craftsmen. Ill-fortune still pursued the settlers. A violent storm, lasting four days, drove the relieving ship out to sea, to appear no more, and then Drake offered a ship of 170 tons.

Lane and his party were now, however, tired out, and with Drake's permission they took passage for England. As they were going aboard in the Admiral's boats a rough sea arose, which caused most of their goods to be thrown overboard. The only record of the settlement which was saved among the drawings and journals was a book of coloured sketches now in the British Museum.

The last blow of destiny against the enterprise came in the fact that Drake's fleet, on the return voyage, missed, off the American coast, a ship sent by Raleigh with abundant supplies. The commander, after a vain search, sailed homewards. Shortly afterwards Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships. He also made a useless search, and after some exploration he left fifteen men at Roanoke Island, with two years' stores, to hold possession, and went off for England, doing much harm on his way to Spanish vessels at the Azores.

Raleigh, influenced, in spite of all misfortunes, by the good reports concerning the territory, sent out another and larger expedition in 1587, led by John White. He and twelve others were appointed as "the Governor and assistants of the city of Raleigh," in anticipation of the foundation of a town so called. Of 150 settlers, seventeen were women. The party included the two natives who had been brought to England, and might now be useful as interpreters. On arrival, nothing was found of the fifteen men left by Grenville except the bones of one man who had been killed, as became known, by the Indians. The natives, in revenge for the death of a chief shot by Lane in the encounter above mentioned, had attacked the settlers, who, with the loss of two men, escaped in their boat, and were never heard of again.

White had a meeting with the Indians, who were now generally hostile, and a straggler of the new-comers was killed. One of the two natives returned from England endeavoured to make peace, with some success. The first child born to English parents in the New World appeared as a good omen, the father being one of the twelve "assistants," and the mother a daughter of the leader White. Manteo, the native, was baptized, and created afterwards "Lord of Roanoke" by Raleigh. Late in August, White sailed for home to report on the new colony, and persuaded Raleigh, though the Spanish Armada was now threatening invasion, to send out two small vessels, with which White sailed from Bideford in April, 1588.

One of these ships, turning to piracy on the high seas, returned to England after being roughly handled in an engagement with two men-of-war, and the other, to Raleigh's great displeasure, followed suit. The distinguished patron of the enterprise had now spent £40,000 in vain attempts to colonize Virginia, and the settlers were left for a year without any relief. In the course of 1589 White, with the privilege from Raleigh of trading in the settlement, started with three ships, but tried some "buccaneering" among the Spaniards in the West Indies before going to the settlement. When he reached the spot, remnants of goods were found, but no settlers, and it was not till years afterwards that rumours came of a captivity and final massacre of the hapless party. The land called Virginia was thus not destined to be colonized in the days of the maiden Sovereign who closed the Tudor line. This was reserved for the first of the Stuarts.

In April, 1606, James granted a patent for a new "plantation," naming a council of thirteen to reside in the colony, with certain rights and privileges, under a superior council at home, also of royal appointment. The "London Company," with some influential members sent out two ships and a pinnace, with 143 emigrants on board, on New Year's Day, 1607. The command was given to a seaman of experience and of some renown on the "Spanish Main," named Christopher Newport. After a long delay through contrary winds near home, and a stay in the West Indies for the collection of seeds and roots, the expedition in April sighted a point of land at the south of Chesapeake Bay, which was named "Cape Henry" in honour of the heir to the throne.

About the middle of May, after some exploration, a spot on a peninsula was selected, and the new settlement was called "Jamestown." We may here state that the buildings were destroyed in a little civil war which occurred many years later, and the only remains of that Jamestown are the ruins of an old church on the right hand of the voyager ascending James River. The crumbling tower, with its arched doorways, is almost hidden amid profuse vegetation. A few weather-beaten tombstones are seen in the churchyard at the back, half concealed by rank vines and tangled bushes. A huge button-wood tree has burst apart one of the old slabs, and now, with many others, overshadows the resting-place of the dead. We must now turn to some account of the previous life of one of the council, the man who was really the hero-pioneer of Virginia as a colony, who, at a critical time, saved it from extinction, and justly holds the foremost place in the early history of the settlement.

CHAPTER II

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

The real founder of Virginia—Captain John Smith—His early career—In France—Fights Spaniards in Holland—His life as a hermit—Is trained in horsemanship—Off to fight the Turks—Adventures at sea—His prowess against the infidels—Taken prisoner—Becomes a slave—In Russia—Kills his cruel master and escapes—More wandering and fighting—Back to England—Starts for Virginia—Sets out exploring country—Indian attack beaten off—Smith as a builder—Tillage begins—Quarrels among settlers—Sickness and destructive fire—Smith has town rebuilt—His courage and wisdom—His principles of colonization—His dealing with Indians—An expedition up Chickahominy River—Taken, after a fight, by natives—Inspires them with awe—The story of Princess Pocahontas—She comes to England—Her death—Smith becomes President of colony—The splendid country for settlers—Scenery, fruits, streams—Fish—Wild birds—Deer—The climate—Smith and the natives—His courage in a fight—His firm rule of colony—His explorations—Friendly reception among Indians—A Christmas at native village—Settlers grow maize—Smith's perils and accidents—Wounded by a sting-ray—Disabled by powder explosion—Returns to England—The " starving-time " of settlement—The colony saved by Lord Delaware—Smith's explorations—His death—His fine character—His descendant Baden-Powell.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH was one of the most extraordinary men of romantic adventure in an adventurous age. He was born in 1580, elder son of a prosperous tenant-farmer near Alford, in Lincolnshire, on the estate of Lord Willoughby de Eresby. Losing both his parents in his sixteenth year, and being neglected by the guardians of his little estate, he struck out a path for himself, and began a career which took him to various parts of the three continents of the Old World. He reached France as an attendant on the second son of Lord Willoughby, and after being at Orleans, Paris, and Rouen, he found himself moneyless at Le Havre, and took service as a soldier under Henry IV. in his war with the Catholic League.

When peace came he went off to Holland, and served there for some time, probably with English troops in Dutch pay. His next move was to Scotland, where, narrowly escaping shipwreck on Holy Island, near Berwick, he made some stay, and then returned to his native village, Willoughby. Being now in possession of his property, caring little for the social life of the place, and desirous of self-improvement, he sought retirement "in a little woody pasture, a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of other woods. Here, by a fair brook he built a pavilion of boughs, where only in his clothes he lay." He studied Machiavelli's "Art of War" and the *Meditations* of the noblest of pagans and best of the Stoics, the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. For exercise he had a good horse, on which he practised with his lance in tilting at a ring suspended in the air. His food was chiefly venison and other wild meat; his man-servant brought him what else he required.

At Tattershall, a small town in Lincolnshire, he had further training in horsemanship from an accomplished Italian gentleman in the Earl of Lincoln's household. Thus become a competent cavalier, and "lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another," he longed to try his fortune against the Turks. Wandering through France from Picardy to Marseilles, he took ship for Italy in a vessel full of pilgrims going to Rome. A fearful storm arose, and, being the one "heretic" aboard, and cursed as the cause of foul weather, he was flung into the sea—a modern Jonah. He swam to a little island, whence he was rescued next day by a Breton ship bound for Alexandria, and kindly treated by the captain.

After visiting Egypt and the Levant, he saw some fighting on his return, when the Breton ship met and captured a Venetian "argosy" of 400 tons, double her own size. The Frenchman landed Smith, who, no doubt, had played a man's part in the engagement, at Antibes, with a handsome present of money. The adventurer then went over Italy, seeing Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and Venice, and next came to Gratz, in Styria. As soon as he heard of an invasion of Turks making for Vienna through Hungary, he entered the Emperor's service for two years of warfare. His chief feat of arms was an encounter on horseback, in presence of two armies, as "champion of the Christians," when he killed three Turks in succession. In November, 1602, at a battle in Transylvania against an overwhelming force of Crim Tartars, Smith, after desperate fighting, was left wounded on the field.

He was sold as a slave on recovery, and found himself, after a visit to Constantinople, in the service of a pasha on the Don, in the region then called Tartary. Being brutally used by his master, the Englishman, while he was threshing at one of the farms, was so spurned, reviled, and beaten by the Turk that he knocked out the man's brains with his threshing-bat. He then assumed the pasha's clothes, hid the body under the straw, filled his knapsack with corn, shut the doors, mounted his horse, and rode away into the desert, still wearing some of his irons. After many days, riding for his life, he reached a Russian outpost on the Don.

His bonds were removed, and he was kindly treated everywhere as an escaped Christian slave, making his way through Muscovy, Hungary, and Austria in December, 1603, to Leipsic. An old commander of Smith's, Prince Sigismund of Hungary, meeting him there, recalled the victorious combats with the three Turks, and richly rewarded him. Then came further wanderings, to see the world, in Germany, France, and Spain, and a trip to Morocco. From a port on that coast he made a voyage to the Canaries on an English vessel, and saw more fighting in an encounter with two Spanish vessels, which were beaten off. This was the last of his adventures in the Eastern Hemisphere, and he returned to England with a fair fund of money. We now trace Smith's proceedings in his Western sphere of action.

Soon after the landing, Smith was one of a score of colonists who set out to explore up the river Chesapeake. The Indians were generally friendly, and on the third day the party reached the falls where the city of Richmond now stands. On the return to Jamestown it was found that the settlement had been attacked by a large body of natives, who were beaten off with some loss to the English, one of whom was killed, while eleven, including four councillors, were wounded. The elected President of the colony was a brave soldier, a just and honest man, named Wingfield.

The first dwellings erected were simply huts thatched with reeds, run up very quickly under Smith's energetic supervision. Wheat brought from home was sown, and, in the fertile soil, the blades were, in seven weeks, over 5 feet in height. On other cleared ground seeds of melon and potato, pineapple and orange, were sown with success, and the first attempt to raise cotton in North America was made. Quarrels among the councillors soon led to the deposition of Wingfield and the substitution of one named Ratcliffe, and a mutineer was condemned and hanged. Towards the end of June, 1607, Newport sailed for England with the first products of the new colony—a cargo of timber cut down, under Smith's superintendence, by axemen who were mostly gentlemen by birth, and, taking kindly to the work, brought down over double as many trees as the same number of men of lower class working by command.

Among the early troubles of the colony were sickness, which soon cost forty lives, and the burning of Jamestown, in the winter of 1608, with the destruction of a new wooden storehouse and church, the stockade around the place, and of arms, apparel, bedding, and a large store of provisions. In the spring of 1608 the town was rebuilt under Smith's direction, the place being defended by two dozen small cannon mounted on platforms, and commanding a free view of approaching assailants. For some time the colony was dependent for food on fish and game, peas, pumpkins, and maize bread, purchased from the Indians, sometimes with the barter of pickaxes, hoes, and spades brought from England. Amidst all difficulties, the courage and energy of one man made him the deliverer of the new settlement.

Captain Smith was the only man among the leaders who really understood the true resources of wealth in the new colony. He opposed the waste of time in searching for gold or silver or pearls. His principles of action, for the permanent foundation of the settlement, were that the natives must always be kept in awe of the colonists, and that the new Virginians should trust to their own industry on the rich soil of their place of abode for their subsistence, instead of looking to England for continual aid. In dealing with the Indians, Smith, while, like a true Englishman, he was ever ready, in case of need, to strike hard and fast in self-defence, sought and gained influence over their minds and hearts by other methods.

In one of his expeditions up the River Chickahominy, undertaken, by the express orders of the Company, in the vain idea of finding a water-passage to the Pacific, and so to India, China, and Japan, the Captain was taken by some Indians. He knew a little of the language, and, helped by signs, he explained to them the use of his pocket compass, and conveyed a notion of the movements of the moon and stars. He had materials for writing with him, and when they allowed him to send a letter to his friends at Jamestown, their astonishment was great on learning that the mysterious marks made on the paper would let them know what had occurred. He was at once treated with great reverence as a superior or half-divine being, which was precisely the effect he had intended to produce.

The capture of Smith was due to his forced surrender, from cold, after he had fallen into a swamp. When the Indians attacked his little party, his two English followers were killed, and then the Captain seized his Indian guide, and, tying him in front as a shield against arrows, kept the foe at bay for a time with his gun. The Indians, for some days, took him about as a distinguished prize, and, after displaying him at various villages, brought him to their chief Powhatan. That potentate was much impressed by the prisoner's description of the wonders of civilization.

It is to this period that the story of the Indian Princess Pocahontas belongs. It is said that when Powhatan condemned Smith to death, and the captive's head was laid on a stone ready for the war-club of the executioner, the girl rushed forward, flung herself across him, and gained his pardon from her father. The first account of Smith's captivity, written by himself in 1608, has no word concerning his danger and escape ; another work, written under his name in 1624, introduces the story. Leaving aside the question of the credibility of the narration, we note the interest attending the career of Pocahontas.

At a later day she married one of the councillors, named John Rolfe, after being baptized in the church at Jamestown. In 1616, visiting London with her husband, she attracted much attention, under the name of "Lady Rebecca," as the fashionable folk called her, by her simple and graceful manners in the dress of the period, and, being presented at Court, she appeared with her Indian suite at a masque. Early in 1617, on the point of returning to her native land, Pocahontas died at Gravesend. She left one child, a little son, who became a man of wealth and distinction in the colony, and in later days some leading families of Virginia were proud to be of the race of the Indian Princess.

In truth, it was a noble territory where Captain John Smith, in the summer of 1608, on the deposition of President Ratcliffe for arbitrary and unjust conduct, became ruler. The region was a virgin land, untouched as a whole, and scantily peopled by natives mainly subsisting by the chase. To the voyagers who had long been on the Atlantic swell, the country, green with leafage and decked with the bright flowers of May, must have seemed a Paradise of beauty. The breeze from the land had come to them over the waters, as they drew near the shore, laden with the odours of blossoms and herbs. The sun was bright, the air of crystal clearness. Strange birds of bright plumage moved among the branches of the forest trees, and flitted over the surface of the streams whose waters flashed in silver as the teeming fish broke the surface.

The eyes of these adventurous Englishmen were beholding, for the first time among men of their race, a land unspoiled since the completion of the work of the Creator. The primeval forests displayed to explorers the finest timber of the world, in woods so free from undergrowth that horsemen and footmen could always move freely among the trees. The whole coast was rich in noble pines of various kinds. Walnuts of the richest grain and grand oaks of several varieties abounded on all sides inland. Stately cypresses, cedars and ash-trees, elms and chestnuts, poplars and sugar-maples, were among the denizens of the immense forests.

The wild fruit-trees included the mulberry, cherry, plum, and persimmon; raspberries, cranberries, and whortleberries, and four kinds of grapes only needed picking, and strawberries of great size and exquisite flavour covered the ground. Melons, squashes and gourds, pumpkins and beans, were there; and, better than all for commercial purposes, tobacco and maize were native products. The land was very rich in forest-brooks of clearest water, feeding, in their countless numbers, the noble rivers—now known as the Rappahannock and Potomac, the York, the James—entering the sea in broad estuaries. These main waterways, and many of inferior size, had safe and spacious harbours, and, at some point or other, channels deep enough for great merchantmen.

When we turn to the living creatures of this splendid country, we find the waters swarming with countless varieties of fish—shad and sturgeon, rock and herring, soles and mullet, salmon, plaice, bass and chub, roach and perch, flounders and whiting, carp, pike, bream, and eels. The oysters were so plentiful and large that, in the autumn of one year, when food was scarce, a large number of hungry settlers were sent to some banks of the delicious bivalve near the mouths of the Elizabeth and Powhatan Rivers, living mainly on the shell-fish for nine weeks, with a pint of Indian corn per week for each man.

The wild-fowl of the country, appearing in September, in vast number and variety to feed on the wild celery and other aquatic plants in the rivers and sounds, would have been delightful to the modern gunner, and furnished most delicious food to the early settlers. The swan and the goose; the duck in many forms, including the famous canvas-back, dear to epicures; the mallard, widgeon, plover, snipe, curlew, and woodcock, were among these winged inhabitants, with huge turkeys of fine flavour. We must pass over the many birds of prey, and the songsters, to note the partridge and the enormous flocks of wild pigeons.

Great herds of deer, red and fallow, ranged the land; small bears and foxes, red and grey, were on the mountains and in the woods; beavers built in all the streams, and sportsmen had for choice, in small game, wild cats and minks, otters and martens, and squirrels which included the remarkable flying specimen. The climate of this delightful land showed an early spring, a summer not hotter than that of Spain, a winter like that season in England and France; abundant rains in April and September; furious thunder-storms and tempests of hail. The outbreaks of pestilence among the early settlers were generally due to change of diet, especially in the substitution of unwholesome water for English ale. Habitude and due precaution soon made settlers as healthy and long-lived as the Indians.

Captain Smith, in his dealings with the natives, displayed a mingling of courage in action with conciliatory manners. He knew that, with American Indians, as with Orientals, to play the coward, to reveal any symptom of fear, is to court ruin. He knew that, with all mankind, gracious and gentle ways in a brave man are potent for peace and friendliness. We may give one instance of his successful audacity in a position of the utmost peril.

In the Indian country, having with him a party of but fifteen men, he was attacked by the chief Powhatan's brother, heading a great body of warriors. Smith, dashing forward, seized the leader by his long hair, and dragged him into the midst of his braves, who, amazed at such daring, let the Englishman depart unharmed. His methods as a ruler of somewhat disorderly, incapable, and indolent settlers were marked by firmness and by a due care for their interests. Following St. Paul's maxim, he declared that "he who would not work might not eat." He taught them that industry and self-reliance are the right road to success.

Not long after the foundation of Jamestown, Smith, not then President, but from the first the leading man in ability and character, brought back great baskets of maize for the settlers from an Indian village which his soldiers had assailed. From a voyage up the Chickahominy River he returned to the settlement with seven hogsheads of the same corn, obtained by barter with the natives at a very cheap rate. In another expedition the Captain compelled tribes who sued for peace to undertake the delivery, in the following season, of 400 bushels of maize. We have many proofs of his friendly relations with the natives. In 1608, visiting Powhatan's town when that great chief was absent, he was entertained by the women at a great feast, consisting of fruit, fish, fowl, and venison served in huge wooden platters. Some of the squaws waited on Smith and his four companions, while the rest amused them by singing and dancing.

In the following year, when Smith was staying with Powhatan, the chief, in his lavish hospitality, sent to his guest as many platters of venison as ten of his strongest warriors could carry. On another visit to the same ruler, when Captains Smith and Newport were unable to accept his invitation to dinner, he sent aboard their vessel more bread and venison than fifty men could consume. Later on, when they proceeded to the chief's residence, they saw near the door two or three score platters of maize bread laid in regular lines on each side of the approach. Powhatan requested Smith to bid his men enter the house two at a time, and, on their departure, every one took away a present of 4 or 5 pounds of bread, with as much other food as he could carry on his back. To the two leaders a large basketful of provisions for each was given ; and the day ended with a supper in which the chief set before Smith food in abundance too great for a score of feasters, and, seeing his guest's inability to deal with it all in person, he bade his people distribute the huge surplus among the soldiers.

Such were the lavish supplies and hospitality of the Indians of Virginia. One Christmas was spent by the Captain and a party of men at a village called Kecoughtan, through detention by a heavy snow-storm; and the Englishmen had a reminder of the old country in the abundant fare of good oysters, other fish, and wild-fowl, with excellent bread, consumed alongside roaring wood fires. It was when Smith was President of the colony that the settlers succeeded in raising a crop of maize. The grain could be more conveniently and easily converted into flour than the wheat which, in scanty supply, they had managed to produce, and the meal could be made into more forms of palatable food than wheat-flour, and that food more nourishing for men of toil. The provident Captain had, in 1608, taken two Indians, from whom he learned the proper manner of tillage for Indian corn, and he then caused 40 acres of ground to be prepared, and the seed sown in the Indian fashion of squares, with 4 feet between the seed-holes. The experiment, which succeeded fairly, was one of historical interest in view of the vast importance which maize was destined to assume in the life of modern North America.

The founder of Virginia was not free, in his experiences of the Western World, from painful and perilous accidents and attempts on his life. On one occasion we learn that he was poisoned, but overcame the effects of the dose, and soundly thrashed the miscreant who prepared it. In his voyage up the Chesapeake Smith entered the water for a bathe, and was severely wounded by a sting-ray. The spine of this creature is used by the savages of the Pacific Isles as a spear-point, and the tail, which is armed with several strong barbed spines, is employed for defence, inflicting gashes which cause acute pain, with subsequent inflammation and swelling. There is no poison-duct in the spines, and the effect is due to mucus of a venomous nature secreted from the surface of the fish. The injury may end in gangrene, but in this case the victim's hardy constitution and purity of blood enabled him to recover.

It was an explosion of gunpowder which, to the great detriment of the settlers and their prospects, caused John Smith to leave the colony, depriving it of the one man who could protect it from danger without and enforce some degree of order within. The disaster befell him on board a boat, where the bag of powder lay at his side. He was shockingly burned, and, leaping instantly into the water, he narrowly escaped drowning. Partial recovery left him still so weak and disabled that he was compelled to return to England, and Virginia saw him no more. The state of affairs which succeeded his departure bears ample testimony to his value. His successor in the Presidency, a councillor named Percy, was too feeble in health to enforce his authority, and anarchy and destitution followed. The winter of 1609-1610 became known as " the starving-time."

The number of settlers was reduced in six months from nearly 500 to sixty. Ratcliffe, one of the councillors, when out foraging, was "ambushed" by the Indians and slain, with thirty of his men. Some of the colonists, in despair, took a boat and turned to piracy. Stragglers from the fort were cut off by the natives. The survivors were on the point of flight from the scene of misery when Virginia was saved, as a colony, by the arrival of the new Governor, Lord Delaware, with abundant supplies and a good company of emigrants. We are not here concerned with the further fortunes of the colony, which was to become a State renowned throughout the world for its production of able men and its successful revolt, in conjunction with other colonies, from British rule.

From 1610 to 1617 Smith's time was chiefly spent in making discoveries to the north of Virginia, with a view to cod-fishery and the fur trade, and the selection of new sites for settlement on the coast. The rest of his life was mainly given to writing accounts of his varied career, and having done much, endured much, and recorded much, he died in June, 1631, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, where also lie the remains of Roger Ascham. The edifice was almost entirely destroyed in the Great Fire, but was well restored under Wren's supervision, being the well-known structure at the eastern end of Holborn Viaduct. The monument to Smith's memory perished, but a brass plate gives the inscription which it bore, twenty-six lines of verse eulogizing his achievements in the Eastern and Western worlds.

The man whose work in Virginia has been here briefly commemorated was a fine specimen of his race. He had all the higher qualities, and few of the faults, of the typical Englishman. He was brave, sagacious, prudent, public-spirited, energetic, untiring, self-reliant, faithful, and humane. If he was also somewhat egotistic and self-asserting, he paid far more than the due penalty in the antagonism which he thereby aroused in some of his associates in life, and still more in the puerile and ignoble enmity with which, after death, he has been pursued in some quarters. In spite of all detractors, posterity will pronounce him to be a noble example of a Christian officer and gentleman, a man who, in the general opinion of the colony and of the State, rendered services of incalculable value, in immediate effect and in their influence, in the first settlement of Virginia.

In 1612 two of the sixty survivors of "the starving time" thus expressed in print their opinion of Captain John Smith: "What shall we say? but thus we lost him [in October, 1609] that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his souldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood and cozenage more than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths." Such a man, on the evidence of those who knew him best, was the founder of Virginia.

NOTE.—It is an interesting fact that Major-General Baden-Powell is a descendant of Captain John Smith. In July, 1906, the defender of Mafeking visited Louth Grammar School and made inquiries respecting his ancestor. In March, 1907, a bust of the founder of Virginia, of Baden-Powell's own execution, was presented by him to the School, and unveiled there by a gentleman (the Hon. Charles W. Kohlsaat), Commissioner-General for the Exhibition of Jamestown, Virginia.

CHAPTER III

THE FRENCH IN CANADA

French dominion in North America—A retrospect—First Frenchmen seen in New World—Francis I. sends out Jacques Cartier—Landing at Cape Gaspé—Cartier's second voyage—Reaches Hochelaga (site of Montreal)—Aspect of the Huron town—The reception of French by natives—First Catholic service in New World—The new-comers winter at Stadacona (site of Quebec)—Many deaths—"New France" (afterwards Canada)—Cartier takes Indian chiefs to France—Their death—The real founder of French Canada — Samuel de Champlain — His character — Champlain's first voyage to Canada—"Acadie" in early days—Champlain founds the colony — Meets Frenchmen in St. Lawrence — Fur trade with natives—Champlain founds Quebec—The first buildings—French plot against him—His prompt action—Sufferings and deaths of settlers—Champlain's exploring trip—Makes alliance with Algonquins and Hurons against Iroquois—The voyage up the Richelieu—He discovers Lake Champlain—Comes on the Iroquois—Fight with the enemy—They flee before the firearms—Bad future result of victory—Champlain returns to France—His interview with the King (Henri IV.).

THE French dominion in North America is a memorable but half-forgotten chapter in the book of human life. To look back thereon is, in the earlier stages, to call up strange, romantic visions of camp-fires throwing a fitful light around on men of noble birth, in plumed helmets, mingled with fellow-countrymen, *coureurs de bois*, or bushrangers, of rugged guise, and with the wild forms of savage warriors adorned with paint and feathers. The scenes of the past here include a vast continent, unexplored, with countless square leagues of forest, rivers with mighty cataracts and perilous rapids, lakes like inland seas, glimmering pools and woodland nooks, abundant game in fur and feather. A full view of the period and the region would display men of old learning, in priestly garb, passing the noon and evening of their lives in ruling savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and standing calm in the presence of torture and death.

Hardy Frenchmen—Normans and Bretons—were seen in North American waters, cod-fishing off Newfoundland, very soon after the discovery of the New World. On land, the solitudes of the region which became in due time the State of New York, and the territory as far as the shores of distant Lake Huron, were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier and the sandalled foot of the Franciscan friar long before the arrival of any British settlers. The pioneers of the Western Hemisphere were Frenchmen—enduring, daring representatives of the white lilies of Bourbon Kings.

Francis I., at an earlier date, having resolved, as he declared, not to leave all America to his brother-Kings of Portugal and Spain, " without allowing me any share," sent forth in 1534 Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo. The ancient town of strange, stern aspect butting the sea, as it were, with rugged battlemented walls, a base of operations for privateers, a nursery of hardy seamen, had no braver son than Cartier. Sailing in April with two vessels, each of about 60 tons, he reached the estuary of the St. Lawrence, named Des Chaleurs Bay, from the heat felt on the sunny July day, and landed off rocky Cape Gaspé, erecting a wooden cross with a shield bearing the *fleur-de-lis* and an inscription claiming the land for his Sovereign.

In May of the following year, Cartier, with three larger vessels, which bore some young French nobles, again left St. Malo, and passing the gloomy gorge of the Saguenay River, and the lofty promontory of Cape Tourmente, he had friendly intercourse with the natives at the hamlet called Stadacona, on the site of the lower town at Quebec. The voyagers passed upwards with boats, as the navigation, from sandbanks, grew difficult for the ships, and rowing or sailing, in late September, between forests of rich autumnal foliage, they arrived at a town of the Huron Indians, at the foot of a great wooded hill, which Cartier called "Mont Royal."

The native name for the buildings on the site of the future Montreal was Hochelaga. After a friendly feast with the natives, who provided abundant fish and maize, the first Christian service was held in those regions, when Cartier read a lesson from the Gospels, and prayed for the bodies and souls of his hosts. They listened with wonder and awe, regarding their white visitors as supernatural beings, but understood better the gifts of hatchets, beads, and knives. The Frenchmen were struck by the dwellings which they saw inside the stockade of the Huron town. These were about fifty large oblong structures, each some 50 yards long, and 12 to 15 yards wide, made of sapling poles well covered with sheets of bark, and each containing several families with their separate fires.

The people crowded round the strangers with cries of delight and wonder, touching their faces and beards, and holding up the babies, who screamed in fright, to be touched in turn. In their complexion and attire, and equipment of helmet, cuirass, arquebuse or rude musket, and halberd, the Frenchmen appeared to be rather demigods than men. After the religious service the trumpeters amazed the Indians with a warlike blast before the party took leave. The new-comers spent the winter in a fort of palisades erected on the bank of the St. Charles River, near Stadacona, with the ships moored in front.

The climate was a severe trial, with rocks, shores, pine-trees, and the frozen river clad in snow, and the rigging of the vessels thickly covered with ice sparkling in the rays of a dazzling sun. Many men died from scurvy, and the bodies, with the ground frozen hard as flint, were hidden in snowdrifts. The newly-found land was styled "New France" by the discoverers; the abiding name "Canada," in the Iroquois tongue, means either "country" or "village, town," it is uncertain which.

In the spring of 1536, with the melting of the ice, Cartier and his people sailed for France, taking with them ten Indian chiefs who had been lured on board in order to display to the sovereign living proofs of the success, in a certain sense, of the expedition. The hapless Indians all died before Cartier's third voyage to Canada in 1541, and the effect on the feeling of the natives was pernicious. There is no need to deal with Cartier's other expeditions. The first French efforts to colonize Canada had failed, and for many years the foreign and domestic wars of France prevented any heed to transatlantic matters.

In 1599, when Henri Quatre was King, a St. Malo merchant, Pontgravé, and a naval officer of Rouen, named Chauvin, received from the sovereign a commission to establish a colony, with a monopoly of the trade in furs. This attempt was a failure, but the hour and the man came at last. The discoverer of Canada was Jacques Cartier, but the pioneer of French colonization was Samuel de Champlain.

This heroic personage, a man of the chivalrous mediæval class, endued with a romantic spirit, was sagacious, honest, and energetic in practical affairs. Ardent in exploration, and a keen observer, he wrote and illustrated with rude drawings journals of value for an account of his adventurous career. Born in 1567 at Brouage, a small seaport on the Bay of Biscay, he had fought for the King in Brittany, and he had become a skilled and hardy seafarer in a two-years' voyage of adventure to the West Indies, where he made his way to Mexico and Panama, and conceived the plan of a ship-canal across the isthmus ("by which," he wrote, "the voyage to the South Sea would be shortened by more than 1,500 leagues") more than 250 years before any attempt on that great enterprise was made.

It was in March, 1604, that Champlain, with the Sieur de Monts, a gentleman of the King's chamber, and Pontgravé, sailed from Le Havre with the largest expedition that had left the French shores for America. The country called "Acadie" (Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) was reached and partly explored, and the winter was passed amid great suffering from cold and scurvy. Champlain was the life and soul of his countrymen in the hour of severe trials, and the Acadie colony was beginning to prosper when, in 1607, an order for the abandonment of the settlement arrived from France, an issue due to Court intrigues against the Huguenot noble de Monts.

The real beginning of Champlain's great work came in April, 1608, when, a few days after his comrade Pontgravé, he sailed forth from Honfleur for the West. As this vessel passed up the St. Lawrence white whales were gambolling in the Bay of Tadousac, and the wild-duck, riding on the waters in front of the craft, dived as the foaming prow drew near. The leader of the enterprise had been eager to return, for his thoughts had been full of the odours of the pine-forest, of the music of falling waters, of the clear sunlight, of the mystery of the boundless wilderness, and it was the noble ambition of his soul to plant the Christian faith and establish the power of France amid the ancient barbarism.

In the anchorage under the cliffs at Tadousac, Champlain found Pontgravé, who, his vessel laden with goods to be bartered for furs, had met with a rival. A Basque fur-trader was doing brisk business with Indians in huts along the shore of the cove, and the crew, refusing to recognize the Frenchman's right under his King's letters of monopoly, fired on his vessel with cannon and musketry, killing one man, and wounding the leader and two sailors. Pontgravé's ship was then boarded, and his cannon, small arms, and ammunition were seized, with a promise of restoration when the Basques had done their work.

The appearance of Champlain caused a change of affairs, and the hostile traders went off to catch whales. While Pontgravé filled his hold with the furs of beaver and marten, otter and fox, wild-cat and lynx, and the skins of the moose, caribou, and bear, his friend sailed up the great river to the part where, above the point of the Île d'Orleans, the channel narrows to less than a mile between the green heights of Point Levis on the south and the cliffs of Quebec to the north. The word " Quebec " is Indian, meaning a " strait."

Here, where Cape Diamond rose to 350 feet above the waters, being then covered with creeping vines and crowned by stately walnut-trees, the explorer resolved to found a settlement. The axemen of the expedition were soon at work, and a pile of wooden buildings arose on the river edge. The site of the present market-place in Quebec lower town was occupied by a fort having a strong wooden wall, surmounted by a loopholed gallery, and enclosing three buildings with quarters for the chief and his men, and a courtyard overlooked on one side by a lofty dovecot. The whole was surrounded by a moat, and on platforms facing the river some small cannon showed their muzzles. A large storehouse was built near at hand, and, remembering the losses caused by scurvy, Champlain at once began to lay out ground for a garden.

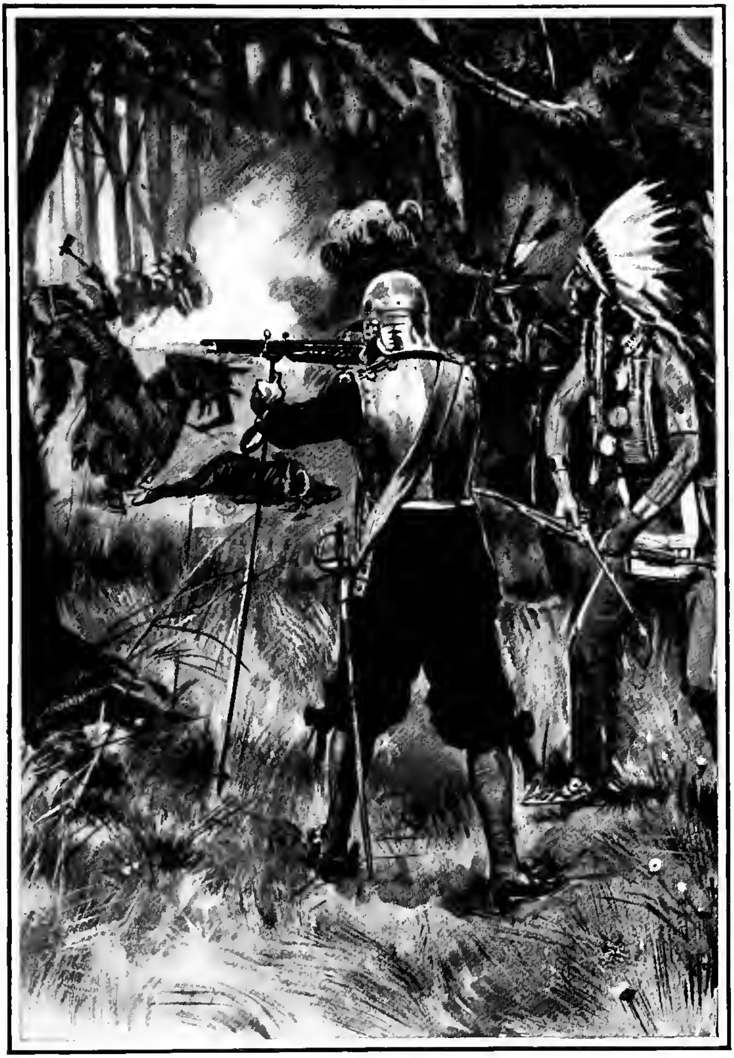
The founder of Canada had his first trouble when one day, as he was directing his workmen in the garden, he received from his pilot notice of a plot against his life, with a view to the sale of the new town to the Basques and Spaniards at Tadousac. By a prompt use of artifice, four ringleaders were entrapped and arrested. The chief culprit was hanged, his body gibbeted, and his head was displayed on a pike from the topmost roof. The three accomplices were carried by Pontgravé to France and sent to the galleys. Less than thirty men were now left with Champlain.

The winter brought deadly mischief to the little body of pioneers. The Frenchmen, after feeding parties of starving Algonquin Indians, a tribe who never made provision for the cold season by raising and storing corn, were attacked, as spring drew near, by scurvy. By the middle of May all had perished save eight, and half of these were affected. The joy of the survivors was great when, on the 5th of June, 1609, a sailing-boat was seen rounding the Point of Orleans. She brought news that Pontgravé was back at Tadousac, and Champlain, leaving his friend in charge of the little town, started on the explorations by which, in his ignorance of the "great beyond," he hoped to find a way to China.

A young chief from the banks of the distant Ottawa River had been at Quebec in the previous autumn, and, as an Algonquin eager for aid against the formidable Iroquois, he induced the French leader to make alliance with his people and their friends, the Hurons, to encounter the common foe. Champlain, in a skiff, with eleven men of Pontgravé's party, sailed up-stream, attended by hundreds of Indians paddling their canoes. When impassable rapids were reached above Chambly Basin, the sailing-boat was sent back, with most of the Frenchmen, to Quebec, and the leader, with two of his countrymen, went forward with a force of sixty Indian warriors in twenty-four canoes, which were carried overland above the rough waters.

The course towards the region of the Iroquois lay up the river now called the Richelieu, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. After passing great league-long islands and deep channels, with broad " reaches " of water between them, Champlain and his fellow-voyagers entered the lake which preserves his name for all time. Far away to the left rose the wooded ridges of the Green Mountains, and on the right lay the Adirondacks, the hunting-ground of the Iroquois, beyond which, in the valleys of the Mohawk and other rivers, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns. Caution was needful now, as they drew near the enemy. By day the travellers lay close in the forest, the Indians sleeping, lounging, and smoking tobacco of their own growth ; at twilight, stealthy paddling in the canoes was resumed until the eastern sky grew ruddy.

On the evening of the 29th of July, at ten o'clock, the voyagers, near a point of land, discerned dark objects on the water ahead. These were heavy Iroquois canoes, and, as each party viewed the other, war-cries pealed through the gloom. The enemy landed to form a stockade for defence, and Champlain and his allies remained aboard, watching the foe at work in the woods, while the Indians of both parties exchanged volleys of threats, boasting, and abuse. Near dawn Champlain and his two



THE INDIANS FELL LIKE NINEPINS

Champlain fired his carbine and the braves fell, their arrow-proof armour availing nothing against the bullets.

French followers put on their light armour—breastplate and back-piece, steel for the thighs, and a plumed helmet with the bandolier, or ammunition-box, on a strap across the shoulder, the carbine or arquebuse in hand, and sword at the side.

Each of the three was in a separate canoe, and as the whole party landed at some distance from the enemy, they saw about 200 tall, strong men, the best fighters of the land, filing out of their stockade. They marched steadily through the forest, in charge of three chiefs, made conspicuous by tall plumes. Some of the enemy had shields of wood and hide, and others wore armour of rough twigs interlaced with vegetable fibre. The allies of Champlain, growing uneasy as the vastly superior force came near, cried loudly for their champion, and he advanced to the front through their opened array.

The Iroquois gazed in mute amazement at the armoured figure, and then got ready to shoot their arrows. Champlain promptly fired his carbine, loaded with four balls, with a direct aim at one of the three chiefs. Two fell dead, and the third was wounded. Arrows flew thick from both sides, the allies of Champlain yelling with defiance and delight, the Iroquois astounded and dismayed by the sudden death of warriors in arrow-proof armour. As the French leader was reloading, one of his countrymen sent another shot from the woods, and the victory was won. The enemy fled into the depths of the forest, closely pursued by the Hurons, who killed some and captured others. The camp, canoes, and provisions of the foe, with many weapons flung away in the flight, became the prize of war. At night Champlain, horrified at the torturing of one of the prisoners prior to his death by fire, put an end to his misery by a shot.

The Canadian-French, for a century and a half, paid a heavy price for this first easy triumph over the most powerful tribesmen of the vast region. The Iroquois took a multiple vengeance for their fallen warriors in the European victims of ambush, or of stealthy attacks on scattered settlers. Champlain, returning to France for a time with Pontgravé, showed his Sovereign, Henri Quatre, at Fontainebleau, some tokens of the new colonial possession in a belt embroidered with dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, two small birds of scarlet plumage, and the skull of a garfish, a species of pike. The King was much entertained by the account of his adventures.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRENCH IN CANADA—*Continued*

Champlain again in Canada (1610)—More fighting with the Iroquois—Frenchmen tormented by mosquitoes—With their Indian allies they storm an Iroquois fort—News from France of King's assassination—Champlain back to France—Again in Canada (1611)—At Montreal (Hochelaga)—Many adventurers from France arrive—Champlain again in France—His serious accident—Returns to Canada with large powers—His important work for colony—Takes out new settlers to Montreal (1615)—The Récollet friars—First Mass said in a Canadian church—The growth of Quebec—Champlain's journey to Lake Huron—Tour in Huron country—A delightful region—A deer-hunt—French and native allies attack Iroquois—Enemy's strong defences—Assault by Hurons repulsed—Champlain wounded—He winters among the Hurons—Is lost in the woods—Narrow escape—Slow progress of colony—Champlain's efforts—Many visits to France—His return with a wife (1620)—Low condition of colony in 1626—Change comes with Richelieu in power—The "Hundred Associates"—The new Company's bad policy—Champlain made Governor of Canada—War with England—Poor condition of Quebec—English ships under Sir David Kirke — He captures a French fleet in St. Lawrence — Champlain's courageous conduct — Starvation at Quebec—The place surrenders to English—Champlain a prisoner in England—Restored to France at peace (1633)—His fresh work in Canada—New forts erected—His death and funeral—Final fate of colony—Champlain's noble character.

IN the early spring of 1610 Champlain, with Pontgravé, again put to sea, the former being very weak after a serious illness. Again in alliance with the Hurons, Champlain, on the way to the Great Lakes and the coppermines on the shores, met his Indian friends at the mouth of the Richelieu. A sudden conflict came with the Iroquois in the forest, in which Champlain and four of his men were engaged. The Frenchmen were left behind by their naked, light-limbed comrades, and suffered much in a swamp where the close, heavy air was swarming with mosquitoes, " so thick," wrote the leader, " that we could scarcely draw breath, and it was wonderful how cruelly they persecuted us." Struggling on through black mud, spongy moss, and water up to the knees, over fallen trees, among slimy logs and tangled roots ; tripped up by wild vines, and whipped in the face by recoiling boughs, panting under the weight of body-armour and casque, the Frenchmen came at length to the scene of action.

In a clearing near the river the enemy stood savagely at bay within a strong circular breastwork of piled trees—trunks, boughs, and matted twigs and leaves—having already repulsed a fierce attack. A yell from the Hurons and Algonquins welcomed the new-comers, who, amid a storm of shafts, flung themselves into the fight with a random fire through the fence made by the Iroquois. Champlain and one of his men were wounded in the ear and neck by stone-headed arrows, but the terror of the guns again did its work, and the foe inside the barricade fell flat on the ground at each report.

The allies of Champlain, covered by their large shields, were dragging out the felled trees of the barricade, when a boat's crew of St. Malo fur-traders came up to aid their countrymen. The fire of the reinforcement was irresistible. The Iroquois were panic-stricken. At a signal from Champlain, the assailing crowd broke through or over the tree defence, and the enemy, all but fifteen, were cut down, fighting furiously with their war-clubs, or driven to death in the river. A terrible scene of torture and death, which Champlain could not prevent, ended the day.

The victorious Frenchman, higher in credit than ever with the Hurons and Algonquins, was again forced to postpone his journey to the distant wilds. A ship came in from his native town of Brouage with news of the French King's assassination, an event which involved the loss of the chief protector of the enterprise of colonization. Early in August, leaving his little farm at Quebec, where wheat, rye, barley, and maize, all kinds of vegetables, and a small vineyard of grapes, gave promise of good success in his schemes of tillage, the French pioneer started for Honfleur.

In May, 1611, he was again at Tadousac, in a ship which had been for days entangled, off Newfoundland, in drifting bergs and floes of ice. The mountains and forests were still white with snow when he made his way to Montreal, his object being to secure a hold upon the profitable fur trade by relations with the chief Indian tribes. He was, however, followed by a crowd of small craft bearing eager adventurers, who had come from France through allurement of the new territory.

It was clear that Champlain's toils of travel, his discoveries, and his battle risks would bring profit to other men than the true colonizer. He chose a site, and cleared ground for another French centre, and then, after planting roses round Quebec, returned to France to arrange new plans with De Monts. That nobleman left everything to his friend's judgment, and the determined man started from Rochelle for Paris, and was nearly killed on the way by his horse falling on him. On his partial recovery he was fortunate in gaining the powerful influence of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, the first Prince of the blood, who was appointed by the new Sovereign, Louis XIII., to be Viceroy of "New France."

The position of Champlain was now assured. In him alone was the life of the territory, and for many years he played his part, enjoying, as local "Lieutenant," the confidence of successive Viceroys, who remained in France, and left the actual rule in his hands. It was a proof of his courage, faithfulness, and zeal that this was due, and a score more times he crossed the Atlantic in the interests of his great charge.

In 1615 he took out a new body of settlers to Montreal, including three Récollet friars, of a branch of the great Franciscan Order, in pursuit of one of his chief objects—the conversion of the heathen. One of these men, the first of the devoted missionaries of France in North America, was placed at Tadousac, another at Quebec, and a third at Three Rivers; and on the 25th of June, at Quebec, Mass was first said in a Canadian church. A fort had been erected, for the protection of the fur trade, at the point where the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence at the island of Montreal. The island called St. Helens was named from Champlain's newly-wedded wife.

The former policy of fighting the Iroquois was resumed, in alliance with the Algonquins of the Ottawa, and Hurons from the borders of the lake called by their name. The Indians were to muster 2,500 warriors for the invasion, while Champlain went to Quebec for his preparations. On his return, he found that his allies had dispersed, impatient of delay, and the resolute man, in his zeal for exploration, started up the Ottawa with two canoes, bearing himself, his interpreter Étienne Brulé, another Frenchman, and ten Indians. By tributary streams, and across a lake, in a voyage where failure of the store of provisions forced the party to live on blue-berries and wild raspberries, Champlain reached Lake Huron, and passed for over 100 miles along its eastern shores. Welcomed and feasted by the Huron tribesmen as the champion for victory over the Iroquois, he found there his friend the friar Le Caron, who rejoiced in saying the first Mass in the Huron country in the presence of Champlain and his two countrymen, and the twelve Frenchmen who had accompanied the steps of the missionary.

In a tour made by Champlain with some of his Frenchmen, he visited some palisaded villages of the Hurons, taking delight as he went in the country, with its deep woods, its meadows, pine and cedar copses, abounding in partridges and hares, and in the wild fruits—plums and grapes, crab-apples and cherries, raspberries and nuts. Near Lake Simcoe the party came to the Huron capital, where the warriors shouted for joy, the squaws stared with eyes of wonder, and the children fled screaming at the strange sight of the white men. Passing beyond Lake Simcoe, they saw a big deer-hunt, in which 500 Indians, advancing as beaters in a line, drove the game to the end of a woody point, and men in canoes slew the animals with spears and arrows as they sought refuge in the river.

The French and their allies were now, as the description shows, returning to attack the Iroquois in what is now New York State, and crossing Lake Ontario, they entered the woods to reach the enemy's territory. The Hurons were repulsed in a rash attack on a party of Iroquois busy with their harvest of pumpkins and maize, and Champlain, before the attack on the town, delivered a lecture on the art of war. The defensive works were very strong. Four concentric rows of palisades, formed of tree-trunks 30 feet long, were set aslant in the ground, intersecting each other at the top, and there supporting a gallery defended by shot-proof timber, and having wooden gutters for quenching fire. An ample supply of water came from a small lake washing one side of the stockade, and led inside the town by sluices. The galleries were stocked with magazines of stones.

The Hurons now made a wooden tower, high enough to overtop the palisade, and giving shelter to a few marksmen. Huge shields of wood, or movable parapets, like the mantelets of olden warfare, were provided. Then 200 of the strongest men dragged the tower forward, and placed it near the stockade. Three arquebusiers ascended, and delivered a raking fire along the galleries, now thronged with defenders.

The Hurons spoiled all by their rash fury. In spite of Champlain's shouted orders, they rushed into the open, shrieking their war-cries and shooting their arrows, to which the Iroquois vigorously replied with shafts and stones. An attempt to fire the stockade with brands was frustrated by the water from the gutters, and after three hours the assailants, with many warriors wounded, retired to their fortified camp. Champlain himself was disabled by an arrow in the knee and another in the leg. The Hurons declined to renew the attack until they were joined by a promised reinforcement of some hundreds of allies. In several skirmishes outside the works the Iroquois had the better of the fighting. No friends came up in aid, and the Hurons and Frenchmen recrossed to the northern shore of Lake Ontario.

Folly measures merit solely by success, and the defeated Indians, who were alone at fault, lost some of their regard and admiration for their brave and skilful French ally. Champlain spent the winter among the Hurons, and had a perilous adventure in being lost alone in the woods, pursuing a bird of strange appearance, which lured him on by flitting from tree to tree. He passed the night fasting at the foot of a tree ; shot waterfowl which he cooked at a fire he kindled ; and, after two more days and nights of weary wandering and comfortless bivouac, he made his way back to his friends by the guidance of a rivulet which led him out of the forest.

He was received with joy by the Indians, who had searched for him without ceasing, and his host, a chief named Durantal, never let him go more into the woods alone. In July, 1616, Champlain was back in Quebec, where he met the friar Le Caron, to whom he had been reported as dead. A solemn Mass and thanksgiving were held in the chapel, and the hospitable chief Durantal was well entertained, returning home in admiration of the wonders he had beheld—the fort, the ship, the cannon, the architecture of the houses and barracks, and the splendours, to his eye, of the chapel. Quebec grew slowly, and the friars started a farm with some hogs, a couple of geese, two asses, seven pairs of fowls and four of ducks.

Few new settlers came from France who had tillage as their object, the absorbing pursuit being the lucrative trade in furs ; and Champlain, giving up his wanderings of exploration, devoted himself to the task of nursing his little colony, which was half a trading post, half a mission. The permanent population consisted of under sixty persons, and a sarcastic report sent home to the King of France represented the garrison of the fort as two old women, with a brace of hens for sentinels. Religious quarrels between the Catholics and Huguenot newcomers arose, and the Governor's fortitude was sorely tried. Every year he went to France, seeking help, and finding little.

In 1620 he returned with a very young wife, who did her best for four years among the squaws and children. In 1622 a large body of Iroquois warriors threatened Quebec, but dared not assault the gun-armed works, and withdrew, after burning two Huron prisoners. When the year 1626 arrived, the little colony was in so low a condition that Champlain might well look back with pain on the seemingly fruitless efforts of eighteen years. The whole white population of the little town barely exceeded

100, and only one or two families were living on the produce of their tillage. The selfish fur-traders and the religious propagandists—Catholics and Huguenots alike—were indifferent to the cause of colonial progress.

A change came with the advent to power in France, in 1627, of a statesman of the first rank, Cardinal Richelieu. One of his many cares was that of fostering the commercial power of the country which, in the name of Louis XIII., he virtually ruled. Turning his attention to "New France," he annulled all existing charters and formed the "Company of the Hundred Associates," of which he was the head, the body including merchants, burghers of good position, and men of rank. On these men sovereign power was conferred over the whole territory from Hudson's Bay to the far south, with a perpetual monopoly of the fur trade and of all other commerce for fifteen years. Two ships of war were given, ready for service.

The Company, on their side, undertook to convey to the colony in 1628, 200 or 300 men of all trades, and to increase the number to 4,000 persons of both sexes before the year 1643. These new colonists were to be lodged and supported for three years, and were then to receive cleared lands for their maintenance. A fatal mistake was made in the condition that every settler was to be a Frenchman and a Catholic—a contrast with the British method of admitting to her settlements all who desired to come, which meant in most cases the class of colonists best worth having. Among the "Hundred Associates" Champlain was one of the most prominent, from his performances, experience, and character.

In accordance with the new scheme, four armed vessels, with a fleet of transports under Roquemont, an Associate, sailed from Dieppe in April, 1628, with colonists and supplies. At this moment, when Champlain was appointed Governor of Canada, with no Viceroy as a nominal chief, a new difficulty arose. England had just declared war against France, and Charles I. permitted a body of London merchants, under "letters of marque," to send out an expedition against the French possessions in North America. A dozen armed ships were fitted out, conveying many Huguenots, now hostile to their native country.

The colonists at Quebec were in sore straits. There was very little food; the half-ruined works could resist no battering, and the magazine contained only 50 pounds of gunpowder. Day by day the people looked out for the sails of the first fleet of the Associates, now due to arrive, when, on the 9th of July, two wearied men from the outpost at Cape Tourmente came in with news of large vessels lying in the harbour of Tadousac. Two Récollet friars went out to reconnoitre, and off the Île d'Orléans they met two Indian canoes, with certain intelligence of the ships being hostile.

Sir David Kirke, commanding the British ships, sent in a courteous summons to surrender, but the stout-hearted Champlain saved the place for a time by a bold attitude. He gave the messengers the best entertainment at command, his own people being at the time rationed on half a pound of bread per day. The Governor then sent them away with an expressed resolve to hold out to the last. Then came fresh news in a boat bearing ten Frenchmen, despatched by Roquemont to tell Champlain that the fleet of the Associates was in the St. Lawrence. They also reported that the British vessels had steered downwards to intercept the relieving squadron, and that fighting had begun.

On the 18th of July the British commander, in a running action, captured all the French ships save one, and, after removing the cargoes and burning most of the vessels, he cruised about for French fishing craft in the neighbouring waters. The bold defiance of Champlain had prevented Kirke from attacking Quebec, but this relief brought little comfort to starving people. The Governor, as usual, played a heroic part in enduring hardship and inspiring hope, while food was reduced to a scanty allowance of pease and Indian corn. By the end of May, 1629, men, women, and children were grubbing up edible roots in the woods. No help came from the mother-country, and it was a relief to Champlain when an Indian eel-fisher came to announce his view of three ships approaching Point Lévis.

These were British men-of-war. A boat with a white flag brought a young officer ashore with a summons to surrender, and terms were soon arranged. Only sixteen haggard men were left as garrison, and they were to be conveyed to France. Champlain was sent down the river to Tadousac, where Admiral Kirke lay with five other ships, and, after being treated with courtesy and allowed to join his captor in shooting larks on shore, he went to England as a prisoner of war.

The conclusion of peace at this time not only restored Champlain to his country, but New France to the French Crown. In March, 1633, he started again for Canada with three ships, conveying 200 settlers, large supplies of goods for barter, and provisions and munitions of war.

Again in command at Quebec as the representative of the Company of Associates, the founder of French Canada devoted himself to the work of religious improvement in conjunction with the Jesuit Fathers, and of material progress for the colony. His mission in life, however, was nearly finished. In 1634 he erected forts at Three Rivers and at the mouth of the Richelieu for the protection of the fur-trade against the Iroquois.

Sufferings and toils by sea and land, in the wilderness and in warfare, had done their work, and Champlain, at the age of sixty-eight, died of paralysis, after a long illness, on Christmas Day, 1635. His last cares were for the colony, in whose behalf he had constantly laboured for twenty-seven years, at the sacrifice of fortune and repose. The first and greatest of the rulers of French Canada was followed to the grave by soldiers and traders, Jesuits and officers, and many of the 250 European settlers whom he had left behind him.

The power of France in North America was to grow under other Governors, amongst whom the able De Frontenac is a great figure. The French rule, however, based on a worn-out feudal system, and on an unsound theory of trade, and neglected, amid European warfare, by the authorities at home, was doomed to failure. The end came when conquering Wolfe, dying in the moment of victory, caused the British flag to float in the breeze on the Heights of Abraham. None the less is the highest praise due to the many-sided man—a combination of the mediæval and the modern—with the spirit of a Crusader, a romantic explorer, a navigator, a ruler, and a shrewd man of business, known to the world as Samuel de Champlain. His work as a colonial founder endured for little more than a century of time, but his untiring patience, his hardihood, his dauntless courage, his unselfish nobility of character, his purity of life, his rare honesty of purpose and action, won for him lasting fame.

CHAPTER V

THE FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND

Heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers — Scrooby village — The Puritans there—The resolve to migrate—Difficulties in the way—The first attempt foiled—Another start—The party separated—All at last in Holland—Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford—The exiles in Leyden—The new enterprise—The start across the Atlantic—The *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*—Failure of *Speedwell*—Voyage of the *Mayflower* — Hard conditions — Danger of vessel — A voyager's account—Land sighted—The coast at Cape Cod—The first landing—The natives—Exploring the country—Native attack—The landing at Plymouth Rock—Appearance of "New England"—King James's threat fulfilled—Town built—Sickness among emigrants—Indians appear again—A friendly native—Alliance with a great chief—*Mayflower* back to England—Tillage begun—Death of the Governor—Bradford chosen.

IF it be heroic to cross a stormy ocean to an unknown land, to face and endure toil and hardship, and encounter peril of death in divers forms, in order to have freedom of worship according to the light of conscience, then were the "Pilgrim Fathers," who created New England beyond the seas, veritable heroes. Not for them were the sweets of worldly fame won amid the pomp and circumstance of war, nor earthly rewards of victory in battle against earthly foes. Fleeing from what they held to be tyranny in religious affairs, they first abandoned the country which they loved for a land of aliens, and then departed from Europe to North

America. The band of wanderers consisted of people known as Puritans, who, under Queen Elizabeth, refused to submit to the established form of church government and church worship, and became known as " Separatists " and " Independents," being, in the modern phrase, " Nonconformists " or " Dissenters."

Our story starts at Scrooby, a little village among streams and meadows in the north of Nottinghamshire, near to the point where the borders of that county meet those of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Almost forgotten until recent days, the place had been well known in distant times, even in those of Domesday Book, for a manor and palace of the Archbishops of York. Cardinal Wolsey, after his political downfall, lived there quietly for three months, and Henry VIII., in 1541, slept a night in the palace on his way to the North. The remains of the old manor-house, and the field where the foundations of the palace lie buried, are now often visited by modern New Englanders, pilgrims seeking, as a shrine, the abode of some of their forefathers.

In this village of Scrooby, early in the seventeenth century there lived and worshipped, according to their lights, a little body of Puritans. The new Sovereign, James I., had declared concerning the whole sect : " I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." It behoved them, therefore, if they would live in peace, to look elsewhere. Already, in 1593, a congregation of Independents, which had arisen in London, had settled in Amsterdam, and early in the reign of James another body at Gainsborough followed them to the same place of refuge.

The Scrooby people of the same religious sect, having resolved to follow their brethren to Holland, found it no light matter to get away from the country where they were liable to constant persecution, in fine and imprisonment, for conscience' sake. The mere determination to quit their place of abode showed courage of no common kind. They were about to abandon their occupation, being mostly plain tillers of the soil, and unskilled in trades or handicrafts by which they might earn a subsistence in a new country. They were exchanging a land of peace for one subject to the miseries of war. They were leaving all their friends and familiar acquaintances for a region where they must learn a new language in order to get a living.

The first difficulty was that it was as unlawful to leave their native country as to remain in it as people not conforming to the established religion. An old statute of Richard II.'s reign forbade all emigration without license. There were many men of the base brood of "informers" at work, eager to denounce religious offenders and have a share of the penalties inflicted, and it was needful to get away from England in a stealthy fashion, by bribing the captains of vessels, and paying hush-money to any hostile persons who might become aware of the movement. There were many failures in attempts to go abroad in small separate parties.

In the autumn of 1607 a body of Scrooby Puritans, having resolved to start from Boston, made arrangements with the captain of a vessel which they hired for their own sole use. The man betrayed them to the authorities, and they were arrested as soon as they stepped aboard. Taken ashore in boats, they were roughly searched and stripped of their money, books, and other property, led through the town, brought before the magistrates, and committed to gaol to await the pleasure of the Lords of the Council. Two of the cells in which they were confined may still be seen in the Guildhall of the curious old town famous for the magnificent tower of the great Church of St. Botolph, a landmark for mariners, known as "Boston Stump." These dens, long disused, are 7 feet long and about 6 broad, secured, in place of doors, by five-barred iron gates. After a month's detention, most of the prisoners were sent back to their homes, seven of the leaders being kept for the assizes, with an issue not recorded.

In the spring of 1608 another attempt at voluntary exile was made, and Hull was chosen as the place of departure. A Dutchman of Zealand, owning the ship which he commanded, was found, and he agreed to take the party on board at a lonely spot on the coast between Grimsby and Hull, where there was a large common at a distance from any town. The women, children, and goods were conveyed in a large boat by way of Gainsborough and the Trent. The men travelled about forty miles across country. Both parties met at the appointed place, but there was no ship yet arrived, and the boat was run into a creek to lie aground at low water.

When the Dutch vessel, next morning, appeared off shore, the boat was hard and fast, unable to move until high-water at noon. The captain had taken one boatload of the men on board, and was sending for a second, when he saw in the distance, in full pursuit, "a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for the country was raised to take them." The Dutchman, with good heed for himself, weighed anchor, and sailed off with a fair wind. The boatload of fugitives on board the ship had nothing with them but the clothes they wore. Their male friends were left ashore, and the women, children, and goods were on the boat in the creek at the mercy of the pursuers.

Worse still, in the North Sea a tempest arose which drove the ship near to the coast of Norway. During seven days and nights of tossing, out of fourteen in all, sun, moon, and stars were invisible, and the mariners themselves at one time gave up all hope. At last the coast of Holland was reached, and the Puritans made at first for their countrymen at Amsterdam. The forlorn people left behind were arrested and taken about the country from one magistrate to another, but the justices would not act against them. In the end, with help from friends, they contrived in small parties to join their relatives in Holland.

The whole party, after about a year spent in Amsterdam, received permission from the authorities at Leyden to settle in that beautiful city, now recovered, to a great extent, from the disastrous effects of the famous siege by the Spaniards thirty years previously. The minister and chief man of the little flock was John Robinson, a man of admirable toleration and gentleness, and possessed of excellent practical sense. His chief colleague was William Brewster, who had been at Cambridge University, and was a man of good social position and political experience. William Bradford, afterwards Governor of the American colony for many years, was a lad of seventeen at the time of the flight from Scrooby. It is to his writings that we are almost entirely indebted for our knowledge of the Puritans under notice from the time when they left England until they were firmly established beyond the Atlantic.

The English exiles in Leyden were at length enabled, by hard labour, to earn subsistence in various trades. Bradford became a fustian-worker. Brewster, as a man of superior education, at first taught English to students at the famous University, and then set up a printing-press for the production of works in defence of Puritan principles, such as could not be printed in England.

The little community won high esteem among the Dutch by their good conduct, and the magistrates of the city bore public testimony to the fact that, in twelve years of residence, "no suit or accusation came against any of them."

As years went on, the leaders of the Leyden Puritans, for various reasons, bethought them of a more distant scene of life, where they could have complete freedom from the external influences, not always salutary for the younger people, which existed in Holland, and set up a little independent Puritan colony. King James favoured the new project, as their principles, at such a distance, would be comparatively harmless, and the Leyden community were permitted to make their start from England. It was in July, 1620, that, after a canal journey from Leyden, they sailed from Delfshaven, and reached Southampton after a prosperous voyage.

The vessel which had brought them from Holland was the *Speedwell*, of 60 tons. A few recruits from London were brought by the *Mayflower*, of 180 tons, and on the 5th of August, 1620, the two vessels sailed down Southampton Water, past Alum Bay and the Needles, into the Channel, with their prows pointing for the far west. The mishaps of the voyage soon began. The *Speedwell*, which had been fitted out in Holland, was "overmasted," an error which caused the hull to be strained in sailing. The wind was not fair, and after tacking about for three or four days, the captain, Reynolds, reported dangerous leakage. Captain Jones, of the *Mayflower*, agreed to put into Dartmouth, where the smaller vessel was thoroughly overhauled and some leaky places were mended.

On starting again, the two ships were about 300 miles westward of Land's End when the *Speedwell* was again found to be so leaky that pumping could hardly keep her free of water. A return to England was made, and both vessels put into Plymouth. At that port no special leak was found in the smaller craft, but she was now condemned as unfit for the voyage from general weakness. She conveyed back to London about a score of passengers who had had enough of the venture, and about a dozen were added to the complement of the *Mayflower*, already overcrowded.

On the 6th of September that vessel again put to sea, with 102 persons on board, the party of emigrants being composed of 66 men (24 married), 26 women (18 married), and 10 children. There were 14 male servants and 1 female servant among them. One man died at sea, and on the voyage two children were born, the first of whom, appearing about midway, was called Oceanus Hopkins. The other, born in harbour just before the landing on the American coast, received the name of Peregrine White. The number that actually landed thus became 103.

It is needless to dwell on the different conditions of life during a voyage to America in those days and those which, for persons of even the most moderate means, prevail now. The *Mayflower*, of 180 tons, with over 100 people aboard, was truly for the passengers "a prison, with the chance of being drowned." The time of transit to the Western world was measured by weeks instead of by days. Below deck all hands were wretchedly cramped for room to move about and for sleeping space. The fare was hard, the smells were noisome. In a small craft the danger of foundering at sea if a storm arose was real, and with the best weather discomfort was, in many respects, the lot of the traveller. The floating town, the luxurious hotel at sea, provided in the gigantic liners of the present day, have made a delightful holiday trip out of what, for the pilgrims in the *Mayflower*, was a sore trial of courage and endurance.

The voyagers had left Plymouth with a fair wind, and for about half the way over matters went well. Then came the equinoctial gales, and the little vessel was terribly shaken from stem to stern. The upper works became leaky, though the ship was, happily, strong and firm below, but a main beam amidships was so twisted that the captain and crew were alarmed. It chanced that one of the passengers had brought from Holland a strong iron screw, and with this the beam was raised into its place, and then supported by a great post on the lower deck. The ship was thus saved, but bad weather, lasting for many days, prevented any sail being set, and kept her driving under bare poles. The misery of the passengers may be conceived, as, crowding below for safety, they had their clothes and bedding drenched with salt water, and, weak from sea-sickness and in fear of death by drowning, grew hopeless of reaching land.

A description written by one of the party, afterwards Governor Bradford, states : " As they thus lay at hull (drifting about, without sails), in a mighty storm, a lusty young man, called John Howland, coming upon some occasion above the gratings, was with the seel (roll, or pitching) of the ship thrown into the sea ; but it pleased God that he caught hold of the topsail halliards, which hung overboard and ran out at length ; yet he held his hold, though he was sundry fathoms under water, till he was hauled up, by the same rope, to the brim of the water ; and then, with a boathook and other means, got into the ship again and his life saved. And though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in Church and Common Wealth."

At last, more than thirteen weeks after leaving Southampton, and nine out from Plymouth, the adventurers sighted land at Cape Cod. They sailed south-westwards, with the purpose of settling near the mouth of the Hudson River, where territory was held by Dutchmen, but, falling amongst shoals and breakers, and the wind becoming contrary, they bore up again for the Cape, and came to anchor in the harbour. The adventurers found themselves at the head of a peninsula running northwards, parallel to the mainland, for about twenty miles. It then turns westward for a short distance, and forms a land-locked, capacious basin.

They were looking on a region covered, down to the sea-shore, with pines and oaks and with sassafras, juniper, and other aromatic shrubs. Great flocks of wild-fowl were seen, and whales were spouting in the bay. We may imagine with what joy the voyagers set foot ashore. It was, however, a sore misfortune for their enterprise that delays so long had occurred at the outset. They were thus brought to a land of early, lengthy, and severe winters too late to make due preparations against the rigours of the season, and dire were the suffering and loss that thereby ensued. There was, however, nothing to be done except to stay where they were. There was shallow water for nearly a mile from land, and it was needful "to wade a bowshot or two in going a-land, which caused many to get colds and coughs."

On the 15th of November a party of sixteen men, with musket, sword, and corselet, set forth to explore, under the command of Captain Miles Standish, who had seen military service in the Netherlands. The first living objects seen were six Indians and a dog coming towards them as they went southwards along the peninsula. At their approach the natives fled into the woods, and the explorers followed them vainly for a long distance, in hope of gaining information. At night, forming a barricade of logs, they kindled a fire and fixed sentries. We may here note that Standish was, in a sense, the "John Smith" of New England, as the leading spirit for many years in all enterprises needing courage and military skill.

On the following day, making way with difficulty up and down hill, through dense thickets, the explorers came upon deer and a good supply of spring-water. The next discoveries were an abandoned piece of corn-land, some Indian graves, the remains of a house, and a great iron kettle, giving signs of the former presence of Europeans. The best find was, under heaps of sand, "divers fair Indian baskets filled with corn," from which they took a supply, and so went back to the ship. In the last days of November another exploration brought the men into blinding snowstorms, but at night they found shelter under some pine-trees, and supped "with soldiers' stomacks," as one account tells, on three fat geese and six ducks which they shot. More stores of maize and some Indian huts, lately occupied, were found, and then came the first encounter with natives.

A body of these people, who had been tracking and watching the new-comers, came on them suddenly as they breakfasted at their bivouac, and the fearful war-cry sounded in the ears of the English, followed by a shower of arrows. Some musket-shots drove off the assailants, with no wound to the exploring party.

After due consideration, a spot for settlement was chosen, provided with a supply of water, and giving signs of fertility, on the mainland nearly opposite Cape Cod.

On the 21st of December a great historical event came in the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The joy of the party was turned, for a time, into sadness by the accidental death, through falling overboard from the

Mayflower as she lay in the harbour, of the wife of William Bradford, an event which he learned when he returned with the explorers. Further tramping inland showed woods of beech, ash, birch, hazel, and holly, with vines, cherry-trees, plum-trees, and many herbs, including wild strawberry. There were also watercresses, a great abundance of leeks and onions, and good strong-fibred plants of the flax and hemp species. Sand and gravel, with excellent pottery-clay, were found; the best of drinking-water in many lakes and ponds, and brooks teeming with fish.

Such was New England as first seen by the settlers from the old country. They had reached the haven of refuge where they would be. They could now, without dread of being despoiled of their goods and haled to prison, worship in their own fashion. King James had, as he had threatened, " harried them out " of their own country, but they had reached one which for them, as lovers of freedom, was a far better land—one where they were to be the founders of a great nation, with people like the sands on the sea-shore for multitude.

It was Christmas Day (Old Style), 1620—the 15th of December by right reckoning—when the emigrants began to build. A " common house," about 20 feet square, for general use until separate dwellings could be erected, was run up in a few days. Early in the New Year (1621) the whole company, divided into nineteen families, had plots of land assigned by lot for choice of position, and rows of houses, now called Leyden Street, were being built, parallel with the stream known as the Townbrook, upwards from Plymouth Rock and the beach to the hills. On the eve of departure from England a boast had been made concerning the emigrants that " it was not with them as with other men, whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." This statement was quickly and severely put to the proof.

Hard toil and poor fare and exposure to cold, after the crowding on shipboard, which had lowered the vital powers, brought sickness such that, during January and February, the people died sometimes at the rate of two or three a day. At one time there were but six or seven persons able to attend on sufferers. Miles Standish, the soldier, was conspicuous in his tender care for the sick. In the end scarcely half of the people who had landed three months before survived, when, in the middle of March, the deaths abated, and, as the journal of one of the party records, "the sun began to be warm about noon, and the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly."

It was a happy circumstance for the settlers that, in their time of helplessness from disease, the savages made no attack. The truth was that, a few years before, a pestilence had swept away most of the tribe that haunted the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and the Indians already seen were a few of the remnant. Signs of Indian presence, in the month of March, were not wanting. Standish and another man, at work in the woods, left their tools behind them for the night, and these, in the morning, had disappeared. Roaming savages, also, were heard in the woods, and a great fire of their kindling was seen. Strict watch was kept in the little town, but there was no real cause for alarm.

On the 16th of March the voice of a stranger was heard in the street crying "Welcome!" in broken English. A savage appeared, clad only in a waist-cloth, with plumes on his head, a man "of a seemly carriage," and free in speech, so far as he could express his mind in the language which he had gathered from English fishermen on the coast to the north. He stayed the night, and on the morrow he came back with five of his countrymen. The friendship thus begun by the man, named Samoset, was confirmed by another Indian whom he brought, a man who was the very last of his tribe that once lived in that region. This man had been for three years in London, after escaping from a British adventurer who had kidnapped him and a score of his countrymen, in order to sell them as slaves in Spain.

In a week's time an alliance was made with Massasoit, the Grand Sachem of some confederate tribes. That chieftain came, with threescore braves, seeking an interview, and was met by Standish with six musketeers, who gave him a military salute as he crossed the ford to the town and conducted him and his body-guard, a score of armed warriors, to the town-house. The chief was a man in the prime of life, grave in manner and of brief utterance, marked out from his tall, athletic followers by a great necklace of white bone beads. Governor Carver, with his guard of musketeers, met his guest in a courteous way, and the whole party ate and drank together.

On the 5th of April the *Mayflower* sailed for England, leaving the Pilgrims with their nearest civilized neighbours 500 miles away to north and south—Frenchmen in Acadie and the early English settlers in Virginia. The Indian who knew London taught them the right time and method for sowing maize, and the only able-bodied males of the colony left by the sickness—twenty-one men and six growing lads—kept hard at work in felling timber and building, hunting and fishing, sowing and planting. In this first season of their new life 21 acres of land were tilled for Indian corn, and 6 more were sown with barley, wheat, and rye, and the gardens around the houses were cultivated.

At this juncture, in April, grief came on the community in the sudden death of John Carver, the excellent Governor, who was laid in a grave at a spot overlooking the sea along with his wife Katharine, a delicate woman, whom hardship had brought to her end. Due honour was done in volleys of musketry fired after the burial. William Bradford, the first American citizen of the British race who ruled by the free choice of his brethren, was then elected Governor.

CHAPTER VI

THE FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND—*Continued*

The colony fairly started—Description of the town—Trade begins—Coming of new settlers—Threats from Indians—The reply sent—Miles Standish as military leader—Union of settlements—Harvard College founded—Yale of Boston—Fighting Puritans—Indian outrages—Colonists take the field—Native property destroyed—More fighting—Attack on Indian village—The place stormed and burnt—Severe loss of natives—End of Pequod power—Troubles after death of Massasoit—The war with "King Philip"—His siege of Brookfield—The attack on Hadley—A mysterious leader—Colonel Goffe, the regicide—Further warfare with natives—A winter campaign—Fort stormed by colonists—Terrible loss of natives—The enemy's strength broken—King Philip killed—Great work of the Plymouth pioneers.

THE colony was now fairly launched on its career, and we may give some description of Plymouth. The town stood on rising ground about twenty yards from the sea, and consisted of two streets crossing each other, with the Governor's house at the meeting-point. An open space in front had four cannon, one pointing down each street-opening. On a hill behind the town, but within the fortification, was a building which served at once as a place of worship, a public storehouse, and a fort, with the protection of battlements and six cannon. Each house, being a strong hut of logs, stood on its own palisaded ground, and the whole place was surrounded by a stockade. Three of four entrances had gates. On the fourth side the sea-approach was commanded by the guns of the fort.

The colonists soon engaged in trade, selling surplus corn to the Indians for beaver-skins and other produce. In 1624 there were 180 inhabitants, who, by 1629, had grown to 300. We note that the Puritans, men of peace except in self-defence, were not, as Englishmen, men to submit tamely to threats. In November, 1621, a ship called the *Fortune* had brought out a reinforcement of thirty-five colonists, and soon after her departure in the following month many threats against the little colony were made by the Indians of Narragansett.

One of that people, sent by the chief Sachem, came inquiring for Tisquantum, the interpreter, the friendly Indian who had been in England and had now settled at Plymouth. The messenger, finding Tisquantum away from home, left for him a bundle of new arrows lapped in a rattlesnake's skin, and was then in a hurry to get away. The Governor, however, suspecting his purpose, handed him over to the custody of Captain Standish. On the interpreter's return to the town, he explained to Governor Bradford that the sending of the weapons in a rattlesnake's skin "imported enmity," and that it was, in fact, a challenge. The Governor then sent back the skin stuffed with powder and shot. This hint was enough. The war material was not touched by the Indian ruler, nor would he allow it to remain in his house or territory, and, after being handed about from one chief to another, it at length came back in the same condition to Plymouth.

Standish then divided the little forces of the settlers into four squadrons or companies, and appointed his place to each man. He gave orders to one company that at the sight of fire, or the cry "Fire!" in the town, each man should take his arms, enclose the place endangered, standing on guard at a distance, with their backs to the fire, and so be ready to meet any foe from without. From time to time other ships arrived with fresh bodies of settlers from England, and other settlements were formed, called the Massachusetts Bay Colony, with towns called Weymouth, Dorchester, Salem—the afterwards great and famous Boston—Cambridge, and many more.

In 1643 a union of the settlements of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, New Haven, and Connecticut was formed, under the title of the United Colonies of New England, for common protection against the Indians and the encroachments of the Dutch and French settlers. New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island arose as new settlers arrived, and the list of New England colonies became complete. In 1636 the General Court of Massachusetts voted the sum of £400 towards founding a college, and thus, with a munificent grant of money from the Rev. John Harvard, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and his library of 260 volumes, arose the famous Harvard College.

The example of Massachusetts was followed by Connecticut, and at New Haven there was founded the institution which became Yale University, named from Elihu Yale, a Boston (Massachusetts) man, who had been Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, and, acquiring great wealth, sent liberal gifts of money and books. Such was the conduct in regard to sound learning of the New England Puritans, members of a religious body in the old country, so often reviled by ignorant and bigoted people as regardless of mental culture.

The Puritans of New England were not left without need to employ the " arm of flesh " against human foes. In the early days of the Plymouth Colony, Captain Standish had several skirmishes with parties of Indians, causing no serious loss on either side. The first real trouble that came in this shape was the Pequod War.

Some people of that troublesome tribe attacked an English vessel near the mouth of the Connecticut River, killed the captain and his seven men, and burnt the ship. No redress in the way of the giving up of the guilty was forthcoming, and in 1635 fresh outrages were committed on settlements in the Connecticut Valley and on a trading-ship from Plymouth (New England). Again no satisfaction could be obtained, and in August, 1635, an attack was made by Narragansett natives on a solitary trader named Oldham.

He was engaged in dealing in corn with the Indians on the shore of Rhode Island, and one day John Gallop, master of a small vessel, cruising with a man and two boys near Block Island, saw a pinnace, which he knew to be Oldham's, filled with Indians. They were unable to manage the craft, and Gallop, sailing round her again and again, kept pouring in volleys of duck-shot. Some of the natives were hit, and others, leaping overboard, were drowned. When the Englishman had got rid of all the enemies except four, he boarded the pinnace, and found there Oldham's mutilated body.

The Massachusetts Government took the matter up in vigorous style, and a force of about 100 men was sent to Block Island. A heavy sea delayed a landing, and on shore the ground was found very difficult from dense thickets. The Indians either got away in their canoes or hid themselves in the brushwood, and the force returned, after burning down the houses and reaping the corn. The Pequod Indians were then attacked for the old offence in killing the captain near the Connecticut. Wigwams were fired, the corn spoiled, and buried property dug up and carried off, with a loss to the English of one man hit by an arrow in the leg, and, to the natives, of a few slain and many wounded.

During the winter of 1636 the Pequods harassed the settlers on the Connecticut, killing or carrying off more than twenty persons. In the first week of May, 1637, a force of ninety Connecticut men took the field, under the leadership of a man named John Mason, who had learned a soldier's business in the Netherlands, and now showed rare ability, vigour, and force of character in inspiring his followers. It was no easy task that he had undertaken, that of clearing the enemy out of many hundreds of square miles of territory, with dense forests at the back.

The main body of the savages was entrenched in two villages well fortified, of which one was on a river, at about four miles' distance from the sea-shore. The chiefs had sent away their wives and children to Long Island, and clearly "meant business." A Mohican chief named Uncas, with eighty warriors, was with the English force. The Plymouth settlement voted fifty men, and Massachusetts 200, but Mason could not await their arrival, and he advanced with 200 Narragansett Indians added to his force. After a day's march he found himself in front of the Pequods' larger village, on a river bank, in a great enclosure surrounded by a stockade 12 feet in height, with a 3-foot earthwork.

The English leader had already reason to doubt the fidelity of his native allies. Many of the Narragansetts had deserted him, and the rest, and the Mohicans, were not at all eager to join in the attack. Mason then divided his body into two, and attacked the place on east and west. A heavy volley was poured in, and he then stormed the gateway, while his second in command, Underhill, after a sharp effort, scaled the stockade. The Indian arrows, in spite of the helmets and buff-coats of the English, killed two and wounded twenty men. The savages, shooting from their wigwams, were sheltered from much of the hostile fire.

There was but one method to adopt, not merely for victory, but for personal safety. Mason, seizing a firebrand from one of the huts, set alight to the basketwork, covered with dry mats, and that part of the village was in a few minutes ablaze. Underhill, on his side, did the same, and in half an hour the whole place was reduced to ashes, with the loss of over 600 of the Pequods. It was a terrible necessity, and that is the vindication of Mason and Underhill.

Of the English force, one man in four was disabled, and the Indian allies, though they would not fight, gave aid in carrying the wounded men down to the vessels at the river mouth. On the way to the sea a fresh party of the Pequods, over 200 strong, came to the remains of the village, and rushed after those who had done the deed with yells of rage. They were easily kept at bay by the firearms, and the victors were received with joy and triumph by their fellow-colonists. The power of the Pequod Indians was at an end, and one chieftain, with seventy picked followers, fled to the Mohawk country. Other portions of the tribe were captured or driven away in scattered bands, and the Connecticut men were freed from all terror in that quarter.

During the life of Massasoit the Plymouth people were at peace with the Indians, as those of Jamestown, Virginia, had been while Powhatan lived. The English settlements in general had become more scattered and more open to attack since the Pequod War. The younger people had no experience of service against Indian foes, and there was some relaxation of vigour in several respects. There was not, moreover, the same unity of feeling among the New Englanders as had existed formerly, before the separation of communities into the tillers in the backwoods territory and the traders on the coast.

After the death of Massasoit, one of his younger sons, who had taken the name of Philip, planned a general rising against the intrusive English. He had become chief of his tribe by the death of his elder brother, and in 1675, being called to account for the murder, on his territory, of an Indian convert to Christianity, he prepared for action. His residence was at the head of Narragansett Bay, about forty miles from Swansea, in the Plymouth colony, a prosperous village of about forty houses, on the borders of Rhode Island.

On the 20th of June the people of Swansea were the victims of a raid, in which houses were sacked and cattle killed. This outrage was not punished, and, naturally enouhg, some of the settlers were killed in further defiance. Three settlements in the Plymouth territory were attacked, and then troops from Plymouth and Boston blockaded " King Philip " in his stronghold. He made his escape through the English lines, and, with some allies, went through the forests towards the Connecticut Valley.

The town of Brookfield had been already besieged for three days by Indians, who sent a fire-cart rolling into the place among the wooden houses, which were only saved from destruction by a rainfall. A body of fifty horsemen from Boston relieved the place, but the enemy did great damage towards the west. Some settlements were abandoned, and a picked force of ninety men sent out to bring in the waggons loaded with harvest-corn, and to protect the rest of the crop, fell into an ambush, with the destruction of all save ten. This great blow lived long in the memory of the Puritans. At Springfield forty houses were burned, and the rest of the town was barely saved by a relieving force.

On the 13th of June, 1676, the people of Hadley were taken by surprise when they were at service on a fast-day. At the sound of the war-whoop the men seized their muskets, rushed out of the meeting-house, and found themselves surrounded by the Indians. A panic was beginning, when the settlers were suddenly rallied by an old man, unknown to most of them, who, with sharp words, restored order, took the command, and led them on to a victorious attack. The champion vanished as quickly and mysteriously as he had appeared, and some people talked of an angel specially sent to their aid.

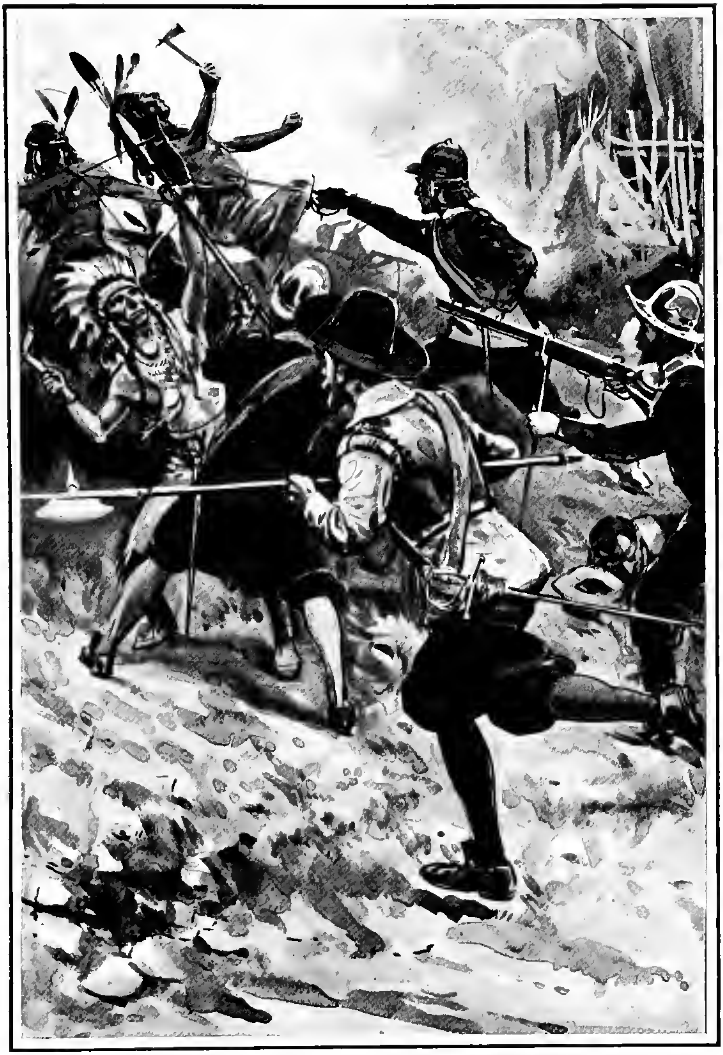
It is said, however, that a few of the English party recognized him as Colonel Goffe, an old Cromwellian soldier, and one of the regicides who had sat in judgment on and signed the death-warrant of Charles I. When Charles II. came to the throne in 1660, a price was set on Goffe's head, and for years he wandered about, living in forest-caves, clefts of rock, and other hiding-places. Crossing the Atlantic for a safer refuge, he was taken in by the minister of Hadley, and from his window he saw the stealthy approach of the Indians down the hill. Eager to save his Puritan countrymen, he rushed out and led them on to victory, and then returned to his retreat, never more to reappear. After the repulse of this attack, the adult males of each town were put on guard duty. The workers in the fields took their weapons with them, and stacked them at the door when they went into chapel. Philip and his warriors then wandered eastwards, and lived in the forests, waiting for spring to renew their attacks.

The colonists made many reprisals on scattered parties of Indians, and suffered at times themselves from the craftiness of foes skilled in ambush and disguise. The legislature of each colony forbade the sale of arms and ammunition to natives, and at Plymouth it was made a crime punishable with death. During the autumn of 1675 it was rumoured that the Narragansett Indians were aiding Philip, and that some of their warriors had been seen among his force. The Federal Commissioners thereupon demanded the surrender of those men, and when, after ten days, none were forthcoming, a regular campaign was arranged by the colonists.

The winter was chosen for an attack, as the Indians could not then, through the snow, make swift marches, nor in the leafless forests lie hidden for attack or for safety. Over 1,100 men were raised, including 150 friendly Indians, useful as guides and advisers, and placed under the command of Josiah Winslow, the Governor of Plymouth. The Narragansetts, having gathered their stores of food for the winter, took their position in a wooden fort standing on dry ground, but surrounded on all sides by swamps. The marshy soil was, however, hardened by frost, and it was also free from snow, thus favouring the assailants.

It was on the 19th of December, 1675, that the English force reached the spot. The gateway to the fort was found to be protected by an outwork, but the place was "rushed" under a severe fire, which at once laid low six captains. While the main force was thus engaged, another body attacked the foe in rear by scaling the stockade, and for three hours a desperate conflict went on within the enclosure. In close battle the Indians were no match for the English, and when the brief December daylight failed the wigwams were set on fire, with the destruction of all within, including the women and children, and the terrible scene ended when a thousand braves lay dead on the ground.

In the spring the war broke out anew along the frontier over a distance of 300 miles, and the enemy came once within twenty miles of Boston. The tremendous blow inflicted in the winter had, however, broken the strength of the Indians, and the contest became one of guerilla warfare. The atrocities com-



A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT WITH RED INDIANS

The English rushed the gateway, and a desperate conflict took place within the stockade.

mitted by the Indians caused the settlers to hunt them down everywhere as if they were beasts of prey. During the spring and summer Philip, fighting when he could, was chased from place to place, and he was at last, when he came near one of the outposts, shot down by one of the Indian "friendlies" on guard for the English. The dead body was, according to the savage practice of that age with traitors, cut into quarters, and his head fixed on a post in Boston, and his "wampum" ornaments (composed of black and white polished material from sea-shells, used also as coin) were sent to England as a present to the King.

Here our account of the establishment of the British race in New England closes. It has been seen that the Plymouth Pilgrims were the pioneers of the great enterprise. These men had done more than found a new polity in Western wilds: they had made a new epoch in history. In aiming at freedom of worship for themselves and for their children, they were bringing to a new issue the long and determined struggle of centuries in England and in Europe. They were those who opened out a pathway to a broader and a freer life for English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic. By the united action of religious enthusiasm and the spirit of personal independence they were establishing the great principle of government by the people which created the mighty republic known as the United States. The effect of the work of these men was at the time unseen, undreamed of by themselves. That effect has made the Pilgrim Fathers world-historical, famous for evermore.

CHAPTER VII

BOONE THE BACKWOODSMAN: THE SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY

Boone and Kentucky—Description of territory—The first white explorers—The coming change—Interest aroused in North Carolina—Daniel Boone—His birth and early life—His first visit to Kentucky—The buffalo herds—Boone and friend seized by Indians—Their escape—Boone's brother finds him—White killed by Indians—The brothers Boone alone—Delights of woodland life—Squire Boone returns home—The wild creatures of Kentucky—Daniel Boone alone—A trip through the country—A noble prospect—His precaution against surprise—His brother returns—Another season in the woods—Both back home—Boone's resolve to emigrate—The start from North Carolina—Attacked by Indians—Boone's son killed—Enemy beaten off—The night camp—Another attack repelled—Failure of the enterprise—Boone and family retreat—Boone on survey work—His second enterprise in Kentucky—A Company purchase territory—The meeting with Indians—Start of the expedition—Boone in command—Work of the pioneers—Cumberland Gap passed—Arrival in Kentucky—Fatal attacks by Indians—Boone sends back for aid—Starts for Otter Creek—Reinforcements already on the way—Met by Boone's messenger—Panic among settling parties—Henderson goes still ahead—A brave courier sent on—Boone's advance—A buffalo herd—Work of the woodmen—A site for settlement chosen—Beautiful scene at Sycamore Hollow—Beginnings of Boonesboro Town—Arrival of Henderson's party—Joy of the negroes—Erection of fort—Appearance of town—Boone fetches his family—Civilizing female influence.

THE name of Daniel Boone is famous in connexion with the rise of the region called Kentucky, from the position, in the middle of the eighteenth century, of a hunting-ground for Indians to that of a

State of the American Union. The noble territory extends over 450 miles from east to west, with an extreme breadth of 170 miles from north to south, and an area of about 40,000 square miles. On the north this fine agricultural region, one of the central States, is bounded for nearly 650 miles by the Ohio, and contains many hundred miles of navigable rivers connected with the system of the mighty Mississippi, which forms for 50 miles the western frontier.

Kentucky possesses a very mild and healthy climate; a race of men renowned for stature, strength, and vigour; the best horses for speed and endurance in the whole American continent; many caverns of great size and beauty, including the "Mammoth Cave," the largest known cavern in the world; the finest of pasture and farm-stock; abundant timber, coal, and building-stone; and a great diversity of the produce of tillage, including one-third of the whole tobacco crop of the United States. This was truly a territory worth opening up to civilization, and the man who was foremost in that beneficent pioneering was in all points fitted for such an achievement.

Under the British Crown the region was included in the colony of Virginia, and for a large part of the eighteenth century was, to the whites, an unknown territory "beyond the mountains." Then adventurous hunters turned their thoughts westwards, and exploration soon began. The first white man known to have entered the territory was James M'Bride, who, in company with some other explorers, passed down the Ohio River in 1754, and landed at the mouth of the river called, like the region, "Kentucky" by the Indians. The word is variously explained as meaning, in the Mohawk dialect, "among the meadows," and in the Shawanese tongue as "at the head of a river."

There M'Bride marked a tree with the initials of his name and the date, and after some examination of the country he and his comrades returned with tidings of their discovery of "the best tract of land in North America, and probably in the world," as it is styled by an enthusiastic old Kentuckian writer. This was the beginning of things by which a region where the hand of violence had often shed the blood of innocent settlers became safe and peaceful. Groups of wretched wigwams were to vanish and be replaced by towns, and Kentucky, in the words of a fervid colonist, was to "rise from obscurity to shine with splendour equal to any of the stars of the American hemisphere."

The country does not seem to have been again visited by white persons till about 1767, when one John Finley and some companions, trading with the Indians, travelled over much of the territory. Finley was struck by the evidences of fertility in the soil, but was afterwards obliged to quit owing to quarrels between the natives and the traders. He returned to his home in North Carolina, and there made the existence and character of the region known to Colonel Daniel Boone, a man unsurpassed among backwoodsmen as a roamer through untrodden forests in search of game, and as a fighter with Indians from behind tree-trunks in the woods or on the open plain.

Boone was born in the State of Pennsylvania in February, 1735. His father emigrated thence in 1753 to Yadkin Valley in North Carolina, when the son, in his nineteenth year, was already an athletic, hardy, and adventurous hunter, of proved courage and resolute character. Long before receiving Finley's report of the West, Boone had, in 1760, crossed the Alleghanies as an explorer, and in 1769 he resolved to start for Kentucky. The hero-pioneer of the story has related, in his own words, his adventures in connexion with the settling of the region, an event which, as he truly asserts, "well deserves a place in history."

On the 1st of May, in 1769, Boone left his peaceful home and his family on the Yadkin River, and started with five companions, including John Finley. After a long and wearisome progress over a mountainous wilderness towards the west, the travellers reached the borders of Kentucky, and from a height they joyfully descried the beautiful landscape. A camp was formed, and abundant game supplied food. On the 7th of June they came to Red River, where Finley had once traded with the Indians. On the wide plains droves of buffaloes, hundreds at a time, were seen, and the numbers gathered about the salt springs were amazing. The opening of the bold enterprise was not matched by the issue.

In a ramble taken by Boone and a comrade named John Stewart the rovers passed through a great forest of trees gay with blossoms or rich in fruits. Near the close of the day, as they climbed the brow of a hill, a party of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake and made them prisoners. The two white men were robbed of all they had, and kept captives for seven days of harsh treatment. Boone and Stewart, as cunning men biding their time, showed no desire to escape. Then at dead of night, as the party lay in a cane-brake beside a fire, and all the savages were fast in slumber, Boone gently touched his comrade to awake him, and they both stole quietly off. They made their way to their old camp, only to find it plundered, and their friends departed.

Soon afterwards Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, and a companion, who had set out to explore the country, and were resolved, if possible, to find Daniel, came on his and Stewart's camp, to the great satisfaction of the four men. Stewart, wandering alone, was killed by Indians; Squire Boone's friend went home; and the brothers Boone were left alone, without a white man in the country, as was almost certain, except themselves. Daniel, brave and wise man as he was, writes of the happiness which they enjoyed in a wild region exposed to danger and death, hundreds of miles away from their families. As he observes, Nature requires little to be satisfied, and happiness mainly depends not on the enjoyment of external things, but on a man's own feeling of content, and his resignation to the will of Providence.

The brothers were busy hunting every day, and constructed a little "cottage," as Daniel calls it, against the wintry weather. The season passed without disturbance, and on the 1st of May, 1770, Squire Boone started home for a supply of horses and ammunition. We will take advantage of his absence to give some account of the live creatures of the territory at this time. Among the native animals the most remarkable was the buffalo, a broad-sterned creature with thick, short, crooked horns and a humped shoulder covered with long dark-brown hair. These animals fed on cane and grass. Deer of various kinds and elks and bears abounded. The beasts of prey included panthers, wolves, and wild-cats. In the abundant waters were many beavers, otters, minks, and musk-rats, and the fauna included foxes, rabbits, squirrels, racoons, polecats, and opossums. The rivers and lakes teemed with fish—salmon, mullet, rock-fish, perch, gar-fish, and many more species. The wild-fowl comprised geese, ducks, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, and a kind of woodcock.

The sturdy-hearted Daniel was now left without bread, salt, or sugar, and having no companion, "not even a horse or dog," as he says. His fortitude and philosophy were severely tried by the thought of the anxiety which his wife and family must feel concerning his position. A tour through the beautiful and diversified country in the early summer was a great relief. At the close of day, when the air was calm and not a leaf stirred, Boone reached the summit of a commanding ridge, and viewed the vast beautiful region in front, while on the other side the broad flood of the Ohio rolled in silent grandeur. In the far distance mountain-tops pierced the clouds. He lit a fire near a fresh-water spring, and feasted on the loin of a buck which he had killed during the day. He thus enjoyed a few days' wandering, during which he explored a good deal of territory, and then returned to his old camp, which he found undisturbed.

With the craftiness of a backwoodsman, Boone did not always lodge there at night, but took shelter in thick canebrakes to avoid the Indians, whom he believed to visit his camp during his absence. He writes, in his perilous position, of his happiness in being "destitute of the afflicting passion of fear." At night he was often disturbed by howling and prowling wolves. He took delight in the beauties of Nature's wilds, which he would have exchanged for no pleasures of a populous city. His resignation to the solitude, which, as it could not for a time be cured, must be endured, did not, we may be sure, lessen his delight when, on the 27th of July, his brother arrived at the old camp as had been arranged.

Until the spring of 1771 the brothers Boone were engaged in hunting and exploration, and then returned home, where Daniel found his family well and happy. The spell of the Western regions was laid upon him, and he formed the design of making there a new and permanent abode. He sold his farm on the Yadkin, and all property which could not be carried into the wilds, and in the early part of 1773 he and his household, with five other families, started from North Carolina. The party of emigrants comprised eighteen men, besides women and children. After crossing Clinch River and over Powell Mountain, near the head of Wallen Creek, the travellers went down this watercourse to " the Gap," where it breaks through Wallen Ridge.

Just as they entered the pass they were attacked in the rear by a body of about thirty Indians, whose first fire killed Boone's eldest son. Daniel shot one of the savages dead, and before his comrades could carry the body away, he reloaded his gun and wounded another. The natives then fell back, and, as it was now late in the evening, Boone chose a camping-ground in the Gap, where a dry hollow led up into a gorge, and a shelter from the wind was afforded at the roots of a great beech-tree whence the soil had been washed away in the wet season. There the women and children were placed, with sentinels posted around them. Then Boone, with some of the men, followed the retreating enemy some distance down the creek, but, seeing nothing of them, returned to camp.

About midnight the sentries gave notice of the Indians' stealthy approach, and the savages, when they came within range, received a sudden volley, and hastily withdrew. In the morning, on their trail being followed, traces of blood were found. Boone and his comrades, cautiously advancing, reached the mouth of the creek where it enters Powell River, and on a bluff on the opposite shore they saw the Indians crouching over a fire. A shot from Boone's party sent them scampering away. This first attempt of the pioneers ended in failure. The leader was as prudent as he was courageous. The cattle had been scattered; some of the party were discouraged, and there was good reason to believe that the enemy were in great force in front. After a few days' rest most of the emigrants returned to North Carolina, but Boone and his family only retreated to Clinch River.

In June, 1774, Boone and a man named Michael Stoner were requested by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to go to Ohio Falls and guide a number of surveyors sent out by him some time before. Kentucky had by this time attracted the attention of many adventurous persons. Boone and his comrade undertook the task, leading the surveyors on a journey of about 800 miles, which was completed, under many difficulties, in sixty-two days. Much further knowledge of the country was thus obtained, and Boone on his return was engaged in the command of some armed posts against the Indians.

In 1775 the time had arrived not only for the assertion of freedom by the North American colonists against the old country, but for extension westward. The keenest interest in this latter enterprise was felt in North Carolina, and especially in the scattered little frontier settlement of Watauga, in the region which is now East Tennessee, beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. Daniel Boone, ever since the time when he and his party had been driven back from Wallen Ridge, had been more fully resolved to plant a colony in Kentucky. He was only waiting to make a start with the consent of the Cherokee Indians, as agent of a new Company which had been formed. The nine members of this body were all citizens of North Carolina, and a conference with the chiefs of the Indian tribe was held in the Watauga valley.

After much talk the Company purchased, for £10,000 worth of merchandise, then on the ground, the territory south of the Kentucky River, comprising more than half of the present State. Of the 1,200 Indians present at the meeting, some grumbled at receiving only one shirt apiece for their share of the land, but the transaction was open and fair on both sides, and all the natives, at the close of the conference, shared in the big feast provided by the Company. The plans for taking possession of the splendid domain had already been formed, and a spot had been selected as head-quarters on the Kentucky River, near the mouth of a tributary stream called Otter Creek.

Boone and his party of woodmen, with their axes and hatchets, had started, even before the Watauga treaty was concluded, along with his brother, Squire Boone, and an old Yadkin neighbour, Colonel Richard Callaway, of the militia, and some other adventurous land-hunters, from North Carolina.

On the 10th of March, 1775, this memorable expedition of thirty mounted men set out, armed mainly for hunting, as no trouble was expected from the natives. They were followed by a train of negro servants, loaded pack-horses, and hunting-dogs. Daniel Boone was in command. One of the chief objects was to open up the new country by communications which should connect buffalo-roads, or the wide tracks made by wandering herds, and the trails of hunters and Indian traders, with the roadway called the "Warrior Path." Trackless forests and cane-brakes were to be cut through, with the distances "blazed" on the bark of trees a mile apart, and thus the first regular road was to be made through the wilderness to Kentucky River.

The pioneers, after climbing the dreary ridges that rose between them and Cumberland Gap, made their way through that grand natural passage, a narrow roadway extending for six miles between mountain-sides rising to 1,200 feet above. As they went forward, the adventurers forded rivers still nameless, and were heard of no more until they had toiled over the depression in a great hill of Madison Co., Kentucky, the passage known as Boone's Gap. On the 25th of March, before daylight, after a peaceful journey of fourteen days, the party were suddenly fired on by Indians, who at once withdrew. A negro servant of Captain Twetty, one of the leaders, was killed. The captain himself was mortally wounded, and another young man dangerously stricken.

Two nights later, another attack was made on a detached party camping near a stream at some distance from the main body. The men had rashly lighted a fire, and were drying their soaked moccasins (soft hide shoes), when the savages came upon them. Two of the whites were killed and scalped, and the rest promptly stampeded, escaping barefoot through the snow. One of the men, who had some wood-craft, took to the stream to hide his tracks, as it was a moonlight night, and this waterway is still known, from him, as "Tate's Creek." Boone, regarding these attacks as indicating a serious effort to drive out all the whites, sent off a courier ordering all the companies of hunters and settlers in the neighbourhood of what is now Harrodsburg to concentrate at the mouth of Otter Creek.

On the 1st of April he also sent a despatch to Judge Henderson, the leading member of the Company, urging him to bring or send aid as soon as possible, and stating that he and his men were starting for the mouth of Otter Creek, and would there erect a fort. Henderson was already on the way when Boone was writing his message, with an expedition of forty mounted riflemen, a large number of negro slaves, a drove of cattle, forty pack-horses, and a train of waggons laden with provisions, ammunition, material for making gunpowder, seed corn, garden seeds, and a varied store of articles needful at an isolated settlement.

The fresh party, keeping in Boone's tracks, and further clearing the road as they proceeded, were met, on the 7th of April, at Cumberland Gap, by the letter concerning the Indian attacks. The camp was startled, as if by a bomb-shell, by these tidings, and a few of the party that very night went off on the back-track. As Henderson's body of men went forward they met other companies of panic-stricken adventurers returning on the news of "Indian troubles." These rencontres were demoralizing the members of the expedition, and it was difficult for Henderson to find a man bold enough to carry forward a message to Boone that help was coming, and so encourage his men to hold their ground. Of Daniel Boone himself Henderson had no doubt whatever.

A gallant man, Captain Cocke, volunteered to be the needed courier, and as no one offered himself as companion, he started off alone with a good "Queen Anne" musket, plenty of ammunition, a tomahawk, a big knife, a Dutch blanket, and a good store of "jerked" beef. He had to ride for 130 miles over a wild, solitary path, which, according to the "stampeders," was beset by murderous ambuscades. This ride was one of the most romantic deeds in the annals of the wilderness. Boone, of course, had not turned back, but had started to cut a way through the cane-growth down the meandering course of the Otter Creek to the southern bank of Kentucky River.

There he had connected his path with a great buffalo-track which led, broad and clear, to the site, on the same side of the river, which he had chosen for the official seat of the Company. As the horsemen moved on, there was a sudden sound of trampling hoofs, and they saw a drove of 200 or 300 buffaloes making off from a "salt-lick," followed by young calves playing and skipping about as they went. The creatures forded the stream and vanished.

The woodmen were glad to be at rest after their toilsome work of many days in chopping down saplings, cutting away wild vines and overhanging branches, "blazing" the way through the forest, marking mile-trees, removing logs and fallen timber, connecting paths, filling up holes, burning a road through dead brushwood, casting logs over streams for future travellers on foot, and cutting wide swaths through vast cane-brakes.

When the weary way and historic march were ended, it was at a charming level in a sheltered hollow that Boone gave the order to halt. It was an ideal spot for a settlement, with a rich soil, almost free of undergrowth, on open, firm ground, and adorned, thus early in the year, with great patches of fine white clover and a thick carpet of the incomparably rich and beautiful natural pasture known as "Kentucky bluegrass." More than all, for the leading pioneer in making his choice, there were two abundant springs. One, nearest the river, was of sulphur mixed with salt, the other of fresh water.

Near these stood some of the grandest sycamores ever seen, their white trunks polished by the constant rubbing of the elk, buffalo, and deer who sought the salt-lick, and an elm so majestic in stature, so grand in proportion, and having such a spread of branches, that one who saw it called it "divine." Near at hand the noble river ran in solemn beauty deep down between the rugged steeps on its southern bank and the wooded heights of the farther shore. There, at Sycamore Hollow, on the 1st of April, 1775, Boone and his woodmen unloaded their pack-horses, cooked a meal, and, after a good long spell of repose, began to erect log-huts for shelter and defence.

On the 4th of April one of the party out hunting was killed by Indians, and it was only the cool courage of Daniel Boone that kept the enterprise going, or, as Henderson said, " it was owing to Boone's confidence in us " (the Company), " and the people's in him, that a stand was ever attempted." Fear subsided when it was found that attacks came from only a small number of adventurous natives, whose acts were strongly condemned by the chivalrous and influential chieftain " Cornstalk." On the 20th of April Henderson and his party arrived at the new settlement, and were joyfully welcomed with the discharge of rifles and a repast of buffalo-beef and cold water, which the judge declared to be the most delightful banquet he ever enjoyed.

The negroes, who had the utmost dread of " Ingins," and had, in their fancy, seen a murderous savage lurking behind every rock and tree on the long route, hailed the sight of the log-huts as a glimpse of heaven, and sent their laughter, merry songs, and cries of delight sounding along the river and among the hilltops. The united companies, including negroes and boys, amounted to eighty persons, and the supply of food was a serious matter. The noisy work of the woodsmen had driven the big game far away, and squads of hunters had to go out to many miles' distance for wild meat. The supply of bread was running short, and could not last until the crop of maize would ripen. Some of Boone's party had put in Indian corn seed soon after arriving, and more was sown, with arrangements for regular work on the ground.

After Henderson's arrival, a site for a substantial fort was chosen about 300 yards from Boone's quarters, and on much higher ground, for safety from inundations of the river. The work began on the 29th of April, under Boone's supervision, with the building of a small log-magazine, half underground, and having the roof covered with clay to protect it against sparks from the chimney and the possible torches of attacking Indians. A little cluster of cabins arose around the fort, and thus began the town of Boonesboro' and the real occupation of Kentucky. The settlement consisted of about two dozen one-story log-huts and four block-houses, arranged in a hollow square about 260 feet long and 180 broad. The block-houses, with projecting second stories, formed the angles or bastions of the fort, and the stockades and huts had little portholes for rifle-fire. The back of the settlement was nearly parallel with the river, and the front commanded the open space in the hollow below the fort, in which were the two springs and the "lick." There were two gates, at back and front.

On the 13th of June, when the work had been completed without any further harm from the savages, Boone set out to fetch his family, who were at a station or settlement on Clinch River. He was accompanied by his old neighbour, Richard Callaway, whose errand was the same. On return, Boone brought with him a number of fresh settlers, and the party, conveying a supply of salt, much needed for preserving the meat killed for winter use, reached Boonesboro' on the 8th of September. Boone's wife and his adult daughter, Jemima, were the first white women who ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River.

The appearance of their sun-bonnets, we read, had an immediate influence on the men, especially on the younger ones, who improved in appearance through a sudden rage for shaving and hair-cutting. Under female sway were seen the soap-kettle and clothes-lines, hickory brooms, and home-made washboards. The sound of the spinning-wheel was heard in the land, and glimpses were caught of a little looking-glass, a patchwork quilt, knitting-needles, and a turkey-tail fan. The two ladies were delighted to be joined, on the 26th of September, by those of Colonel Callaway's family and by fresh immigrants who added three matrons and several young women to the social life of the settlement. One of the new-comers, an ingenious man, fabricated wash-tubs. churns, and other wooden utensils. The supply of salt made provisions more plentiful in the certainty of preservation, and the harvesting of the first crop of maize supplied bread. Peace and plenty prevailed for the time at Boonesboro'.

CHAPTER VIII

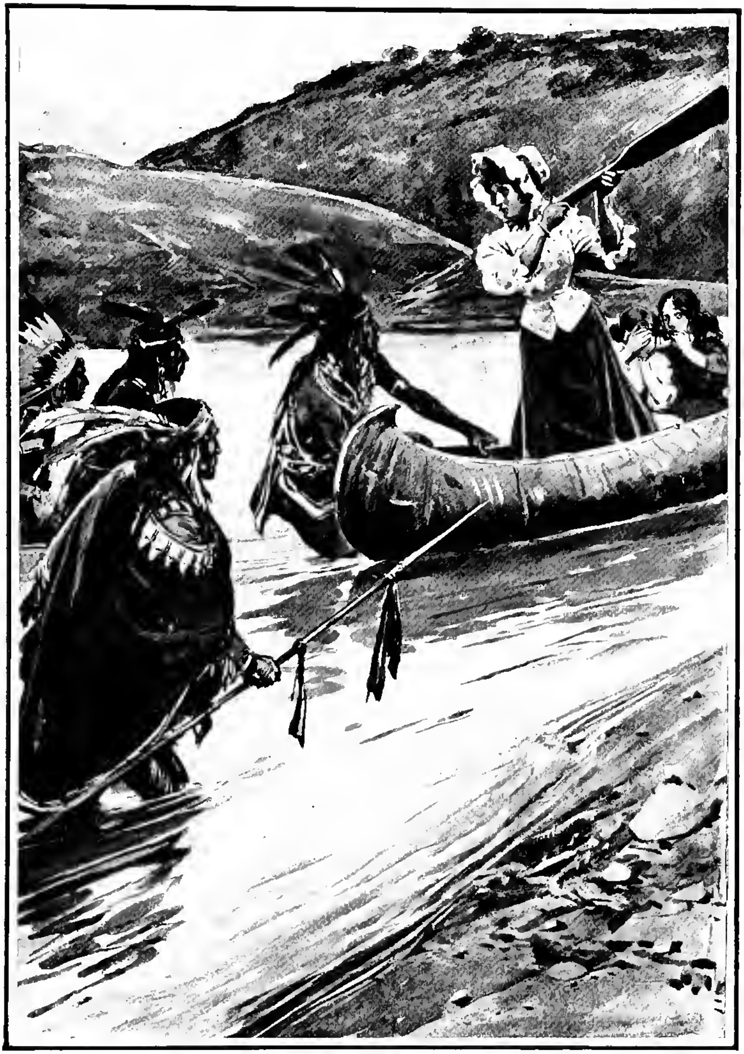
THE SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY—*Continued*

More Indian outrages—Seizure of three Boonesboro' girls—The pursuit—The rescue—Savages on the warpath—A Boonesboro' wedding—Tidings of independence—New Indian trouble—Boonesboro' attacked—Boone saved from death—The place surrounded—Enemy beaten off—Attacks on other white posts—Troubles in 1777—Making of gunpowder—Material progress of settlement—A Boonesboro' interior—Supply of salt fails—Boone's party of salt-makers—Boone taken prisoner—His crafty conduct—Indians taken in—Boone at Detroit—Friendly treatment by natives—His artful ways—His escape to Boonesboro'—The works strengthened—Arrival of reinforcements—March of enemy's army—Boone attacks party outside—Timely return to the town—Enemy come up in force—Boone's reply to summons of surrender—Trick practised on Indians—A conference with the foe—Their treachery evaded—A feigned retreat—Siege of Boonesboro'—Mining and countermining—Heavy firing—Serious loss of Indians—The siege abandoned—Indian outrages in 1780—The punishment inflicted—Boone fetches back his wife and family—Expedition with his brother—Squire Boone killed—A hard winter—General war in 1782—Indians beaten off—Boone in the field—Severe defeat of whites—Boone's son killed—The finding of the dead—Punishment inflicted on Indians—The negro, the savage, and the brave woman—Peace comes in 1783—Boone's achievements and their cost—His death—Fate of Boonesboro'—The founder's memory.

TROUBLE began before the year ended. The Indians had been greatly excited and alarmed by the permanent occupation which was indicated in the construction of the fort, and their feelings found vent in serious acts of hostility. On the 23rd of December two lads who, going out without their rifles, had crossed the river and climbed the hills on the opposite side, fell into the hands of some lurking Shawanese, who fired on another member of the garrison. On the following day a man was killed. On the 27th the scalped body of one of the lads was found in a cornfield about three miles north of the river, and a party of men, scouring the woods, discovered no trace of the murderers. In the following year, 1776, the settlers were greatly harassed. Innocent tillers of the soil were shot down while they were engaged in raising food for their families, and the cattle round Boonesboro' and some other stations were driven off or destroyed. It was in the summer of this year that a very exciting and remarkable event occurred.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th of July, when the customary Bible-reading was over, three young ladies set off on an excursion. These were Elizabeth (Betsy) Callaway, a grown woman, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, the two latter being about thirteen or fourteen years of age. They went off in one of the rough canoes of the settlement to visit a family beyond the river, at a short distance from Boonesboro'. When they were within a few yards of the further landing-place, the craft struck a little sand-bar, and was instantly seized by five Indians—four Shawanese and a Cherokee, as it proved—who darted out of the thick cane on the bank. Miss Callaway, startled and terrified as she was by the onslaught, instinctively struck one of the savages on the head with a paddle, while her young companions, in utter fright, covered their pale faces with their hands.

In a moment the girls, too breathless and bewildered to scream, were hurried through the shallow water to shore, and then up a densely wooded ravine to the summit of the lofty, lonely hills. Kept silent by the



Captured by the Indians

Betsy Callaway, startled and terrified as she was, instinctively struck one of the savages on the head with a paddle.

threat of the tomahawk, they were marched through cane-brakes, woods, and streams toward the ancient Warriors' Track leading to the Ohio. The captives were not missed at home for some hours, when, at milking-time, the alarm was given by a hunter who had gone out to meet them. Two bands of riflemen, one under Boone, the other under Callaway, about twenty men in all, instantly set off in pursuit.

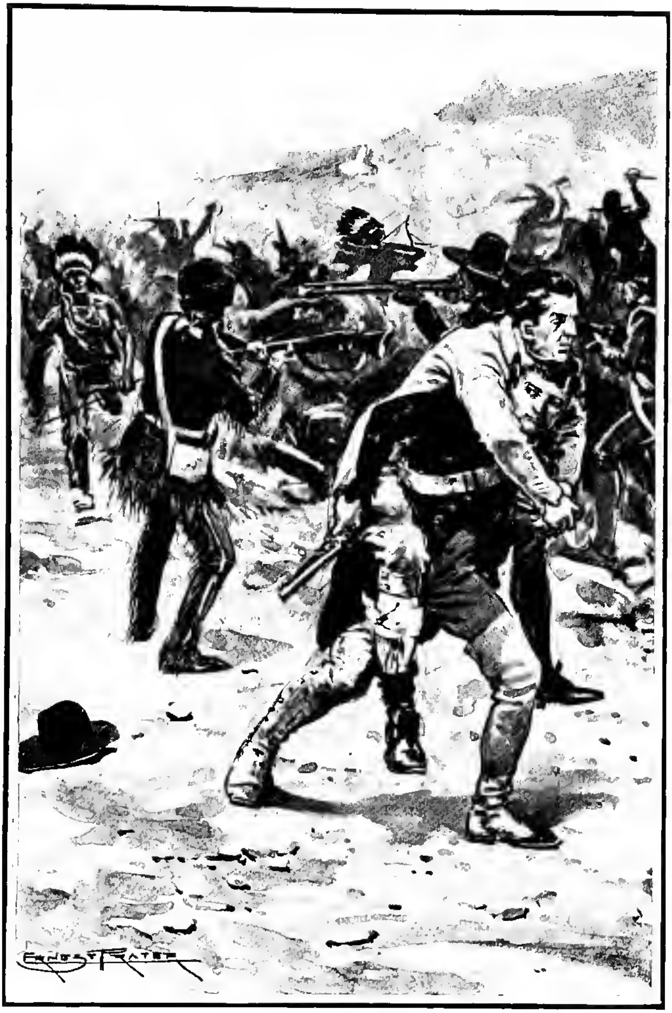
On that night the rescue party could only follow for about five miles. At dawn the next day they were on the track, but the crafty captors prevented pursuit, at first, in the true course by walking at some distance apart through the thickest cane to be found. Beyond the canes, however, the pursuers regained the traces, and followed for about thirty miles, finding the fresh marks on a buffalo-path. The Indians were overtaken just as they were kindling a fire to cook. The danger was lest the savages should slay the prisoners on being discovered. In fact, the two parties viewed each other almost at the same instant. Four of the Boonesboro' men fired, and then all made a rush, and the young people were saved.

The Indians fled, leaving nearly all behind except a shot-gun without ammunition. Boone and another settler got a pretty fair aim as the savages moved off, one being shot through the body and another wounded so as to drop his gun. The spot was covered with thick cane, and in the joy of rescuing the three weeping girls no further search was made. The natives, as Mr. Floyd, one of the party, relates, "were sent off almost naked, some without their moccasins, and none of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk." When the girls recovered so as to be able to speak clearly, they told their rescuers that their captors could speak good English, and said they were going to the Shawanese towns. Several words of the native language, which the girls could remember, were known to be Shawanese.

This event was prophetic of more evil, the beginning of days and years of trouble. News came to Boonesboro' that small parties of hostile Shawanese were haunting all the scattered settlements. The Indians had dug up the war-hatchet. Some straggling savages had burned a settler's cabin and ruined his little orchard of apple-trees. Outlying whites who had families brought them for safety into the fort, which was now provided with substantial gates, and all gaps in the stockade were closed up. Many settlers left the country, including some of the Boonesboro' people, and at last only thirty riflemen were left for the defence of the place. Fortunately, in that year (1776) the natives made no general hostile movement, though frequent murders and depredations were perpetrated by skulkers and petty bands.

An auspicious event had come to vary the evil impression created by the deeds of the Indians. On the 7th of August, three weeks after the capture of the girls, there was a wedding, the first that ever took place in Kentucky. The bride was Elizabeth Callaway, who was married to Samuel Henderson, a brother of the judge. Squire Boone, who was a Baptist elder, as well as a fighter of Indians, officiated on this occasion as minister, and the event was celebrated with dancing to the music of a fiddle by the light of tallow "dips." A few days later a returning settler brought tidings of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, and a copy of the *Virginia Gazette* containing the text of the historical document. This was read out to the assembled garrison, and the reading was followed by cheers and war-whoops, and by a big bonfire at night.

The opening of 1777 brought more trouble from the Indians. On the 1st of January a half-dozen refugees


ERNEST PRATER

A GALLANT RESCUE

Kenton, a stalwart man of twenty-one, saved Boone's life by carrying him, when wounded, into the fort.

from another fort reached Boonesboro'. The natives were out, and the last station to the north of the Kentucky River had been abandoned. Early in March, when Colonel Daniel Boone was regular commandant, a number of Shawanese were lurking about the settlement. An adventurer named Simon Kenton got in at nightfall with a warning, but two of the garrison, who had not waited, as he had, for the darkness, had been killed outside as they came towards the stockade. Small parties of the enemy were active, and Kenton and another man were appointed special scouts by Boone. It was on the 24th of April, when the scouts were at home, that the place was, for the first time, openly attacked.

A party of about 100 Indians approached, and Boonesboro', then containing only twenty-two armed defenders, barely escaped capture. One of the men who went outside was tomahawked and scalped, but Kenton, who was at the fort-gâte, shot dead the exulting savage as he was tying the hair-trophy to his girdle. Daniel Boone was for once deceived by the wily savages when they made a feigned retreat, and the garrison, whom he led out in pursuit, were cut off in their rear, and only regained the fort after desperate fighting, in which Boone and three others were wounded and several Indians slain. Kenton, a stalwart man of twenty-one, six feet high, saved the white leader's life by carrying him into the fort. There brave Boone, a man who assuredly never forgot the service, but was one of few words and scanty compliments, conferred on his preserver a knighthood of the backwoods by calling him " a fine fellow."

On the 4th of July the persistent foe made a more serious attack. Coming swiftly down to the Kentucky River, they sent off detachments to threaten the other stations and prevent reinforcements being dispatched to Boonesboro'. Early in the morning, with about 200 warriors, they suddenly surrounded the place. The savages came swarming up from the river-bank, and hid themselves in the deserted hollow and behind trees and stumps, and in patches of the tall maize. The scouts, however, had warned the garrison, and for two days and nights of persistent firing, and attempts to burn the fort, the whites held the red men at bay. It was a weary and anxious time for the scanty defenders and their families.

The women were busily engaged in loading extra rifles, so that needful shots should never fail, and in passing round water from the rain-barrels, distributing food to the fighters, and tending the wants of the little people and the live stock. Before sunrise on the 6th the Indians had had enough of the contest, and went off with the bodies of seven dead men, seen and counted by the garrison from the loopholes. Many of the savages were wounded, the loss of the defenders being one killed and two injured. It was a time of sore distress in other quarters of Kentucky, and it is wonderful that the settlers were able to hold their ground.

On the 19th of July a fort in charge of Colonel Logan was besieged vainly by about 200 Indians, who killed two and wounded one of the little garrison of fifteen men. The loss of the enemy remained unknown, owing to their practice of carrying off the dead during the time of action. Another fort, under Colonel Harrod (afterwards the town of Harrodsburg), was defended by only sixty-five men against a large body of savages. In the whole country there were now no other armed posts or white men except at the Ohio Falls, a long distance away, and the whole number of whites in the region was a mere handful to the numerous warriors in various quarters, ever intent on doing mischief.

One of the dangers from blockade by the Indians was the lack of stores of water inside the forts. At

Boonesboro', when the scouts reported the enemy as fairly gone, the cumbersome gates were dragged open, and the horses and other animals rushed out to the grass and the river, while the weary, thirsty settlers sought the fresh-water springs. During the autumn of 1777 the people were much harassed by lurking parties of natives, and suffered from being for some time closely pent up within the stockade, half starved, and exposed to sudden death if they ventured outside.

The chief dependence for food was on corn, potatoes, and turnips, raised close at hand, almost under the rifle-barrels of the garrison. In the fall, wild fruits were a welcome supply, and large stores of walnuts and hickory-nuts were laid in. On one occasion the gunpowder gave out, and the garrison were in despair, when it was remembered that the magazine contained a little store of brimstone and saltpetre, brought long before by Henderson. Some charcoal was made, and Boone and two other backwoodsmen, taught in the past by necessity, soon made enough powder for present purposes. Salt, an article as needful for the preservation of life as gunpowder, ran sorely low, and the dwellers in the log-cabins of the little town always remembered the trials of 1777.

The settlement was making progress in regard to needful conveniences. Sheds for corn and fodder, and for the storing of hides and furs, were built; rough hand-mills and mortars for grinding and pounding the maize were made; troughs for the stock formed by hollowing logs; skins of animals "pegged," for curing, to the palisades; and a blacksmith's shop was set up for the making of pack-saddles, ploughs, and other implements. The equipment of a cabin or log-hut included a slab table, a feather-bed or one of buffalo-skin, hickory chairs with deer-skin seats, iron pots, ovens, and small vessels; and big and little gourds were used for all kinds of purposes.

The antlers of bucks, and wooden pegs, held rifles, powder-horns, and fishing-rods, sun-bonnets and saddle-bags, bundles of dried herbs, and "hands" of tobacco. On a shelf over the fireplace might be seen bottles of medicine, the whisky-jug, tinder-box, ink-bottle, and quill pens, with the almanack, the Bible, and a few other books, which included, in some cabins, the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Shakespeare. Such is one aspect of an interior in the life of old-time Kentucky.

Before the end of the year 1777 the supply of salt was exhausted, and it was absolutely necessary to go forth and make some at the salt-springs. A few militiamen from Virginia had come in to aid the defence of the town, and on the 1st of January, 1778, Boone started with thirty men from Boonesboro' and two other forts for the "Blue Licks" on Licking River to procure a supply. A sore mishap was about to fall on the brave backwoodsman. After many days and much trouble and toil, which involved the boiling of several hundreds of gallons of water in order to make a single bushel of salt, a supply was sent back by three men, who got the pack-horses through safely.

The work was still going on when, on the 7th of February, as Boone was out hunting to procure meat for the company, he fell in with a party of about 100 Indians and two Frenchmen, who were on the march to attack Boonesboro'. The expedition was sent out by Governor Hamilton, who was hostile, on behalf of his Sovereign, George III., to the Kentucky "rebels." Boone was taken prisoner, after hard running, several miles from the hunting-camp. On the eighth day after his capture the party drew near the Licks where Boone's salt-makers were employed, and he resorted to a stratagem on behalf of himself and his friends. Pretending to be a loyalist, he offered, as a proof, the peaceful surrender of his men, and was allowed to go forward within shouting distance of the workers.

At his command, fully trusting their leader, they became prisoners, and Boone then expressed his regret that Boonesboro' was too strongly garrisoned to be captured by the force which he saw, and advised waiting for aid in the attack. The bait took, and the enemy retired across the Ohio with their captives. The Indians, who included two Shawanese chiefs, had promised good usage, and this undertaking was honourably fulfilled. After a painful journey in severe wintry weather, the party arrived, on the 18th of February, at the chief Indian town, Chelicotha, on Little Miami River.

On the 10th of March Boone and ten of his men were taken to Detroit, where they arrived in about three weeks, and were most kindly treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post. When the news of Boone's capture reached the town, the Boonsboro' people were much distressed. The loss of such a leader and twenty-seven men was the greatest calamity that had yet befallen the pioneers, and caused consternation in the other settlements. At Boonesboro' Colonel Callaway now became the leading spirit, and he did his best to cheer up the faint-hearted. We must now trace the fortunes of the great backwoodsman.

He had attracted the admiration of the Indians, who well knew his value as an enemy, and they refused the offer of £100 from the Governor as ransom for his return home on parole. Some English gentlemen, moved by sympathy for his position, made a generous offer of money for his present wants, but the brave, honest man declined it, with many thanks, on the ground that he could not see his way to repayment. On the 25th of April he was back at the Indian town, leaving his men at Detroit as prisoners in the hands of the British. At

Chelicotha Boone tells us that "he spent his time as comfortably as he could expect." According to Indian usage with a favoured captive, he was adopted as son into a family, and treated with great affection by his "new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends."

He won the confidence of all by his familiar, friendly, and cheerful demeanour, and often went out hunting with the Indians. He was applauded for his skill at shooting-matches, but was careful (the cunning man!) "not to exceed many of them, for no people are more envious at this sport." "I could observe," he writes, "in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me, and when the reverse happened, of envy." It was a tribe of Shawanese with whom Boone was sojourning, and the "King" treated him with great kindness and respect, often begging him to go out hunting alone. On his return with game, he often presented to the chief some of the spoils of woodland craft, "expressive of duty to my Sovereign."

It is needless to state that the pioneer of Kentucky was playing a very artful game and meditating an escape. In June he was taken to some salt-springs and kept there for ten days, making salt from the brine and hunting for his Indian friends. On the return to Chelicotha he had good reason to fear for his people at home when he saw 450 Indians, the choicest warriors of the tribe, "painted and armed in a fearful manner," and "ready for a march against Boonesboro'." He resolved to escape on the first chance, and on the 16th of June he went quietly off before sunrise on a horse which Governor Hamilton had given him.

Boone's wood-craft now served him well. He was assuredly pursued, but never overtaken. He had a journey of 160 miles before him, and, taking his course, whenever it was possible, along the channel of streams to hide his tracks, he was warmly welcomed at Boonesboro' on the fourth day, after having only one regular meal since his escape. He found urgent work ready to his hand. The fort was in a bad state of defence, and repairs were at once begun on the flank-works, and the gates were strengthened. Double bastions were also formed, the whole work being completed in ten days. On the 25th of July, 1778, a welcome reinforcement of forty-five riflemen rode in from North Carolina, and the people were still more cheered by the arrival, in August, of Colonel Bowman with 100 militiamen from Virginia. Hope revived as, in Boone's words, "we began to strengthen."

The garrison had been daily expecting the appearance of the Indians, but at length a former fellow-prisoner of Boone's came in with the news that the enemy, knowing of Boone's escape, had postponed the expedition for three weeks. Savage spies were out on the watch near the place, and great uneasiness was aroused amongst the enemy by tidings of the increase in the number of the whites, and of the strengthening of the fortifications. The "grand councils" of the various tribes were frequently held, and unusually grave deliberations were in progress. The natives clearly saw the approach of the time when "the long knife," as the immigrants were styled, would become masters of the territory, and they resolved on a great effort for the utter extirpation of the Kentucky whites.

Boone and his fighting-men did not passively await attack. About the 1st of August, with a score of men, the leader made an incursion into the Indian region in order to surprise a small town up the River Sciotha. At four miles from the place they fell in with a body of thirty natives on the march as a reinforcement for the warriors from Chelicotha. A smart fight ensued for some time, and then the savages gave way and fled. Boone's party suffered no loss, the enemy having one man killed and two wounded, with the further loss of three horses and all the baggage. Two of the party went forward and found the native town empty, and Boone and his men hastened back home, which, on the 7th of August, was safely reached.

The party had returned at the right moment, for on the next day the Indians arrived about 450 strong, under the command of Captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and four native chiefs. Marching up within view of the fort, with British and French colours flying, they sent in to Boone a summons of surrender, "in His Britannic Majesty's name." The commandant thereupon requested and received two days for consideration. The occasion was critical. Some detachments of the garrison were away, and the number of defenders, compared with the enemy, was small. In Boone's words, however, "death was preferable to captivity, and, if taken by storm, we must inevitably be devoted to destruction." In this position, he and his men resolved on fighting.

All the horses and cattle outside that could be reached were brought in, and on the evening of the 9th of August Boone returned answer that they were determined to defend the place while a man was living. As the commander, Duquesne, stood attentively listening, Boone said: "Now we laugh at all your formidable preparations. But we thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defence. Your efforts will not prevail, for our gates shall ever deny you admittance." We may note that during the negotiations with the enemy a good trick was practised inside the fort to impress the Indians with the number of men for the defence.

Every woman and child, white and black, was dressed, as far as possible, in male attire, with old hats and hunting-shirts, and the savages were surprised to see the number of hatted heads that appeared from time to time above the stockade. What they did not see was the little band of sharpshooters sent out by cautious Boone to the block-house commanding the place of meeting when he and his comrades went forth to talk with the delegates of the enemy under the shade of the great sycamore.

The cunning reply of the enemy to Boone had been that they had orders from Governor Hamilton of Detroit to take the Boonesboro' people captives, and not destroy them; but if nine of the garrison would come out and treat with them, they would at once withdraw their forces and return home in peace. Boone and his people agreed to this proposal, but were suspicious of the enemy's intentions. The conference took place within 60 yards of the fort, and articles were formally agreed to and signed. The Indians then said that it was customary with them on such occasions for two natives to shake hands with every white man, as an evidence of perfect friendship.

Young athletic Indians had been chosen for this purpose, and when Boone agreed also to this suggestion, the natives betrayed their treacherous purpose by too tight a grasp of the hands of the whites, and by a sudden movement towards the brushwood. Boone and his comrades, alert and quick, instantly freed themselves and darted away. At the same thrilling moment, as they sprang back and waved their hats, came the crack of the rifles from the block-houses, and the savages vanished in the thicket. Boone and his men dashed up the rising ground towards the fort, bounding from one tree-trunk to another, and from stump to stump, to escape the hail of bullets from the savages in ambuscade.

Squire Boone was wounded in the left shoulder, and another man had to lie flat on his face for hours behind a stump in shelter from the enemy's fire, and only got inside the fort at nightfall. During the afternoon the Indians made preparations as for a general retreat, and, leaving a hidden body of warriors behind, went off with much clatter before daylight. After going some distance. with the sounds of a French bugle dying away at last, the enemy stealthily retraced their steps, hoping to catch the Boonesboro' people with the gates open. It was not likely that such a trick would succeed. Not a man went outside ; and the enraged savages at once attacked the place on all sides, keeping up a heavy fire all day.

A regular siege now began, with some of the methods of scientific warfare. The enemy worked at undermining the fort, beginning at the watermark of the river and proceeding for some distance under the bank. The garrison frustrated this design by cutting a trench across the subterranean passage, and the Indians desisted when they saw the clay thrown out from the countermine. The mining attempt was also baffled by the falling in of earth through heavy rains, which at the same time saved the fort from the risk of destruction by fiery arrows and by torches.

After nine days, during which a heavy fire was maintained, the enemy, foiled at all points, went off in earnest, having caused the garrison a loss of only two men killed, with four wounded, and a certain number of cattle. Of the Indians, nearly forty were killed and a great number wounded. After their departure had been fully ascertained, Boone's men went out and picked up 125 pounds' weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort, " which certainly is," the leader observes, " a great proof of their industry." For some time nothing worthy of note occurred, and Daniel Boone went off to North Carolina to see his friends in the old home.

In 1780 further trouble came on the Kentucky colonists. On the 22nd of June about 600 Indians and Canadians, under Colonel Bird, with six pieces of artillery, attacked two forts and settlements at the Forks of Licking River. The inhabitants had no notice of this expedition until the enemy fired on the works, and, being without means of prompt defence, they were obliged to surrender. The savages at once killed one man and two women with their tomahawks, and, loading all the others with heavy baggage, they forced the unhappy captives along towards their towns. All who were weak and faint by the way were tomahawked, including women and children, and cruelties too savage for recital were committed.

In retaliation for these atrocities General Clark, commandant at Ohio Falls, started out with his own regiment and the armed force of his district against a chief town of the Shawanese, on a branch of Great Miami River. There, with the loss of seventeen men, he took seventeen scalps and burnt the town. About this time Boone returned "with his family" to Kentucky. In explanation of this statement we go back to record that his wife, during his captivity with the Indians, fully believing that his life was ended, and feeling deeply her situation, had transported the family and goods on horseback through the wilderness, amidst a multitude of dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina. A brave woman this, and well worthy of the man who, in his narrative, naïvely says that she acted thus, "bereaved of me, her only happiness."

For some time Boone had a peaceful life with his household. On the 6th of October, 1780, he went with his brother to the Blue Licks, and on the return they were fired on by a party of Indians, and Squire Boone was killed. Daniel was pursued by the scent of the enemy's dog for three miles, and then, killing the dog, he escaped.

The winter after his brother's death was a very severe one, and confined the savages to their wigwams. The Kentucky whites suffered much, as the Indians, during the previous summer, had destroyed most of the corn, and bread became very scarce. The people lived mainly on buffalo-meat, but they bore up well, "being a hardy race," in Boone's words, "accustomed to difficulties and necessities," until the ensuing "fall," when abundance was received from the fertile soil.

Amidst such troubles and frequent warfare with the natives was the State of Kentucky founded, by degrees, on a firm basis. In the course of 1782 a general war was afoot, in which the tribes of the Shawanese, Cherokees, Wyandots, Delawares, and others near Detroit united against the white people. The picked warriors of all the "nations" were gathered at Chelicotha to go forth for the utter destruction of the settlers. Two white traitors urged and led the Indians in all schemes of mischief, and on the 15th of August they commanded a body of Indians and Canadians, about 500 strong, marching against a settlement near Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously attacked the garrison, but the men were ready for defence, and the enemy, after the vain expenditure of much ammunition and killing the cattle around the fort, went off on the third day, with about thirty men killed and many wounded.

On the 18th, Boone, Colonel Todd, and other officers quickly gathered about 180 well-armed men and pursued the savages. They were overtaken on the following day at a bend of the main fork of Licking River, about forty miles from Lexington, and, seeing the approach of the pursuers, they gave way, and, concealing their numbers allowed them to pass the river. Then the enemy formed a line of battle across the river bend, and a fierce fight of fifteen minutes ensued. The Kentucky men, overpowered by numbers, were forced to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, including seven prisoners. Among the slain were Boone's second son, the brave Colonel Todd, and two other leaders.

When the Indians, on counting their dead, found that they had four more killed than the whites, four of the prisoners were put to death in the most barbarous way by the young warriors, and the enemy then went off to their towns. The Kentucky force, on the retreat, was met by Colonel Logan with a number of well-armed men, who would have completely turned the scale in the recent fight. The courage of the Kentuckians, who, at odds of about one against three, had maintained so stout a battle, is proved by the fact that the Indians acknowledged that they would have given way if one more volley had been delivered against them.

The news of this defeat carried dismay to Lexington, where many women had been made widows. A close pursuit had been made at first, and many of the whites fell in the flight, some in the difficult passage of the river, as they entered the water, others in the water, and others, again, as they scaled the cliffs beyond. The people of Lexington, when they went out, reinforced, to bury the dead, found the bodies strewn about dreadfully mangled by wild beasts and by fish, and most of the features were beyond recognition.

General Clark, who was at Ohio Falls, promptly sent out an expedition in pursuit of the savages, who were overtaken within two miles of their towns. Unluckily, two stragglers of the enemy's force, seeing the whites approach, swiftly carried warning to the main body, and the Indians escaped by an instant and disorderly flight. Chelicotha was occupied by the Kentuckians, and the pursuit followed through five towns on the Miami rivers, all of which were destroyed by fire, with the corn and other produce, and the Indian country was laid waste. Seven prisoners and five scalps were taken, with the loss of only four men to the avenging whites. This little campaign did much to depress the Indians. The confederacy was broken up ; the forces were scattered far and wide, and a regular invasion being now beyond their power, the savages were reduced to the former petty and stealthy attacks, chiefly on isolated settlers in exposed parts of the territory.

In the following October (1782) a body of the savages made an excursion into a district called " Crab Orchard," and a remarkable scene occurred. One of them, some distance in front of his party, entered the house of a white family in which, at the time, there were only a woman, her children, and a negro. The Indian seized the negro to make him a prisoner, but the man threw the savage to the ground, and, as they struggled, the woman, snatching an axe from a corner, cut off the Indian's head, while her little daughter closed the door. In an instant the other savages came up and chopped at the door with their tomahawks. In a corner of the room lay an old rusty gun-barrel, without a lock, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the Indians, fearing a shot, fled. The alarm spread abroad ; the savages were pursued into the wilds, and a wholesome effect was produced by this repulse.

From that time until the conclusion of peace, in 1783, between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did no mischief in Kentucky. They were aware of the contest between the colonists and the mother-country, and of the great share taken by Virginia State in the war Hence, in Boone's words, " finding the great King beyond the water disappointed in his expectations, and conscious of the importance of 'the Long Knife,' and of their own wretchedness, some of the 'nations' immediately desired peace." Thus was Kentucky finally placed in a secure position for future development.

The prominent hero of the early struggles thus sums up the cost in his own case: "Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

The same author of good for his countrymen in the great West adds: "But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade. I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty and the bounties of Providence with my once fellow-sufferers in this delightful country, which I have seen purchased with a vast expense of blood and treasure, now delighting in the prospect of its being, in a short time, one of the most opulent and powerful States in the continent of North America, which, with the love and gratitude of my countrymen, I esteem a sufficient reward for all my toil and dangers."

The great pioneer in 1812 received a tract of land in Missouri State in recognition of his public services, and died at Charette, on the Missouri River, in the autumn of 1820. It is remarkable that the town which he founded, called by his name, has utterly vanished. Boonesboro' fell into decay from the attraction of the people to more suitable and profitable scenes of work and residence. The place was, in fact, superseded by Harrodsburg.

The memory of the town whose site, without a vestige of the old buildings, a paling of the stockades, or any portion of the bullet-battered lines, is now a cornfield, is tenderly cherished by the descendants of the first settlers, the Boones, Hendersons, Callaways, and others—the men who stood like an impregnable wall and rolled back the fierce tide of savage warfare until civilization and Christianity were established in the primeval forest. Boonesboro' in its material form passed away; Daniel Boone abides in the page of history.

CHAPTER IX

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES, THE SPICE ISLANDS, AND SINGAPORE

Sir Stamford Raffles as colonial ruler—His birth and early life—Clerk in India House—His self-training—His diligence and ability—His promotion—Chief Secretary at Penang—Trip to Malacca—His acquaintance with natives—At Calcutta—Relations with Lord Minto—State of affairs in Eastern seas—Raffles, Lord Minto, and Java—The British expedition—The lines of Cornelis stormed—British conquest of Java—Raffles made Lieutenant-Governor—His work of reform—Puts down Sultan of Samarang—Java restored to Holland—Raffles back to England—Interview with Napoleon—Returns to East—Governor at Bencoolen—Revives prosperity—Adventurous tours with Lady Raffles—Another visit to Calcutta—Wrecked on a sandbank—His interviews with Lord Hastings—The occupation of Singapore—Importance of the position—Visit to Acheen—Attempt to bribe Lady Raffles—His scientific studies—Discovery of an enormous flower.

ONE of the greatest and noblest adventurers recorded in history, General Charles Gordon, declared that the British Empire was founded by adventurers, not by politicians. Thomas Stamford Raffles was not, in the strict sense, an adventurer. He was an official of the highest and rarest—that is, of the adventurous, class—original, imaginative, energetic, sympathetic in a remarkable degree with the natives whom he ruled. Being such, he was, quite naturally and inevitably, generally suspected and thwarted by the mere officials of his day who were his unworthy " superiors "—the men of red-tape and precedent, ever ready to look askance at such men as Raffles, and to regard them as dangerous in their policy and aims.

In spite of this, Raffles won lasting fame as the ruler for five years of Java—one of our country's finest "lost possessions," insanely given up, as were Manila and Havana at an earlier day, after most legitimate conquest—and as the founder of one of our greatest treasures in the East—Singapore. This great Englishman was, fitly enough, born at sea, on board the ship *Ann*, on the 5th of July, 1781, off Port Morant, Jamaica. He was the only surviving son of Benjamin Raffles, one of the oldest captains out of the port of London in the West India trade. The lad, in his childhood and his early youth, was remarkable for his thoughtfulness and his diligence in work, giving thus early signs of the coming man's vigorous character and devotion to duty.

In his fifteenth year he became a clerk in the East India House, long before the usual school-training of the day was completed, but this, to Raffles, was not the disadvantage which it would have been to most youths. He quickly made up leeway by earnest private study, and may be regarded as a self-educated, self-made man of the best class. His early life was obscure and toilsome, without influential friends to aid him, or hope of promotion except through sheer merit. He was, however, in a position from which a young man of good natural talents, force of character, and worthy ambition was almost sure to rise to eminence.

Raffles was soon earning a higher salary by extra labour at the office, for he was anxious, by every means in his power, to aid the mother to whom he was devoted. Unremitting toil caused a temporary failure of health, which was restored by a brief leave of absence and a tour on foot through Wales. During this trip he walked thirty or forty miles a day, and was able to indulge his remarkable loving observation of natural objects. His tastes were very simple, and it is recorded of him, by one who had the best means of knowing, that in the native land whose people were so devoted to outdoor sports, he never saw a horse-race or fired a gun. On the other hand, Raffles had a rare facility in acquiring languages, having a most retentive memory, and he became at this time, unaided, a fluent French scholar. His abilities and zeal did not fail to attract attention at the India House, and in 1805, when he was twenty-four years of age, his first reward came.

He was sent out as Assistant-Secretary, at a salary of £1,500 a year, to the new Government of Penang founded by the Court of Directors. On the voyage out round the Cape, then lasting six months, he acquired a knowledge of Malayese sufficient to allow him to enter at once on his duties when he arrived in September, 1805. He soon became perfect in writing and speaking the language, and also showed wonderful quickness in mastering the details needful for the conduct of a new system of rule. He won general confidence and esteem, and all the people of the settlement were much pleased when he rose to be Chief Secretary, a post of which he had for some time discharged the duties during the illness of his official superior.

He was now again for a time the victim of his zealous devotion to his work, and fatigue, responsibility, and the climate caused a severe and dangerous illness. In 1808 he went to Malacca for a healthful change of air, and there, for the first time, he came into close contact with the varied population of the Eastern Archipelago. He found himself among natives of distant Asiatic countries, people coming from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua (New Guinea), China, and

Japan. With many of these Raffles soon became intimate, sometimes through converse in their own tongues, and his sociable ways with natives gave him a remarkable influence over them. During his stay he drew up and sent to his Directors a very valuable report on the capabilities and resources of Malacca, which gained high approbation at the India House.

An epoch in the life of our hero came in 1810, when he went to Calcutta, and became known to the able, enlightened, and energetic Governor-General, Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, a man who could appreciate Raffles at his real worth, and became his firm friend. The state of affairs for Great Britain in the further East at this time deserves notice. France, then under the rule of Napoleon, had acquired, through her annexation of Holland, the possession of Java, the gem of the Eastern seas. That power also held Mauritius, half-way on the voyage for British trade to and from the East, and the French position in the two territories was a serious menace and danger. In 1810 Lord Minto sent from India a naval and military expedition, which took possession of Mauritius, to the great relief of British merchants in general and of the East India Company.

It was Raffles who induced the Governor-General, for naval, military, and commercial reasons, to resolve on the conquest of Java. The noble region, over 600 miles in length, with an area almost equal to that of England, is the most important of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago in all respects except size. Remarkable for natural beauty, the territory is rich in rice, sugar, and coffee, and in many other vegetable products, and is a perennial source of wealth to its European possessor. A fleet of ninety sail, carrying an army of 10,000 men, appeared in June, 1811, before Batavia, the capital, and must have presented one of the grandest spectacles ever afforded by the old wooden navy.

The conquest of Java was virtually effected by the storming of the fortified camp or lines of Cornelis, held by 13,000 Frenchmen. This achievement, one of the least known, as it is one of the most brilliant, in the annals of the Anglo-Indian army, was one which involved marvellous difficulties overcome with triumphant valour and success, in which the cold steel played a chief part. The scene of action was a thick, jungly forest, in a country cut up by ravines and enclosures, and defended by a most complicated series of other obstacles, natural and artificial. Proper reconnaissance of the enemy's position was impossible, and the only guidance towards important points for assault was afforded by one or two French deserters.

It is impossible here to give details of the operations. The chief troops engaged were King's Regiments, some Royal Artillery, Royal Marines, Madras Pioneers, and Bengal Native Infantry. The French entrenched camp, a kind of oblong, five miles in circuit, was defended by an unfordable river, with only one unbroken and permanent bridge, by a deep artificial stream, by trenches cut in the few roads of approach, by abattis and caltrops, by concealed pitfalls, and by redoubts and batteries at many points, mounting in all many scores of guns. Through all this a combination of desperate courage and good luck won its way.

The men scrambled across the trenches, the pioneers cut away and removed abattis, a French deserter gave the "word of the day," which enabled the troops at one point to get past the outposts. Redoubt after redoubt was stormed without firing a shot to give the alarm; the bamboo bridge over the artificial river was "rushed" in the nick of time, just before it could be cut by the defenders; and, finally, by attacks in different quarters the whole position was taken, and the French force broken up and chased for ten miles, with the loss of 280 brass cannon, 6,000 prisoners, including three generals and a host of other officers, and the island of Java. We note that the General-in-Chief was Sir Samuel Auchmuty, under the immediate observation of Lord Minto, who had accompanied the expedition, with Raffles in attendance as Secretary.

Further promotion promptly came for the rising Briton in the East. The Governor-General appointed Raffles to be Lieutenant-Governor of Java and its dependencies, and the new ruler set to work in his usual vigorous style. He was very successful in conciliating the native princes and chiefs, at whose courts he placed British Residents, with full instructions for their guidance. Above all, he won the affection of the Javan people by his complete reform of the corrupt system of rule, by freely mingling with all classes, learning their character and reasonable aspirations, and by striving to educate and civilize the inhabitants. The Dutch policy had been one of repression. That of Raffles was regeneration by means of humane and enlightened rule upon a native basis.

In June, 1812, Raffles went in person against the Sultan of Samarang, a potentate who aimed at the expulsion of all Europeans from the country. The troops were under the command of Colonel Gillespie, who had played a chief part at Cornelis. On the 20th of June the stronghold of Jokjokarta was attacked by a body comprising 600 British infantry, and about the same number of dragoons, artillery, and sepoys. A part of the ammunition had been cut off by the enemy, and an immediate assault was necessary. A regular fortified position, three miles in circuit, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, and by a wall 45 feet high, with well-built bastions, and held by 11,000 armed men, was taken by escalade. The British turned the rampart guns on the enemy, and the place was won at the cost of a few officers wounded, one mortally, and about forty non-commissioned officers and privates slain and disabled.

This event completed the conquest of Java. It is needless to dwell at any length on Raffles' work there, seeing that, as already noticed, the British Government, on the downfall of Napoleon, thought proper to restore the splendid island to its former Dutch possessors. The financial position of affairs had been greatly improved before the departure of Raffles in 1816, an event which was marked by the universal regret of the people, and by a presentation of plate. He then returned to England for the restoration of his health, impaired by the tropical climate and by hard work. On the long voyage home Raffles had, at St. Helena, an interesting interview with its illustrious captive, who displayed an acquaintance with the value and importance of Java, and made many personal inquiries concerning the careers of Raffles and an officer who attended him.

On his arrival in England, Raffles received the well-deserved honour of knighthood, and was henceforth known as Sir Stamford Raffles. During his lengthy sojourn in sea-air his health had been restored. He visited Holland and other parts of Europe, and in October, 1817, he embarked at Portsmouth on board a vessel called, from his wife, the *Lady Raffles.* His destination was Bencoolen, the chief town of a territory on the south-west of Sumatra, over which he had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor by the East India Company. It was again the fate of the great administrator to labour for the ultimate benefit of other nations than his own, a fact which does not in the least detract from his fame as an able and righteous ruler. He was the pioneer, in fact, of good government in that portion of the East which was, in 1825, given up to the Dutch in exchange for their settlements in India.

In March, 1818, Raffles landed at Bencoolen, and found the town and territory in "a fearful state of ruin through misrule and natural convulsions in the shape of hurricanes and earthquakes." The roads in the country were impassable; the highways in the town were overgrown with rank grass; the Government House was, in Sir Stamford's words, "a den of ravenous dogs and polecats." The natives spoke of the territory as a "dead land." Happily the right man to stir things up to new life was now come. The region was one of the first establishments of the Company in the East, but it had not been well managed, and had been costing £100,000 a year for the production of a few tons of pepper.

Sir Stamford at once set to work at reforms, partly on the instructions of the Company, largely on his own account. The slaves were set free. His house was freely opened to the natives; the chiefs and people became his friends; and good feeling between the ruler and the ruled was restored. In company with Lady Raffles he made tours of exploration, during which many hardships were encountered by the adventurous pair. On one occasion he and his wife, after a walk of thirty miles, during which they were wet through with heavy rain, found themselves forced to camp out on a moonless night. No fire could be lit, as no wood would burn, and they slept with their heads on a pillow of the smoothest stone that could be found in a river-bed. During the journey coolies had sometimes to cut a way through the thick briars of a jungle, and more cold, wet bivouacs were endured before the return to Bencoolen.

The Lieutenant-Governor, caring nothing for his personal convenience, started for Calcutta, on business connected with the settlement, in a small vessel with only one cabin, of which centipedes and scorpions were the fellow-tenants. In the Bay of Bengal a mast was lost in a squall, and then a drunken pilot caused the craft to upset, in the middle of the night, on a bank at the mouth of the Hooghly. There Raffles was forced to wait until boats were sent from Calcutta, where he had his interview with the new Governor-General, Lord Hastings. It was at this time that Sir Stamford began to carry out his design for the occupation of Singapore.

He strongly urged on Lord Hastings the necessity of fighting the Dutch mercantile power in the Eastern seas. He pointed out that the Hollanders already controlled, in the Sunda Straits, between Sumatra and Java, one of the two passages to the great archipelago. He explained that the object he had in view was not people nor territory, but a position, by which he meant a place in which to hoist the British flag on either the Straits of Malacca or of Sunda. Thus would the trade of Great Britain be secured in that region of the world, and the monopoly of the Dutch would be broken. By these and other arguments Lord Hastings was convinced, and the ultimate result was the founding of Singapore.

It was high time that such a step should be taken for the maintenance of British commercial interests in that quarter of the world. In January, 1819, Sir Stamford Raffles was at Penang, and he found that the Government there was resolved to thwart him. The Dutch Government had already declared their supremacy over the whole Eastern Archipelago, and had put forth regulations for the exclusion of British trade. In spite of this hostile attitude, Raffles, in February, 1819, hoisted the British flag at Singapore.

The attractions of this particular spot for him were, firstly, its commanding position at the southern entrance of the Malacca Straits, in the track of the China and country traders, who could thus be protected by British influence and power. Secondly, the place could be defended by a moderate force, which would afford means of supporting and defending commercial intercourse with the Malay States. Again, by its proximity to the seat of Dutch power, it would afford the opportunity of watching Dutch policy, and, if needful, of counteracting Dutch influence. The occupation of the territory proved to the varied and enterprising population of the archipelago and neighbouring regions that the power and commerce of Great Britain had not wholly succumbed to Dutch encroachments, and that the great Western country was resolved to make a stand against them, and to maintain the right of free commerce in those Eastern seas.

Again, the position of Singapore peculiarly favoured its becoming the *entrepôt* for the commerce of Siam, Cambodia, Cochin China, and China. The merchants of those countries would first resort to Singapore in search of a market for their goods, and if they were to find that, and the means of supplying their wants, they would not proceed to the more distant, unhealthy, and expensive Javan port, Batavia. The passage from China by sailing-ship could be made under six days, and the same time only would be occupied between Singapore and Borneo, Batavia, and Penang.

In the earlier part of 1819 Sir Stamford stayed only about a month at the new settlement, which, with a just pride, he describes as " a child of my own." After joining Lady Raffles for a time at Penang, he went with her to Acheen, in Sumatra, where he was to settle the affair of a native claim to the crown. There were complicated intrigues and other difficulties to deal with, and Raffles was thus engaged for three months. Oriental methods in such cases are illustrated by the fact that Lady Raffles was offered a casket of diamonds by a wealthy native merchant at Penang for her influence in his behalf, and, as she writes, "it seemed to create much surprise that it was not even looked at."

We note that, in spite of his absorbing political duties, Raffles devoted much time and trouble to multifarious studies of a scientific character. In conjunction with the Oriental scholar, Dr. Leyden, he made great progress in knowledge of the languages, ethnology, history, and customs of the Malaysia people. His scientific friend, Dr. Arnold, and Lady Raffles, were his companions in many tours undertaken for the study of natural history, and, by degrees, he made most valuable collections of animals, plants, and birds. In the interior of Sumatra he and Dr. Arnold discovered the curious parasitic plant fitly called *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a species peculiar to the Malay Islands, bearing a single flower, measuring 3 feet across, the largest and most extraordinary floral specimen in the world.

CHAPTER X

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES AND SINGAPORE—*Continued*

British possession of Singapore—The Sultan of Johor—The island of Singapore in 1819—The interior now—The products—Rapid progress made—Raffles' great work—Value of the possession—"Checkmate" to the Dutch—Raffles' work at Bencoolen; at Singapore—System of justice—Town of Singapore now—Size and importance—Raffles' domestic troubles—Another sea mishap—Fresh water needed—The churlish Dutchman—The generous Yankee—The start home—Ship on fire—Exciting scenes—Raffles' description—All hands saved—The blazing vessel—Sky lit by blue fire—The boat-voyage to Bencoolen—Rescue by ship—Joy of Bencoolen people in Raffles' safety—The loss of his treasures—The menagerie on board—Raffles and the East India Company—Statement of his services—His loss by the fire—The meanness of the Company—The fresh start for home—Storms off the Cape—The arrival—Brief life at home—Sudden death—The monument at Singapore—Raffles founds Zoological Society——The Zoo of Regent's Park his memorial.

WE must now deal more fully with Raffles' main and permanent achievement in the Eastern seas. The possession of Singapore made the British virtual masters, in the end, of the whole Malay Peninsula. The Sultan of Johor, an ally of the new holders of the little territory, and then residing on the island, was head of all the Malay States to the north of Palembang, in Sumatra, and through him British influence was extended. Singapore Island, now, commercially and for administrative purposes, the most important of the

Straits Settlements of the British Colonial Empire, is about twenty-seven miles long from east to west and fourteen broad, lying off Johor, at the south of the Malay Peninsula, from which it is separated by a strait less than half a mile wide at the narrowest point.

The surface is undulating, with hills ranging up to about 500 feet, and streams never exceeding six miles in length, only swollen to importance by an unusual rainfall. When Raffles landed, these rivulets stole through the forests and jungle with which the whole island was then covered. The climate, in a region only one degree from the equator, is wonderfully good, with an annual range of temperature from 70° to 90°, cool and refreshing nights, and a calm atmosphere. The surface of the sea is disturbed only by the swell of tempests which have been raging far away, in the Bay of Bengal or the China Sea.

In the interior the warmth and moisture now keep the ground covered with thickets of plantains and palms, limes and orange-trees, which, along with the ferns and orchids clustering in their shade, form a favourite haunt of squirrels, monkeys, sloths, wild hogs, and deer. From time to time a stray tiger which has swum across from the mainland may be hunted. Pineapples, coco-nuts, aloes, and Liberian coffee are the chief commercial products. At the time of British occupation the island did not contain more than a few score of people, and at the site of the town of Singapore, on the southern coast, there were only a few huts. In July, 1819, six months after the raising of the British flag, 5,000 people had gathered thither, through the hurrying of traders from Malacca and elsewhere, especially from China.

As regards the progress made, Sir Stamford, writing in January, 1823, notes "the activity and cheerfulness prevailing. Every day brings new settlers, and the place has already become a great emporium. Houses and warehouses are springing up in every direction, and the inland forests are fast giving way before the industrious cultivator. I am now engaged in marking out towns and roads, and in establishing laws and regulations for the protection of person and property. We have no less than nine European mercantile houses, and there is abundant employment for capital as fast as it accumulates." He then writes of his having chosen a site for the erection of a college, to be endowed by himself with lands, and of his intended building of a church.

It was indeed a great work which Raffles had inaugurated at Singapore. The tables had been completely turned on the Dutch, and the British foundation of the prosperous colony, the gate-house to the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea, the watch-tower looking southwards, past countless clustering islets, down the sunny waters between Sumatra and Borneo, towards the lost Java, was a death-blow to all the Dutch plans of exclusiveness and greed. It must not be forgotten that this prize for Great Britain, the glory of Raffles' career, was won by him in the face of opposition and censure from the very authorities who should have supported him—the Government of India, at one time, and the East India Company at home.

While Singapore was fast rising into importance, Raffles was actively engaged at Bencoolen, which was flourishing in the production of spices, and where, as in all other parts of the East where he was known, he was beloved by all the natives. Among the benefits which he there conferred on those whom he ruled were his efforts for education and for the freeing of slaves. With Lady Raffles he also made voyages to Borneo, Batavia, and other parts of Malaysia. We must now note some of his work at Singapore during nearly five years (1819 to 1823), in which he had full charge of affairs.

From the first he declared the place to be " a free port, open to ships and vessels of all nations, free of duty." He abolished slavery, gambling-houses, and cock-fighting, all of which had been encouraged by the Resident whom he had appointed in his capacity as Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen. His most original and remarkable piece of work was the framing of a short code of laws and regulations for preserving peace and good order in the rapidly growing port, at which sailors and traders of almost every colour and creed were found. This very simple code was carried into execution by the Resident and by twelve magistrates selected from the merchants of the place, with juries composed of either five Europeans or of four Europeans and three natives of good character and position.

As he had done in Java, Raffles thus made the administration of justice cheap, simple, and secure. He won the confidence of all classes of the people, and on his departure in June, 1823, he received a most eulogistic address from the chief residents. He had established a new city which was, early in the twentieth century, to contain a population of nearly 230,000 people, with six miles of busy sea-frontage and a harbour enlivened by the coming and going of shipping which displays at once the stateliest and the quaintest vessels in the world.

The streets, squares, and markets hum with the sound of the tongues of residents of many nations and of visitors from many lands. There are to be seen on all sides, on the once desolate ground, cathedral churches, pleasant gardens, spacious public buildings, and noble institutions called by the founder's name. Singapore, the abode of British freedom and justice in the fullest sense of the words, is a grand and enduring memorial of the wisdom, the courage, and the beneficence of the great Englishman to whom its rise is due.

Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles were sorely tried by domestic troubles. In 1821 they lost their eldest son and two other children, and were left with only one surviving child—a little girl, who was sent home—by the death of two more children early in 1822. The parents had a severe illness at this time, and the elastic spirit of Raffles was much depressed. Later on, when they were returning to Bencoolen with a son only four months old, their vessel struck on a bank in the Straits of Rhio (or Riou), between Sumatra and Malacca, during the night. It was feared that the ship could not be got off, and a small boat was made ready to convey the passengers back to Singapore.

When morning came, the ship was floated by throwing all the fresh water overboard to lighten her, and a boat was sent in at Rhio asking the Dutch Resident for a supply of water; but he refused all intercourse, asserting that Sir Stamford was "a spy." The voyage was then continued with much anxiety, but one of the United States vessels, numerous in those seas, was met and hailed. The captain promptly hove-to, though he had a strong wind in his favour, and at considerable risk, and with great difficulty, by means of ropes, he sent some casks of water aboard, going also in person to learn the cause of distress.

It was early in 1824 that the great calamity of Sir Stamford Raffles' career, apart from the loss of children, befell. On the 2nd of February, at the close of his term of office at Bencoolen and Singapore, he and Lady Raffles embarked for home at Bencoolen on board the ship *Fame*. The vessel sailed at daylight with a fair wind, but was not fated to proceed far on her voyage. On that very evening Lady Raffles had just gone to bed, and her husband was half undressed, when there arose the cry of "Fire! fire!" In five minutes the flames had spread in an alarming way. We describe the occurrence from his own dramatic account, written from Bencoolen two days later:

"'Down with the boats! Where is Sophia?' (Lady Raffles). 'Here!' 'The children?' 'Here!' 'A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles.' 'Give her to me,' says one of the crew. 'I'll take her,' cries the captain. 'Throw the gunpowder overboard!' 'It cannot be got at. It is in the magazine close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Scuttle the water-casks! Water! water! Where's Sir Stamford?' 'Come into the boat!' 'Push off! push off!' All this passed," he says, "much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, the masts and sails take fire, and we move to a distance sufficient to avoid the explosion. The flames were now coming out of the main hatchway, and seeing the rest of the crew, with the captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder.

"We saw the people on board getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off. We hailed her. 'Have you all on board?' 'Yes, all save one.' 'Who is he?' 'Johnson, sick in his cot.' 'Can we save him?' 'No; impossible.' At this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the fire, roared out most lustily, having run up on the deck. 'I will go for him,' says the captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overladen. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship and picked the poor fellow up. 'Are you all safe?' 'Yes, we have got the man. All lives safe.' 'Thank God!' 'Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford. There's one, scarcely visible.'

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain, fortunately, had a compass, but we had no light except from the burning ship." The distance from Bencoolen was about fifty miles. The captain's boat took the lead, steering north-east, with the other boat following. The ship was now "one splendid blaze, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails flaring up, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. 'There goes her mizzen-mast! Pull away, my boys!'"

In the two small open boats, without a drop of water, or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what they happened at the moment to have on their backs, the people were on the ocean. Lady Raffles, taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper—neither shoes nor stockings—and the children were just as they were snatched out of bed, whence one had been taken after the flames had attacked it. The lives alone were saved. As the boats steered onwards, by the light of the burning vessel, about midnight the saltpetre on board took fire, and sent up a most brilliant flame, illumining the horizon all round for at least fifty miles, and casting over the people in the boats a terrible blue light.

In an hour or two the ship was lost to view in a cloud of smoke. After hours of toilsome rowing, and some rain, the daylight came, and the people saw land far south of Bencoolen. A ship came from the Roads, having seen the blaze of the vessel, and thus the people were rescued, when Lady Raffles was quite exhausted and continually fainted. At about 2 p.m. they landed, and the strongest and most affecting proofs of the esteem won by Sir Stamford Raffles' administration were given. "There was not a dry eye," he writes;

"and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised!'"

The irreparable loss sustained was that of all Raffles' papers and drawings, all his notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history of Sumatra, Borneo, and most other islands of note in those Eastern seas, as also for an account of the establishment of Singapore, and for the history of his own administration. There were Eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies, a fine map of Sumatra, on which he had been employed at intervals since his arrival at Bencoolen, and had bestowed almost his whole attention for the last six months. Over 2,000 drawings perished, along with specimens of almost every hitherto unknown bird, beast, fish, and interesting plant of those regions. This collection included a living tapir, a new species of tiger, and fine pheasants and other fowl domesticated for the voyage. "We were, in short," he wrote, "a perfect Noah's Ark."

We note that, as the boat containing Sir Stamford and his family came in sight of the shore, the numerous little native craft came darting up, and the people, without one exception, put the single question: "Is the *Tuan Besar* (the great man) safe?" On receiving the answer they were off again, as if no other point of interest could exist. The fire, it was found, had arisen in the storeroom, under the state cabins, through the gross carelessness of a steward, who went with a naked light to draw off brandy from a cask.

We are now to see the treatment accorded to Sir Stamford Raffles by the Court of Directors, a matter which is an abiding black blot on the record of the East India Company. The great administrator, in his letter to the Court, claims that "he had served the Company for nearly thirty years, during twelve of which he had exercised the authority of Governor over some of the finest and most interesting, but perhaps least known, countries of the world." This lovely and interesting region had, politically speaking, long sunk into insignificance from the withering effects of Dutch policy.

He had directed the course of British arms to the island of Java, and there, on the ruins created by monopoly, torture, and general oppression, he had re-established man in his native rights, and reopened the channel of an extensive commerce. When Java was ceded again to the Dutch he had applied the same principles at Singapore. As regards his natural history collections lost in the *Fame*, the more than 2,000 drawings, executed from life and with scientific accuracy, in a style superior to anything hitherto known in Europe, were intended for the East India Company's Museum. There were also many cases full of plants, animals, and minerals.

His own other losses were most serious, including much that no money could replace, such as the service of plate received from the people of Java, the diamonds presented by the captors of Jokjocarta, and the diamond ring presented to him by the Princess Charlotte of Wales when he left for India, a week before her death. He left it to the Court of Directors how far his claims on account of services were strengthened by the severity of his late misfortune. The result was this: The pecuniary loss sustained by Raffles amounted to at least £20,000; the Directors, for the damage done by the fire, gave him not one penny.

On the 8th of April Sir Stamford and his family sailed for England in the *Mariner*. On the 25th of June they were at St. Helena, after gales for three weeks off the Cape of Good Hope, in which serious danger was incurred. They landed at the island, and, leaving again on the 3rd of July, reached Plymouth on the 22nd. The end of the strenuous and successful, but too brief, career was near at hand. He was engaged at home in various kinds of active work for many months, and died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence, near London, on the anniversary of his birth, the 5th of July, 1826, in the very prime, reckoned by years, of his admirable life. Sixty-one years later, in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee (1887), there was unveiled, on the Esplanade at Singapore, the statue in the founder's honour. The Governor, Sir Frederick Aloysius Weld, in his eloquent address, said : " In Raffles England had one of her greatest sons."

One word more and we have done. We have seen this illustrious man's life prematurely closed when his health had been broken down in the East by climatic influences and incessant toil. He lived, however, just long enough after his return home to become the founder and first President of the Zoological Society of London, whose Museum contains a large collection of preserved animals which he sent home in 1820. The formation of the famous " Zoo " in Regent's Park came about two years after Raffles' death, but its existence must be justly ascribed to him. Few, indeed, of the " country cousins " from all parts of the British Isles, and of the visitors from every quarter of the Empire, who in that beautiful and instructive resort gaze with wonder and delight on the finest collection of living fauna in the world, know that their pleasure is due, in its source, to Sir Stamford Raffles of Singapore.

CHAPTER XI

RAJAH BROOKE OF BORNEO

Brooke an Elizabethan hero—A British Rajah—The title of "Highness"—Brooke's birth and early days—An unruly boy—Enters Indian army—Fights in Burmese War—Raises a body of horsemen—His dashing courage—Severe wound—Invalided home—Long illness—His return to India—Quits military service—First thoughts of Eastern career—Enriched by father's death—Buys a yacht—Cruises in Mediterranean—An admirer of Raffles—Brooke's personal appearance—His character—Starts for the East—From Singapore to Sarawak—Rajah Hassim—The Dyak tribes—Hunting for heads—Brooke to Celebes—Helps to beat the Dyaks—Made Rajah of Sarawak—His system of rule—Settles at Kuching—Meets Captain Keppel at Singapore—They attack the Borneo pirates—A dashing charge—Brooke fighting pirates in Sumatra—His life at Kuching—More work against pirates—Brooke and Admiral Cochrane attack Sultan of Brunei—A smart fight—Flight of Sultan—Rajah's reception at Sarawak—Home to England—His greeting and honours—Out to East again with Keppel—The pirates again—Their utter defeat—Progress of the new State—Rajah again in England.

BROOKE of Borneo was a man who, in the reign of Queen Victoria, reproduced, in a sense, the Elizabethan type of Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and other heroes of the new Western world in their exploits in the Spanish Main. The account of his career in the East suggests, in a measure, the charming romance "Westward Ho!" with the substitution of Dyaks and other pirates for the Spaniards with whom Amyas Leigh waged ruthless war. Many of the home-staying subjects of Victoria were surprised to hear, in the earlier years of her reign, of an Englishman who bore the title of "Rajah," and they wondered what it meant. An energetic and able Briton who went abroad in the service of his country might become a General, or an Ambassador, or a Governor, in a regular, respectable, red-tape fashion, but to hear of such a man as a Rajah was somewhat startling.

It is one object of this brief memoir to explain this irregular proceeding, and to enlighten the possible ignorance of persons, if such there still be, who, like a lady in Brooke's earlier days, cried : "Let me see. Where is Borneo ? I know so little of the West Indies !" or of those who still believe James Brooke's nephew and successor, the present Rajah of Sarawak, to be a "black man." The Brooke family, we may explain, bear the title of "Highness" owing to the political position of Sarawak and the discernment of King Edward VII. That monarch, in 1902, recognizing the splendid work done for civilization and for British fame by the Brookes, awarded to them the honours and precedence of Feudatory Princes of the Empire. Thus it was that the ruler of a country as large as England, with 600,000 people, became "His Highness the Rajah" instead of, up to 1887, simply "Mr. Brooke," and thenceforward, up to 1902, "Sir Charles Brooke, G.C.M.G."

James Brooke, like Robert Clive and some other Englishmen who rose to eminence, was a wild, wilful, unruly boy. He was born at Coombe Grove, near Bath, on the 29th of April, 1803, being second son of a member of the Bengal Civil Service of the East India Company, Mr. Thomas Brooke, and of Anna Maria Stuart, a woman of superior intelligence, who carefully trained him in substantial goodness, and won his perfect love and confidence. He was sent for education, at twelve years of age, to Norwich Grammar School, then ruled by Dr. Valpy. The lad's temperament could not, after a two-years' trial, endure the irksomeness of the school discipline of the time, just as, in later years, he revolted from the restrictions of red tape. He accordingly ran away from school, and when he was placed in charge of a private tutor, he locked that gentleman, on one occasion, in his room, and went off on some frolic for the day.

The Company's Indian army was clearly the destination of such a spirit, and he entered the service in 1819, as ensign in the Madras Native Infantry, when he was sixteen years of age. He had at school become dear to many of his comrades, and the influence which he obtained showed an inborn capacity for rule. Having become a Lieutenant in 1821, he found thoroughly congenial work three years later as a combatant in the First Burmese War. The British General, Sir Archibald Campbell, sorely needed cavalry, and Brooke raised an efficient body of riders, to act as scouts, from the infantry battalions.

In an action fought in January, 1825, he earned the thanks of the General and mention in dispatches for "most conspicuous merit" as leader in the dashing work of his irregular horsemen. Two days later, when some native troops attacking a stockade were wavering, Brooke sprang from his horse, took the command, and fell wounded just as, foremost of all, he led them up to the position. The men again lost heart, but reinforcements arrived, and the palisaded post was stormed in a few minutes with heavy loss. Brooke's Colonel, who had seen him fall, was told that the young officer was dead, but he carefully examined the body, found life in it, and had him taken to hospital.

There, with a slug lodged in the lungs, Brooke lay for months between life and death, and was then, in August, 1825, paddled down a branch of the Brahmapootra in a canoe, taken to Calcutta, and ordered home on a long leave by the Medical Board. He joined his family at Bath, and recovered at last by extraction of the slug. He then had some continental travel, and, embarking for India to rejoin his regiment, he was much delayed on the voyage by bad weather. He found, on arrival at Madras, that he had overstayed his leave, and with his usual impetuosity he resigned his commission, only to find that, through his father's interest, his offence had been condoned. On a visit to China he saw something of Malaysia, and appears at this time (1830) to have first thought of the region as one where something might be done by an enterprising man.

After returning to England, he was soon in the East again, trading in the China seas for a large British firm, and during further travel in those waters Brooke formed his serious plan, his great design, of striving to rescue from barbarism some of the people of savage tribes who, continually at war with each other, or engaged as ferocious pirates, brought desolation and woe on the islands of the Archipelago which was so rich in natural beauty and fertility. It was at the end of 1835 that he found himself in possession of the needful pecuniary means, when his father, on his death, left the restless son £30,000 at his free disposal.

Brooke forthwith purchased and equipped the *Royalist*, a schooner-yacht of about 140 tons, and in the autumn of 1836 he started for a cruise in the Mediterranean, where he visited the chief places of interest. On returning to England, after testing fully his vessel and crew, he made a close study of the Eastern Archipelago in books, having a fervent admiration for Sir Stamford Raffles, whose work he desired to follow up in his own fashion.

His great aim was to see man in the wildest natural state in lands and waters practically unknown to Europeans. We may here pause for a moment in the adventurous career to note our hero's personal characteristics.

The admirable portrait by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., described as " a speaking likeness " by one of Brooke's most intimate friends, shows the man in a sort of naval undress. The figure and attitude, in easy standing pose, suggest rare activity and alertness, and the face is full of resolution and fire. In stature he was about 5 feet 10 inches ; his countenance was open and handsome ; his frame supple and strong. Brooke was a man of dauntless courage and the sweetest disposition, with an unsurpassed power of winning the affection of followers and friends. In regard to the natives whom he ruled, the simplicity and kindliness of his demeanour won the confidence and invited the fearless approach of the poor and oppressed. The victim of ill-usage felt sure of a ready and gracious hearing, and of redress, if it were possible, for any wrong. His failings were his excessive frankness and trust in human nature, arising from goodness of heart.

At length, in the last days of 1838, Brooke sailed in his yacht from Devonport for the East. The *Royalist* belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron, which gave her, in foreign ports, the privileges of a man-of-war carrying a white ensign. She was a fast-sailing craft, and carried six 6-pounder guns, a good supply of swords, and all kinds of small arms, with four boats and provisions for four months. The crew had mostly been with the owner and commander for three years, and the rest were men carefully chosen. In May, 1839, the vessel reached Singapore, where some weeks were spent in refitting and in preparation for future work.

By a happy chance Brooke was directed to Sarawak, a region in the north-west of Borneo, as the bearer of a letter and presents from the merchants of Singapore to Rajah Muda Hassim, uncle of the Sultan of Brunei. On the 27th of July, with a reinforcement of eight Malay mariners, fine athletic oarsmen, who could also give useful help in getting wood and water, the *Royalist* left Singapore for Borneo, and on the 11th of August she reached the mouth of the Sarawak River. Hassim was already well disposed to the English, having taken kindly care of a shipwrecked crew and sent the men safely to Singapore. He was mightily pleased with the presents of silk, jams, China toys, a large quantity of coarse nankeen, and gunpowder, which Brooke had brought, and he gave him permission to trade and travel in the territory.

Brooke did some exploring work, but was prevented from penetrating into the interior through the warfare of the Sultan's forces with several of the Dyak tribes who had revolted. The Dyaks, who are of kindred race with the Malays, represent the aboriginal people of Borneo, and are an active, hardy, intelligent, hospitable, honest race, divided into many tribes of varying dialects and customs. The warriors were wont at this time to preserve the skulls of slain enemies as proofs of success in conflict, and the younger men went out on "head-hunting" excursions because the possession of a certain number of human heads was the only means of admission to some chief social privileges. The Dyak tribes, for the most part, dwelt inland, but some, known to Europeans as the "Sea-Dyaks," were most audacious and persistent pirates.

After returning for a time to Singapore, where he was welcomed for his account of a new region for trade—one not yet appropriated by the obnoxious Dutchmen—Brooke made a run to Celebes for exploration, returned to Singapore for the refitting of his vessel, and in August, 1840, he was again at Sarawak. His friend Hassim was still troubled by the rebels, and Brooke now rendered effective aid by the use of his yacht-guns, and before the end of the year he brought about the restoration of peace. His reward was appointment as Rajah of Sarawak by Hassim, which was confirmed in September, 1841, by the Sultan of Brunei.

The new Rajah's tenure of power was joyfully received by the " land " or non-political Dyaks, the Malays, and the Chinese of the territory. Brooke's career as a Borneo ruler, in its first phase, lasted for five years, and was one of conspicuous and beneficent success. A new judicial system made all persons and classes equal before the law. Rule was wisely exercised through the influence and by the aid of the native chiefs. He took up his abode at Kuching, a village of 1,000 people about twenty miles up the Sarawak River, in a comfortable wooden "palace," and was there engaged for about two years in his administrative duties. In 1843 he was again at Singapore, where he made the valuable acquaintance of that fine British sailor and gentleman Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, in command of H.M.S. *Dido,* a man who died, under King Edward VII., as Admiral of the Fleet.

It was one of the Rajah's chief objects, in his plan of developing commerce for the general benefit of Borneo, to suppress the piracy which was the curse of the country in preventing trade, and a standing danger to European and American vessels in the Eastern seas. Keppel had at once taken Brooke at his real value, and the British captain, by permission of the Admiralty, gladly sailed, in May, 1843, with Brooke on board, for the scene of action. The natives were delighted to see once more their " Tuan Besar," or " great man," and hailed with joy the sight of the British man-of-war as their ally against the pirates.

A native contingent of 500 men was enrolled, and Keppel anchored his frigate off the Seribas River. The British boats put off with armed crews of about eighty seamen and marines, who, with their usual "dash," stormed every fort and obstruction of the pirates. The enemy, thousands strong, fled in terror and astonishment before the novel and audacious assault, and the native force destroyed the piratical forts and villages. The Rajah's influence was, of course, much increased by this success. At the end of 1843, visiting Singapore, he had the grievous news of his mother's death.

Unable to rest long in any place, Brooke went off to Penang, whence he joined in an attack on some pirates off the coast of Sumatra. He was a guest at the time on board a British man-of-war, and his share in the conflict ended in a gash on the forehead and a shot in an arm as he helped in "rushing" a stockade. When the expedition returned to Penang, the ship's crew begged the captain's permission to man yards and give three cheers for their brave associate. In May, 1844, he returned to Sarawak, where he found that his absence had encouraged his enemies the pirates. He promptly organized an expedition, and captured by surprise several of their war-craft.

Of his domestic life at this time we learn that a new house had been built for him at Kuching, on rising ground between two streams, with the broad Sarawak River flowing below. Of existence in this pretty spot he wrote, in his hearty way : "I like couches, and flowers, and easy-chairs, and newspapers, and clear streams, and sunny walks." His favourite flower was the rose, of which he had some good specimens. Keppel came again with the *Dido*, and a fresh expedition started against the pirates on the Batang Lupar River. Many natives joined the British force, and early in August, 1844, under a hot fire, the forts of Patusin were stormed, with the loss of a British sailor killed and a few wounded. The native allies made a close and destructive pursuit of the fleeing foe.

In 1845 the Rajah, who had been named the Queen's " confidential agent " in that region, officially delivered a letter from her to the Sultan and Government of Brunei. At this time Admiral Sir T. Cochrane arrived with a squadron, and Sherif Osman of Marudu Bay, the most notorious pirate-chief in the Archipelago, was severely chastised. A powerful expedition forced its way, with heavy loss, under fire from the forts, through a very strong boom placed across a narrow stream, and through other well-devised obstacles, and the pirates' town was taken and burnt, the chief receiving a mortal wound in the struggle.

In 1846 the Rajah's friend, Muda Hussim, was assassinated by some who objected to the British presence and methods of rule, and many of his supporters perished. The Sultan of Brunei was the really guilty person, and Sir Thomas Cochrane started with his ships for the capital, picking up Brooke on his way at Sarawak. On the 6th of June the vessels reached the Brunei River, and the British Admiral sent a messenger to the Sultan, seeking an interview. Some persons of inferior rank brought word that " the Admiral might ascend the river in two small boats." The only reply, of course, that was made to this insolence was that the war-steamers, towing sailing-vessels and the boats of the squadron, went up the river.

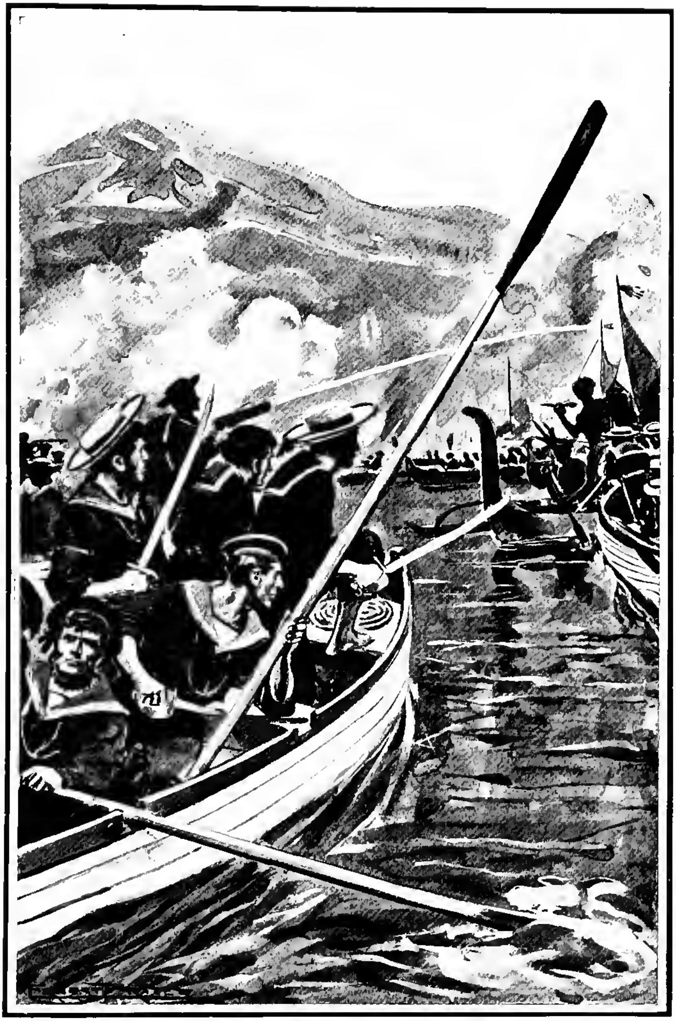
On nearing the town the British were received with volleys from every battery, but the marines and bluejacktes were speedily landed, and the enemy fled in dismay. A battery at the palace did much damage to the *Phlegethon.* The Sultan escaped into the interior, and could not be caught. The credit of Great Britain in Borneo was greatly raised by the capture of Brunei, which the tribes of the inner country regarded as a wondrous piece of valour. They rejoiced in the discomfiture of their oppressor, and laughed as they told British visitors of the spectacle of the Sultan and his nobles fleeing through the jungle with their enemy in full cry after them. Cochrane's squadron destroyed other piratical towns before returning to Hong Kong.

Rajah Brooke, on his return to Sarawak, had a grand reception as a conqueror, and the year 1846 closed in peace, with every sign of prosperity. Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, was growing fast in population through immigration from disturbed districts of the great island. The time soon came for the Rajah to show himself in his native land, which he reached in October, 1847, to be warmly greeted by his friends and relatives. The Government received him well; the Corporation of London conferred its "freedom"; the University of Oxford bestowed the honorary degree of D.C.L.; and, above all, his Sovereign accorded a gracious interview at Windsor Castle. It is needless to state with what uproarious cheering from the undergraduates Brooke was received in the Theatre at Oxford.

Before his arrival in England he had been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Labuan, a new British dependency acquired by purchase from the Sultan of Borneo, and he was also named Consul-General for that country. In 1848 he became Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., and on the 1st of February he left Portsmouth for Sarawak on board the *Meander*, a forty-four gun frigate, commanded by his friend Keppel. After a stay at Singapore the ship reached her destination in September, and the Rajah had a most brilliant reception from the people. Early in October he went on the *Meander* to Labuan, where he, his staff of officials, and the seamen were attacked by fever, which caused the death of many sailors and marines. The sick recovered when Brooke sent them up to higher ground.

On the return to Sarawak he found it necessary to attack the pirates again, dealing now with some tribes of Sea-Dyaks who persisted in their evil practices and refused submission to British authority. Some men-of-war had reached the Sarawak River, and a great expedition was organized. The steamer *Nemesis* was accompanied by the boats of the *Albatross* and the *Royalist*, and by about 100 native *prahus*, carrying in all between 3,000 and 4,000 men. This force was destined to inflict the greatest blow ever dealt to Dyak piracy, and the event formed an epoch in the history of the coast of Borneo.

On the 24th of July, 1849, the *Nemesis* and *Royalist* started, with seven British boats in tow, and the Rajah and some of his staff followed with the native contingent. News came that over 100 piratical war-craft had pulled along the coast towards the appointed place of meeting for the British and native forces on the Rejang River. These pirates were intercepted by one portion of the British force, and, dispersing in confusion, they landed and escaped in the woods, leaving the *prahus* to their fate. Of these, seventy-five were taken as they lay on the sandy shore, eighteen were sunk at sea, and only twelve escaped up the river. These vessels were each about 80 feet long and 9 feet broad, with a crew of at least seventy oarsmen. The cruelty of the pirates was revealed when Brooke's party landed far up one of the rivers. In a large village house surrounded by a plantation of cotton there were found baskets of skulls of people who had been slain by the marauders, 300 of these trophies being counted in one village.



THE ATTACK ON PIRATE PRAHUS

These Malay pirates were severely beaten, and seventy-five prahus were captured and eighteen sunk.

This great success against the common enemy of the British and the peaceable natives was followed by a quiet time at Sarawak. Much progress was made through the arrival of 4,000 Chinese agriculturists, who fled from the interior under the stress of a civil war among the tribes. Increase of revenue attended the growth of tillage and trade, and all went well except with the beneficent ruler, who had a severe attack of fever and ague, and was compelled in January, 1851, by medical advice, to start for England. There, as we shall see, the brave Rajah had to meet adversaries of another class.

CHAPTER XII

RAJAH BROOKE OF BORNEO—*Continued*

"Head-money" awarded to British sailors and marines—The Rajah attacked in England—Brooke's action against a company—Dinner in his honour—A high testimony—Result of Commission of Inquiry—His position in Sarawak—Native esteem—The Rajah in peril—Chinese attack on Kuching—His narrow escape—British officials killed—A brave lady—The defence of the stockade—Rajah's faithful Malays—British steamer arrives—Flight and pursuit of Chinese—The Rajah's losses at Government House—He returns to England—His welcome there—Another public dinner—His speech at Liverpool—Attack of paralysis—His pecuniary position—A generous lady—Public subscription—He buys an estate—Again at Sarawak—Gift of a steamer—Extension of Rajah's territory—Trouble with his nephew, the acting-ruler—Nephew deposed—the new acting-Rajah—Independence of Sarawak recognized—He returns to England—Further illness—His death—His tomb—Present condition of Sarawak—The first Rajah's public character—His dealings with natives—Mr. Wallace's high testimony.

IN the various engagements of British naval forces with the Borneo pirates and the Sultan's men so much slaughter of natives had taken place that, prior to the Rajah's visit to England in 1847, the "head-money" awarded by the British Government to the sailors and marines amounted to £20,000. It must be remembered that every pirate's death was a distinct gain to humanity, though objection might, perhaps, be reasonably made to this mode of recognizing the service rendered.

Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. for Montrose, a distinguished Radical in advocating the reform of abuses of all kinds, attacked the Rajah in the House of Commons, and "moved" for a Commission of Inquiry into Borneo affairs, especially in regard to the "head-money." Mr. Cobden, the eminent Free-Trader, also attacked Brooke in a speech delivered at Manchester, denouncing him as a private adventurer who had seized in Borneo a territory as large as Yorkshire, driving out the natives, and then, under pretence that they were pirates, massacring them by aid of the Queen's ships. There was, in fact, a sort of cry of "Borneo atrocities," and it was alleged that the Rajah, the destroyer of pirates, was little better than a pirate himself.

Brooke was not the man to submit tamely to this treatment, nor did he lack other aid than his own. His cause was strongly maintained by the able, thorough-going patriot, Lord Palmerston. Hostile motions in Parliament were defeated by large majorities. The Rajah, on his own behalf, brought an action against some of his chief enemies, the Directors of the Eastern Archipelago Company. The result of this was that the court declared, in regard to the Company's capital, that "the directors had signed a false certificate, knowing it to be false." Their charter was forthwith annulled, and the seal was torn off the document.

On the 30th of April, 1852, a great dinner was given to Brooke at the London Tavern, the banquet being attended by over 300 distinguished men, and Sir James received a remarkable testimony from a most able and eminent judge, Baron Alderson. That high functionary said that "the greatest benefactors of the human race have been most abused in their own lifetime," and he promised the Rajah, as a lasting boon, "the approbation of his own conscience, and of all good reasonable men." The speech delivered by Brooke on this occasion delighted all his hearers, who saw for the first time his fine person and manner and heard his charming voice.

The end of the attacks on the Rajah's proceedings in Borneo was that the British Government granted a Commission of Inquiry, which met at Singapore, and examined Brooke himself and other witnesses. The Commission were then forced by evidence to confess that Brooke's enemies in Borneo were inveterate ruffians, and deserved no pity, and to pronounce other charges against him to be groundless. Brooke was so far disgusted by the whole affair that he resigned his official positions as Governor of Labuan and Consul-General for Borneo.

On his return to Sarawak he was warmly welcomed by those who knew him so well, and he pursued his old course of constant conflict with rebellious Dyaks, mutinous Chinese, and inveterate pirates, and treated his "lord-paramount," the Sultan of Brunei, in a very high-handed way whenever that potentate ventured to interfere. Among his troubles at this time was a severe attack of small-pox. The Rajah was supported always by the knowledge that he had, in his own sphere of action, the respect, the love, and the perfect trust of good men of all creeds and races, and that order and civilization sprang up wherever he planted his conquering feet.

In 1857 the Rajah was in most serious danger, for his power and his life, from the one class of people, lawless evil-doers, to whom his just and righteous rule was ever hateful. An attack on his capital, Kuching, was made by a body of Chinese from the interior of Borneo, acting under the orders of a secret society, which appears to have been irritated by the punishment of smugglers of opium. An underlying cause was, probably, the second Chinese War, then being waged, concerning which contest false news had come that the British had been defeated by the Chinese forces, and that the Viceroy of Canton Province had offered a reward of £25 for every Englishman slain. Emissaries were sent from Singapore and Malacca to incite the Chinese gold-workers in Sarawak to rebellion.

It was on the 28th of February that a faithful Malay, who had seen a body of some hundreds of Chinese on large cargo-boats descending the river towards Kuching, brought the tidings to the town. His news was not believed, and the Rajah was not informed. About midnight some of the Chinese boats entered a creek just above his residence, while the larger force went on to the landing-place of the fort, and sent out strong detachments to surprise the houses of the English Magistrate and Chief Constable, while another body went to attack the stockades.

Government House, standing on a small grassy hill, was surrounded by some neat cottages for the reception of visitors from the out-stations. About 100 Chinese assaulted the front and rear of the Rajah's house, where there were only himself and an English servant. The miscreants did not entirely surround the place, as they feared to act separately, in dread of the Rajah's courage, activity, and skill in the use of weapons. Brooke was aroused by the shouts and yells of the assailants, and, looking out through the venetian blinds, he understood the business in hand.

He raised his revolver several times to fire, but, knowing that it was impossible to defend the place, he resolved to escape. He supposed that, as a matter of course, all sides of the building were being watched by the enemy, and, calling his servant, he went down to a bathroom on the ground floor leading on to the lawn, and told him to open the door quickly and keep close in rear. Then the Rajah sprang forth with revolver pointed and sword drawn, but found no opposition. At the bank of the stream above the house he stopped, seeing the number of Chinese boats. In the darkness the servant had lost the master, and Brooke, forced to escape alone, dived under the bows of one of the enemy's vessels and swam to the other side.

He was suffering from fever and ague, and when he crawled out on the muddy farther shore he fell over exhausted. Partially recovering, he reached the house of the Government "writer," or clerk. A young officer, who was lodged as a visitor in one of the dwellings near Government House, being startled by the sound of the attack, rushed out to join his chief, but was intercepted and killed by the Chinese, who cut off his head and carried it in triumph on a pike as that of the Rajah. One official escaped from another cottage into the jungle, where the Rajah's servant, by great activity, joined him.

The Magistrate and his wife were cut down, the former being seriously wounded, and the lady left for dead. The Constable and his wife escaped, but their two children and an English lodger were killed. The stockades were defended with success for a time through warning given by a sentinel, which allowed time to load a 6-pounder field-gun. The Chinese rush was stopped by a shower of grape-shot, and the official in charge shot down with his rifle the leader, who was bearing a flaming torch in each hand. It was, however, impossible, with only four defenders, to maintain the position, and Mr. Crymble, the official, a brave Irishman, when two of his men were disabled, escaped by the ditch. The town was in utter confusion, as the darkness was dispelled by the flames of the Rajah's, the Magistrate's, and the Constable's houses, and the air rent by the yells of the Chinese.

The Rajah vainly tried to arrange with his officers a force to surprise the enemy. The men were impeded by the presence of terrified wives and children, and there was no supply of proper arms and ammunition, as the arsenal was in the hands of the enemy. He therefore had the women and children, during the night, removed beyond the river, and then, with his party of officials, he walked across to a little tributary of the Sarawak River, and there found the war-boat of a friendly chief, with sixty men.

They were quickly joined by another large *prahu* and by many canoes when the Malays heard of the Rajah's position. These people showed the most delicate sympathy and attention to the ruler who was, for the time, a defeated and helpless fugitive, and when the news reached England, a powerful daily newspaper, which had previously been hostile to the Rajah, expressed the utmost admiration for " the manner in which he must have exercised his power to have produced such fruits."

In the morning Kuching was in a terrible condition. The Chinese had been joined by all the low people of their race, half-stupefied with opium, and were roaming about the town discharging ball-cartridge from their muskets. About thirty of their number had been killed or wounded at the stockade. Mrs. Crookshank, the wife of the Magistrate, had lain all night on the ground, and with marvellous courage and coolness she had shammed death whilst the ruffians tore the rings from her fingers and cut at her head with swords. The thick mass of her braided hair saved her life, and she was found by her servant and conveyed to the mission-house.

The Chinese soon retired up-country, and, returning when they heard that the Malays would not accept Chinese rule, they were unsuccessfully assailed by the loyal people. The Rajah sent off the English ladies and children, the non-combatants and the wounded, to the well-armed fort of Linga. On the next day, as he followed the Chinese to their base of operations for recovery of the position, he and his followers had reached the mouth of a river, when a cry arose of "Smoke! smoke! A steamer!" It proved to be the *Sir James Brooke*, the vessel of the Borneo Company, on her way to the Sarawak River.

The Rajah's *prahu* crew pulled hard to the steamer at anchor. The native boats were taken in tow, and Dyak reinforcements kept coming up. The Chinese at Kuching fled at the first volley from the steamer's guns, and were pursued by the rejoicing Malays, who slaughtered one large party to the last man, or caused their death by hunger in the jungle. The burnt capital was thus recovered, and the Rajah, for a time, took up his quarters in the steamer.

The outbreak ended in the utter destruction of the Chinese Gold Company's men, mainly owing to the loyalty of the Malays and Dyaks in their attachment to the Rajah. The burning of Government House had caused him the lamentable loss of his library, rich in books of every class—history, essays, poets, voyages and travels, theology, law, novels, and works of reference—but the bereaved owner was living with cheerfulness and contentment in his little comfortless cottage. He was now for some time busied in the work of rebuilding his capital and in other affairs.

In 1858 Rajah Brooke returned to England, where he remained for three years. He had previously written to a friend in this country announcing his arrival as that of "an old, old man," into whose heart injustice had eaten its way. He had no cause, however, to complain of his reception at home. He was cordially welcomed by Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, by the Queen and the Prince Consort, and a public dinner in his honour was given to him at Manchester, the place where, as we have seen, he had been censured by Mr. Cobden. He was feeling the effects of a toilsome and harassed life, and endeavoured without success to induce the Government to take over the sovereignty of Sarawak, with the retention of the post of actual ruler for himself or for his nephew, Captain Brooke.

In a speech at Liverpool he declared that what he wanted was the protection of his native country for Sarawak. "Sarawak," he said, "must be placed in security, and then my life's task will have ended." Within a very short time—in October, 1858—he had a slight attack of paralysis, which would with many men have brought the close of his public life. He was also troubled by pecuniary affairs, having expended his whole fortune on Sarawak, and he was forced to borrow £5,000 from the Borneo Company. His only certain income at this time was his pension of £70 for the terrible wound which he had received over thirty years before in Burmah.

He was not neglected in this strait by the admirers of constancy and courage. A generous lady paid the Borneo Company's claim, and he received nearly £9,000 as a testimonial from subscribers who appreciated his public work. With part of this sum the Rajah bought a small estate at Burrator, on the edge of Dartmoor, and was much restored by residence in the pure bracing air. Even now the much-enduring man had not done with Sarawak. The old enemy, the Sultan of Brunei, who had been deposed and then restored, was causing trouble to the acting Rajah, Captain Brooke, and Sir James, in 1862, was again in his territory. His mere appearance brought a bloodless victory, and the chieftain who had been instigated by the Sultan was banished.

The same lady whose generosity has just been recorded presented the Rajah with a steamer, which he called the

Rainbow, as the emblem of hope, and she proved to be a most valuable acquisition for the Sarawak Government. Before leaving for home Sir James paid a visit to the Sultan of Brunei, and forced him to cede 110 miles of coast, making 260 in all. He then installed his nephew as "Rajah Muda," meaning "Young Rajah," or heir-apparent, and started off for England.

His back was scarcely turned when his nephew became insubordinate, declaring that his rights had been violated, and that he and his uncle must try their relative strength in Sarawak. Those who knew the Rajah were quite sure of what his action would be. As soon as he arrived in England, and heard of the state of affairs, he set off again for the East, where he received his nephew's submission, deposed him, and installed another nephew, Mr. Charles Johnson, who became afterwards, as he remains (in 1907), H.H. Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, G.C.M.G., Rajah of Sarawak. In 1863 the independence of the territory was acknowledged by the British Government, in which Lord Palmerston was Premier, with Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell as Foreign Secretary, and a Consul was appointed at Kuching.

The Rajah remained for some time in Borneo, enjoying the fruits of his past career in viewing the rapid extension of trade and revenue, and the reign of peace and contentment which he had created by genius and valour. He then returned to England, and spent much time at Burrator, where he was beloved by all the people. His health again failed, and at Christmas, 1866, he had a fresh paralytic attack, after which he lingered on until a third stroke ended his life on the 11th of June, 1868. The remains of Rajah Brooke lie buried under a white tombstone beneath a stately tree in the churchyard of Sheepstor, a Dartmoor hamlet named from the rent and rugged mass of granite near by.

Some details on the present condition of Sarawak, which in 1888 was placed under British protection, may be interesting. Further concessions of territory in 1882, 1885, and 1905 by the Sultan of Brunei raised the area to about 50,000 square miles, with about 400 miles of coast-line. In 1905 the value of the exports, chiefly in sago, indiarubber, gutta-percha, pepper, and gold, amounted to over £1,500,000, while the imports were worth nearly £1,200,000. Kuching, with excellent public buildings, has a population exceeding 25,000. Sibu, on the Rejang River, contains a large number of Chinese traders, who exchange European goods for jungle produce. The river has a native population estimated at 90,000. The head-quarters of the Bishop of Singapore and Sarawak are at Kuching, where he has a mission-school with 100 pupils and a girls' school. There is also a Roman Catholic Mission with schools for boys and girls. At Brooketon and Sadong there are coal-mines, which produced in 1904 about 45,000 tons.

We have now seen that Rajah Brooke of Sarawak will live in the memories of Britons as a man who, adding to the long list of British worthies, made his race respected in regions where the name of our country was formerly never heard. He was a real builder of Empire in adding large territories to the British sphere of influence. He had the forethought and the courage to found a system of rule in a wild region where most of the people were hostile to Europeans and addicted to piracy. Governing with a strong hand, he won the confidence of the natives in showing them what Englishmen of the best type really are.

One of Brooke's chief methods of dealing with the Malays and Dyaks was that of treating them, so far as possible, as equals, not only legally, but socially. Good feeling was thus created, and all his assistants followed his excellent example. Sir Charles Brooke, his successor, found it needless to change in any class of affairs—agricultural, commercial, financial, political, or judicial—the policy which had been established by his uncle.

Mr. Alfred Wallace, in his work, *The Malay Archipelago,* declares the founder of Sarawak, on the best grounds of knowledge, to have been a great, wise, and good ruler, a man of exceptional ability, honesty, and daring, and one of tender heart, who could be rightly regarded neither as an adventurer nor as a despot. The private character of the Rajah was of the highest. In his public conduct he was actuated by a noble ambition, and he displayed rare courage both in his conflicts with wild tribes in the East and, at home, against those who assailed, without lasting effect, a great Englishman's name and fame.

CHAPTER XIII

MAJOR SKINNER, THE CIVILIZER OF CEYLON

Importance of roads to civilization—Thomas Skinner as a civilizer—His birth and early life—Learns little at school—Out to Ceylon—Enters army—A boy-officer on parade—Takes troops to Colombo—Description of Ceylon—The rain-swollen streams—Thickness of jungle—Skinner's temperate habits—Cold tea for thirsty people—He learns to go barefoot—Shoots his first elephant—His friend the Governor—Sets to work at road-making—Finds out how to do it—His native labourers—His just treatment—His work approved—Value of praise—The road completed—Voyage to England—Then to Newfoundland—Again at work in Ceylon—His promotion—His work in surveying—His suspension bridge—A tour in Eastern Archipelago—Nearly shipwrecked on return—A new Governor of Ceylon—Road-making again—Learns military sketching—Toilsome work of survey—His athletic powers—His lost labourers rescued—His meeting with a leopard—Narrow escape—Power of human eye—Becomes Commissioner of Roads; then of Public Works—Close of his career in Ceylon—Death in England—Native testimony to Skinner—Summary of his great work in the island—From barbarism to civilization.

FREE and open means of communication is a primary need of man for civilization. The Romans, the great practical people of ancient days, knew this, and the European lands which they conquered and held still display, in the routes taken by their highways, memorials of the mighty road-makers. In the treeless waste, the camel, "ship of the desert," with the risks of the sand-storm or the sultry simoom, goes freely to and fro. In jungle-grown regions elephant, ox, horse, mule, and ass are useless for commercial traffic on a large scale. Such a country, especially if it be traversed by many rivers and streams, can only be opened up by the construction of roads and bridges. It was in this capacity that "Tom Skinner," as he was called by his British comrades, who were all his friends—the man known by the natives, who all loved him, as "Tuan Kilchel" (little officer or gentleman)—was the British civilizer of the lovely island, shaped like a pearl, that is a pendant to the vast Indian Peninsula.

Thomas Skinner, who was destined to pass nearly fifty years in a region of tropical heat, was born at St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 22nd of May, 1804, when his father, an officer in the Royal Artillery, was quartered there. The child lost his mother in his infancy, and from an age between two and three he was in charge of his maternal grandmother. In 1811 his father, being ordered home, made the voyage with the lad on H.M.S. *Pomone*, where young Tom formed a strong passion for the life of a sailor, and was much excited when the ship "beat to quarters" on the appearance, in that time of war with France, of a strange sail. He was destined for the military service, but he possessed, however it may have been acquired, the wonderful "handiness" and resource in sudden emergencies of the British tar.

On the arrival in England, his father had to embark for Ceylon, and young Skinner was placed at a school near Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, kept by a worthy old clergyman. The lad had no friends or relations in England with whom to spend the holidays, and he thus became for six years a permanent boarder with kind Mr. Christie. He was so great a favourite that he was allowed by his weakly indulgent preceptor to do pretty much as he liked, and he acquired little more than the rudiments of knowledge.

This issue of school-life would have been with most youths pernicious to the future career, but Skinner was happily of very exceptional mental and moral tone. In the words of an eminent friend, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., he "exhaled British pluck and energy from every pore, and seems to stand out before us in sharply defined outline—a typical example of self-help and self-reliance." The same high authority writes: "The performance of his duty was his daily meat and drink. He did it zealously, earnestly, effectively, because it was his duty, and because he took a pride in doing it thoroughly. He desired no other reward than the 'witness in himself.'"

In 1818, at about fourteen years of age, he was sent out to Ceylon with the intention of his joining the navy on the East India Station. His father, when the son arrived at Trincomalee, the head-quarters of the British fleet in those seas, found him so ignorant that he resolved to send him at once back to England for further school-training. The intervention of two of his father's friends, Admiral King and another naval officer, and the interest used on young Skinner's behalf, caused his immediate appointment to a Second-Lieutenancy in the Ceylon Regiment.

He was at once ordered, before he could procure any uniform, to take command of detachments of three battalions, and march them from Trincomalee across the island, through Kandy, to Colombo. The boy-officer, very small for his age—between fourteen and fifteen—started in his school-jacket on his first military duty. When the force arrived at Kandy, he vainly begged the commandant to excuse his attendance in his actual guise at a general parade of troops, and the young fellow, naturally shy, had to endure the ordeal of passing at the head of his detachment along the whole line of soldiers from the right to his position on the left. He walked, undrilled as he was, beside a grenadier ensign, above whose elbow his head did not reach far. A universal smile greeted his appearance, but the smilers did not then know the soul and brain lodged in the puny frame.

On the further journey to Colombo the road lay through a pass which Skinner's father, four years previously, had traversed with a battery of heavy guns, one of them a 42-pounder, for the taking of Kandy. The father was a man of wonderful resource in overcoming difficulties, and the guns were conveyed over almost "impossible" ground—a narrow, broken, steep, and rocky mountain-path that no horse and rider could pass over. When the son's troops reached Colombo, the commanding officer was astonished to see so youthful a leader. He had a kindly welcome from the officers. He put on his uniform, got through his drill, survived an attack of dysentery —the disease of the country—and was fairly in for a soldier's career.

Ceylon, with an area of nearly 26,000 square miles, or one-sixth less than that of Ireland, contains towards the south a mountainous region covering more than 4,000 square miles, with many peaks well over 7,000 feet in height. The slopes of the hills and the valleys were, at the time of Skinner's arrival, covered with forests of gigantic trees. The plateau of Nuwara Eliya, the sanatorium of the island, at 6,200 feet elevation, has many of the attributes of an Alpine country. There are no great rivers, but in the rainy season the countless streams become torrents and impetuous rivers, rushing through some of the noblest scenery in the world in the shape of ravines and glens, falling over precipitous rocks into the depths of wooded vales, and displaying a succession of rapids and cataracts unsurpassed in magnificence and beauty.

On one occasion, as Skinner reports, the swollen rivers so intercepted his communications with Kandy that stores which ought to have reached him in three days were six weeks on the way, and he had to place his garrison first on half, then on one-third rations, and at last to levy food from neighbouring villages. The great pioneer of clearance in Ceylon describes the jungle in one district as presenting difficulties compared with which " the heaviest forest is quite child's-play to work through." " The closely matted, thorny mass wellnigh defies the native woodsmen. Working in a narrow clearing, with high walls of this description of vegetation on each side, excluding every breath of air, and a bright burning sun pouring down upon one, gives as lively an illustration of a tropical climate as any man need wish for."

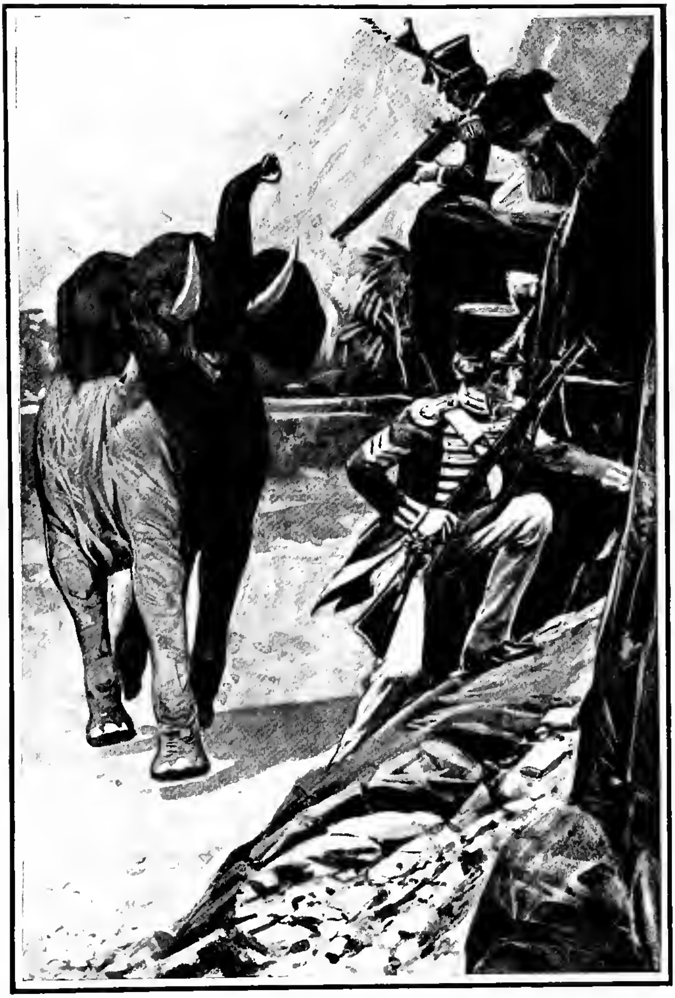
The young officer, in contending with climatic difficulties and dangers, derived invaluable aid from a constitutional abhorrence of alcoholic liquors, and from his own good sense. The smell alone of wine, beer, or spirits was repulsive to Skinner. The consequence was that, surrounded by comrades who, for the most part, in the fashion of that day, freely indulged in spirituous drinks, he remained sober when all around were, on occasion, drunk ; and amid the ravages of tropical disease, while his friends were carried off, he survived.

He was never a sufferer from thirst, and in his autobiography he tells us the reason. In reference to the scene of arduous toil just described, he writes : " Even against such odds I find a restorative in bottles of simple decoction of tea, made icy cold by evaporation, by wrapping wet towels round the bottles. It is astonishing how soon a broiling sun can produce a cool, refreshing draught, without which the situation would simply be beyond endurance."

On his resolution in self-training for hard work we again quote his own words: " An ambition seized me to render myself as self-sustained and independent as my men were. The first step in this direction appeared to be to learn to march without shoes. I commenced my training by walking out every morning barefooted to my bath, a short distance off. I had to walk over a portion of the fort covered with sharp quartz gravel, which touched up my sensitive feet considerably. However, I persevered until I made a march of sixty miles over some of the highest, most rugged, rocky mountains in the island perfectly barefooted; and such was my appreciation of comfort in the absence of boot or shoe that I never would have put on another could I have followed my own inclinations."

Skinner, at a very early date in his career, when he was in charge of the senior sergeant of his corps, " to see that I got into no mischief," won his first victory in slaying elephants, for which he was to become one of the most renowned sportsmen in Ceylon. He had never seen even a tame elephant when, early one morning, a huge wild one came near the fort, and the young officer, seizing a cut-down flint-and-steel musket and some ammunition, rushed out. The sergeant, with a file of men at the double, followed in alarm for Skinner's safety, and the young man went straight towards the splendid " tusker," which made a headlong rush.

The sergeant, being close at hand, helped Skinner, just in time, to climb a rock which rose about 2 feet above the elephant's head, and as the animal, making for the sergeant, passed by, Skinner cocked his gun, put the muzzle on the crown of the monster's head, and fired into it. The elephant rolled over stone-dead. The



His First Elephant

Whilst still a mere boy, Skinner, who afterwards became a renowned big-game sportsman, shot his first elephant. He had never seen even a tame one before this.

youthful sportsman, giving no sign of exultation then or later, directed that the head should be cut off, brought down to the fort, and buried, to enable him to get out the pair of splendid tusks. There was great excitement over this feat, and all the men off duty rushed away to see the animal which their diminutive officer had killed. It was a famous feat for a lad under sixteen.

We pass over more slaughter of elephants, and a nearly fatal attack of jungle fever, to note Skinner's first effort in road-making. The Governor of Ceylon at this time (1821) was Sir Edward Barnes, a distinguished Peninsular officer under Wellington, and a man not only of high ability and courage, but of the soundest sense and the kindliest disposition. He gave to Skinner an appointment "on the roads," and his first task was to open in a certain district about eleven miles of a great military road through a pass of the mountains.

Skinner's ignorance of road-engineering was such that he did not in the least understand the order received from a superior officer that he was to "descend the pass at a gradient of one in twenty." He had charge of a party of 200 natives, wholly unskilled labourers, who had never, as he writes, "seen a yard of made road in the country, for the best of reasons—that such a thing did not exist." He went out to explore his scene of action, striking into the jungle from the narrow mountain-path, and soon found his progress checked by enormous boulders and perpendicular precipices.

The young pioneer felt somewhat staggered, but while he was waiting the arrival of his men with their tools he puzzled out for himself the meaning of "one in twenty," and then began his road-making. He had a marvellous instinctive power of conceiving the needful methods, and of turning the flank of obstacles. Every fortnight his gang of labourers, who were on compulsory service, was changed, and he had to teach afresh the new arrivals. Skinner got on well with his natives, establishing amongst them, he says, "a fair character for justice," and they declared that they did not mind "being beaten by the little gentleman," as he never ordered their punishment without their deserving it.

As the work progressed, the officer who read Skinner's weekly reports to the Governor would make on them such marginal remarks as : "This lad with his Kandians (men of villages in the Kandy district) is doing well." The Governor sent a message that "with his raw, untaught Kandians he was accomplishing a larger quantity of work than an equal number of skilled labourers of a division of pioneers." We may be sure that Sir Edward Barnes knew his man, and, as Skinner observes, "this encouragement was far more effective than any amount of fault-finding." He tells us that he was much tormented by the wild elephants, "which seemed to take a special pleasure in making nocturnal raids on my newly formed embankments," and on some occasions he sat up at night to have a shot at the intruders.

After several months "on the roads," Skinner had opened eleven miles of the main road to Kandy, having been often visited by Sir Edward, who came to inspect the work and to encourage the toilers. Soon afterwards a severe attack of malaria caused his departure for England, on the report of a medical board, and he had a very long but health-restoring voyage on what he calls "the slowest tub," which was nearly wrecked between the Cape and St. Helena.

He passed some time in London, and with an uncle at Canterbury—the year was 1822—and paid a long visit to his old schoolmaster near Shaftesbury. The three and a half years since he left school had given him much experience of the world, and he truly observes that "there were not, at that time, many lads of eighteen to be found in Dorsetshire who had been to India and bagged their half a dozen elephants." In the spring of 1822 he visited his native land, was enveloped in fog off the "banks," and just escaped being blocked up by icebergs in entering the harbour of St. John's.

Until the end of the summer Skinner remained with his father and family in Newfoundland, and then took a sorrowful leave. He never saw again his father or stepmother, his sister or his brothers. During 1823 he was with relatives in England, and early in 1824 he made a visit to Paris with his new commanding officer, Colonel Muller. On the 10th of April they embarked at Gravesend for Ceylon, and had a pleasant voyage to Trincomalee. Sir Edward Barnes then appointed Skinner to be "Staff Officer of Colombo," and took him into "King's House" as a member of his family.

He was now twenty-one, and for the next four years he had charge of all military buildings, quarters, and barracks, barrack furniture, and equipment of every description in the district, as well as performing the duties of Brigade-Major of the garrison. He was also assistant to the Deputy Adjutant-General, the Deputy Quartermaster General, and to the officer commanding the Royal Engineers whenever they required his services. The imposition of duties so multifarious on so young an officer by such a man as Sir Edward Barnes is the strongest possible testimony to Skinner's ability, energy, and zeal. His chief amusement was, as usual, elephant-shooting.

During this period the Governor, providing for Skinner's duties at Colombo, gave him much employment in surveying, of which he had learned something during his long visit to England, and in tracing new roads. In 1828 he laid down highways on the way to Nuwara Eliya, and a line from Colombo to two other towns. Towards the end of 1829 he was promoted to the Quartermaster-General's department. He pleaded to Colonel Churchill, the military secretary who brought him the message from the Governor, that he was quite ignorant of the scientific duties of the department. That officer replied that he was well aware of the fact, and, taking Skinner's promise that he would do what he could to qualify himself, he said, with kindly and most flattering abruptness : " That is quite enough ; go about your business." Such was the impression made on official superiors by Tom Skinner of Ceylon.

Two days later he was ordered to relieve an officer of the Royal Engineers, who was engaged in constructing a rope suspension bridge over a river midway between Colombo and Kandy. It was a work of importance, the progress of which was frequently inspected by the Governor, with approval of Skinner's method, in carrying out which the inexperienced man derived benefit from his taste for maritime affairs in the management of various details. He was then placed in charge of the roads of the interior, under the Quartermaster-General, an employment which gave him plenty of riding, an exercise in which he took delight, and compelled him, as he writes, " to be as nearly ' ubiquitous ' as possible."

In August, 1830, Skinner was dispatched by the Governor to the Eastern Archipelago on a special service, and visited Penang, Malacca, Singapore, and Java, where he had, at Batavia, a conference with the Governor-General, by whom he was courteously treated. On the 3rd of January, 1831, he embarked for his return, and soon after leaving Batavia the vessel ran on a reef of rocks and narrowly escaped total loss. She was ultimately got off by the use of the boats, anchors, and cables, after being lightened by throwing overboard the guns and many other articles, as also a whole menagerie of tigers, apes, monkeys, and birds, collected in Java by the medical officer. Colombo was reached at the end of March.

In October Skinner was parted for a time from his staunch friend the Governor, as Sir Edward Barnes had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. The new ruler of Ceylon, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Bart., became a great friend of the young officer. In 1832 his road-making was resumed in opening a highway from Aripo, the pearl-fishery centre on the north-western coast, to an almost unknown district of the interior. On a journey of exploration, Skinner found there extensive ruins of temples and tanks, and a rather dense population, instead of the mountainous waste represented on the maps of the period.

He first laid down on paper the forty-seven miles of jungle-path, assisted in survey by another officer, who began his work at the other end. They worked towards each other through dense, level forest, and, in the end, met almost face to face—a great success for men using imperfect instruments.

Skinner's reputation for skilful work had now become such that when a Civil Engineer and Surveyor-General arrived to form a department, and take over the civil works from the military element, he was sent to initiate him into his new duties. They travelled over the country together, and Skinner handed over the roads, bridges, and buildings as they successively reached them. His next work was a military reconnaissance and survey of the mountain-zone of the island. He had never learnt the art of military sketching, he knew little of the use of the theodolite, and he had never made a triangulation.

With his usual resolution he shut himself up with a theodolite and a technical work on survey-instruments. He took the theodolite to pieces, put it together again, and learnt the use of all its parts. He then went to work with it at surveying, and found the results satisfactory on submission to an able officer of the Royal Engineers. By degrees, after many failures, he became skilled in sketching. He took " an immense interest," he writes, " in a work which I had mastered by my own determination and without any assistance." The result was the 1-inch sketch of the Kandian provinces and the general map of Ceylon.

He describes without complaint the toilsome nature of the service. For six or seven months in every year he was never under a roof from between four and five o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, and occasionally much later. For nearly two months of work amongst wild forest he had no animal food beyond a couple of half-starved chickens, and lived mainly on a little salt fish and boiled rice. His lodging was a wigwam composed of five sheets of the huge leaves of the Palmyra or talipot palm, stitched together with shreds of the same material. Each leaf was about 6 by 4 feet; three of these formed two sides and one end, and two others made the roof. The furniture consisted of a little camp-bed, a camp-table, and a chair.

By his temperate life and hard work Skinner gained marvellous health and activity, and on one occasion, in a race with an athletic native " headman " up the cone of Adam's Peak, 7,240 feet high, Skinner won by forty minutes. At the summit of this peak, on one occasion, he was detained for some time, waiting for clear weather to get observations. He had sent off two intelligent natives, with a week's provisions, through the mountain forest, to prepare a new station for the work.

During a morning stroll to some distance from the peak, Skinner, in the still, rarefied air at about 6,500 altitude, heard human voices far away, and uttered his loudest Kandian cry, which sometimes reaches to an enormous distance. An answer came, and by repeated shouts he drew the people to him. They proved to be his two men, who had been wandering about for many days, probably in a circle. They had consumed all their provisions, and must have perished if they had not thus been found.

One of his adventures at this time was a meeting with a magnificent leopard. One morning, when the atmosphere was very clear for observations, he started off alone through the jungle, leaving orders for his men, with the surveying-instruments, to follow his track by the notches which he cut in the bark of the trees. When he left the plain, he struck into a fine wide game-track, where, after he had gone about half a mile from the camp, he was startled by a slight rustling in the jungle to his right. In an instant a leopard, bounding fully 8 feet over the lower brushwood, alighted within 18 inches of the spot where he stood, and lay in a crouching position with his glaring eyes steadily fixed on the traveller. We give the sequel in his own words :

" The predicament was not a pleasant one. The animal had heard me approaching, and had I been an elk, as he imagined, he would have lighted on my neck. I cannot tell how long we remained in our relative positions, but during the time we stared at each other I felt no fear. I remembered having heard that no animal could bear the steady gaze of the human eye, and I fixed mine on him with all the intensity I could command. Had I turned or retreated, one blow from his fore-leg would have finished me, for leopards are known to kill a buffalo or an elk with one blow, and I had no weapon of defence.

" He turned, however, and cantered down the straight, broad game-track, and then I felt quite sick and faint on realizing the danger from which I had escaped. Fortunately my dog was in the rear, or he would have furnished a good breakfast to my formidable friend A gun or pistol would have been very acceptable at that moment. I had often seen these animals in their wild state, but never before had met with so fine a specimen."

We may here note that Skinner, in 1836, was promoted to a captaincy, after serving seventeen years as a subaltern.

Skinner's work of surveying was continued, and in 1841, when the Civil Engineer and Surveyor-General's Department had become disorganized, he was requested by the Governor to take over charge of the roads and bridges of the colony. In January, 1842, he became "Commissioner of Roads," and was henceforward practically a civilian, though he did not finally leave the military service until 1847. In 1848 he visited England, after twenty-three years' service, during which his work had been of the most laborious and exposed character. At the end of 1849 he resumed his duties in Ceylon, and from 1850 to 1867 he was Commissioner of Public Works in every department.

During the later time of his long, laborious, and most successful career iron bridges in various quarters and the construction of the railway were the chief objects of his attention. In 1867 Skinner closed his term of service, having become Major and C.M.G., and passed the rest of his life in the British Isles, where fishing for trout or salmon in Cumberland, Ireland, and Scotland was his chief sport. The daughter who edited his autobiography, and records his peaceful death in July, 1877, describes his great pleasure in all natural objects, and "his principal delight" as "contributing to the happiness of others."

Ten years after Skinner's retirement, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, travelling in Ceylon, "found the reputation of its great engineer and road-maker still fragrant there. . . . I learned," he writes, " that Major Skinner was a man whose memory the Government still delighted to honour, and in travelling from place to place I met many eminent natives who rejoiced to speak of him as one of their greatest benefactors, and as an officer of unusual administrative ability, indomitable energy, and unblemished integrity of character."

We now sum up the work in Ceylon with which Major Skinner was mainly concerned as deviser and executant during the rule of Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Henry Ward, and Sir Hercules Robinson : The great military road from Colombo to Kandy was made ; all the military stations were connected by broad tracks, which were afterwards bridged and converted into good carriage roads ; every assistance was given to the coffee-planters in opening up the country, and the whole of the hilly district was at last intersected by a vast number of fine roads, costing upwards of £2,000 per mile for construction.

In 1848 an ordinance was passed in Council to levy from every male adult in the colony, with the sole exception of Buddhist priests and British soldiers, six days' annual labour on the roads, or an equivalent in money. The labour and money thus obtained enabled the local authorities to connect the Government highways by minor roads, bringing every important village into communication with the principal towns. In 1874 the expenditure, out of the revenues of the colony, on roads, bridges, streets, and canals was about £175,000, of which sum £113,500 was devoted to the ordinary maintenance of existing roads. In the same year the local authorities, under the road ordinance, expended £65,000, and the municipalities of Colombo, Kandy, and Galle spent £23,000.

Before Skinner retired he had seen, mainly as his own achievement, a network of communications spread over the country from the sea-board to the passes of the highest ranges of mountains. There had once been fords and ferries where, in the rainy season, property and life were often sacrificed. Every chief stream in Ceylon was now substantially bridged with stone or iron. In 1867 there were about 3,000 miles of made roads, of which one-fifth consisted of first-class metalled highways, and another fifth of good gravelled work. The railway from Colombo to Kandy was opened in the same year. In 1906 there were 561 miles of railway at work, and nearly 4,000 miles of road open, of which 2,384 were metalled highways.

In the later years of Major Skinner's charge of the public works much was done in the construction and restoration of irrigation works, including village tanks, and large waste districts in the east and south of the island were thus placed under perennial rice culture. The result of what has been here recounted, for human safety, prosperity, happiness, and comfort, may well be imagined. The beautiful island which Birtish conquest, begun in 1795 and completed in 1815, had found, except for some canals made by the previous Dutch possessors, in a barbarous condition as regarded means of communication, has thus been truly civilized in one of the most important particulars, and to Major Skinner the credit is mainly due.

CHAPTER XIV

PIONEER WORK IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

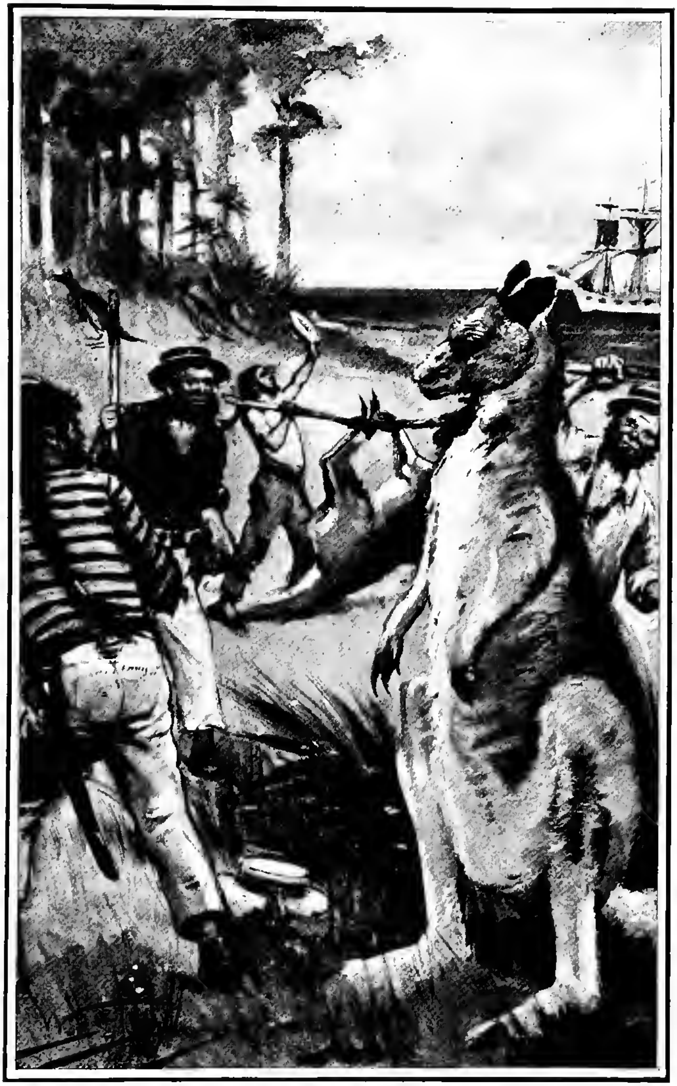
The pioneers of South Australia—The maritime explorers—Adventures of Bass and Flinders—Flinders' great voyage—Meeting with French expedition—Fun and feasting from kangaroos—A sea disaster—The interior explored—Captain Sturt's discoveries—His voyage down the Murray—Meetings with natives—A concert in the Bush—Lake Alexandrina discovered—Voyagers blocked by sand-bar—The toilsome return—Captain Barker's explorations—Killed by natives—Sturt's report on the territory—Plans in England for settlement—Formation of a Company—Mr. Angas' work—The first fleet sails—Colonel Light—Arrival of the Governor—The colony "proclaimed"—Mr. Gouger's voyage—Difficulties on landing—Mosquitoes and centipedes—a bush-fire—Lost in the Bush on Kangaroo Island—A settler's hut—The first child born—The first deaths—The Governor recalled—Colony fairly started.

THE foundation of South Australia as a British colony was not due to any single great pioneer, but to several men who won distinction in various ways which led to the final result. Among these we may now deal with the explorers who first made known that portion of the vast island-continent of the Southern Seas. In this sense, Flinders, Bass, and Sturt were the real founders. The great scientific navigator, Matthew Flinders, born near Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1774, son of a surgeon, entered the royal navy in 1789, and in 1795 he went out to New South Wales as a midshipman on H.M.S. *Reliance.*

The same vessel had on board, as surgeon, George Bass, son of a Lincolnshire farmer, and the two young men, both of admirable character—kindly, modest, daring, full of enthusiasm for research—became devoted friends. Resolved to win fame in the joint exploration of unknown regions, they sailed along the south-eastern coast of Australia, and made a voyage to Norfolk Island. Their adventurous disposition was displayed when, in March, 1796, they started together from Sydney in a boat, the *Tom Thumb*, only 8 feet long, with a small boy to help them, and explored a stretch of coast to the south of Port Jackson.

They were tossed about like a cork, but steered into Botany Bay, and made an accurate map of its shores and of the streams flowing into its waters. Governor Hunter, of New South Wales, in September, 1798, sent them out in a 25-ton sloop, with three months' leave of absence, and they sailed all round Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), which Bass, by passing through the waters called Bass Strait, had already proved to be an island. Flinders, returning to England, was put in command of an expedition for the thorough exploration of the southern coast of *Terra Australis*, as the region was still called.

The enterprise was aided by the East India Company, and the crew of picked men on board the *Investigator*, a sloop of about 360 tons, included a midshipman named John Franklin, the coming Arctic navigator. The vessel sailed from Spithead in July, 1801. On the 6th of November she was off Cape Leeuwin (Lioness), named from a Dutch vessel that was there in 1622, and on the 9th of December she reached King George's Sound. After refitting there, Flinders closely examined the shores of the Great Bight, and discovered and explored Spencer and St. Vincent Gulfs.



On Kangaroo Island

The ship's crew were in need of fresh meat, so a party landed and secured thirty-one kangaroos.

The British navigator had a narrow escape of being anticipated, in South Australia, by a French expedition. On the 2nd of April, 1802, at Encounter Bay (so-called from the meeting), near the mouth of St. Vincent Gulf, Flinders fell in with the French ships *Géographe* and *Naturaliste*, under the command of Captain Nicolas Baudin, who had been sent out by Napoleon, then First Consul of the French Republic, on a voyage of Australian exploration. Flinders was, beyond all doubt, the first to discover and name, on the coast of South Australia, Fowler's Bay (called after his First-Lieutenant), Streaky Bay (from the colour of the water), Smoky Bay (from Bush fires there seen), Denial Bay (curiously named, as being near St. Peter's Island), Sleaford Bay (from the town in his native county), and other localities named after Boston, Louth, and other Lincolnshire towns. The fine harbour called Port Lincoln, first entered by the *Investigator*, is another instance.

The fine Kangaroo Island, named from the large number of those animals which were seen leaping amongst the scrub, was another of Flinders' discoveries. The ship's crew were in want of fresh meat, and a party of sailors who landed killed thirty-one during the day, animals weighing from about 70 to 125 pounds. The flesh was a rare treat for men who for four months had tasted nothing but salted meats. The whole ship's company spent an afternoon in skinning and cleaning the game, and half a hundredweight of heads, fore-quarters, and tails were stewed down into a delicious soup.

A grievous accident befell some of the seamen during this voyage. Flinders sent out his mate, with a midshipman and some men, in a cutter from the ship, to search for an anchorage and fresh water. The boat was observed sailing hither and thither, and then, as it grew dusk, she was seen returning, when she suddenly vanished. Lieutenant Fowler then went out in a boat with a lantern in search. After two hours a gun was fired from the *Investigator* for his return, and he came back alone. He had found a strong current near the spot where the cutter was last seen, and had himself a narrow escape of capsizing. This was, as it proved, the fate of the mate, Mr. Thistle, and his crew. On the next morning the craft was found floating bottom upwards. None of the men were ever seen again, and the swarm of sharks near at hand accounted terribly and decisively for the end of the mariners.

We now turn from Captain Flinders, the discoverer of the sea-board of South Australia, to Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment, the explorer of the interior of the country. Sturt was a man of boundless energy, shrewd sense, and dauntless courage, the first to discover the natural advantages of the country. Being stationed with his regiment at Sydney, he was sent out by Governor Darling, of New South Wales, in November, 1828, with Hume, a notable explorer, as his second in command, two soldiers, and six convicts, and made his way to the Macquarie River. In February, 1829, the River Darling was discovered, and, after its course had been followed for about 100 miles, the party returned to Sydney.

In September, 1829, the Governor ordered a second trip of discovery, and Sturt, with a party well equipped with all necessaries, including a whale-boat, went forth to explore the course of the Murrumbidgee River. Food for the teams of draught animals ran short, and Sturt boldly resolved, at a point about 450 miles south-west of Sydney, to send back the main body of the expedition, put together the frame of his whale-boat, launch it on the river, and see where it would take him and the boat-party. Great care was needed to avoid the many floating logs, and risks from suspicious or openly hostile natives.

The voyagers passed the point where the Lachlan River joins the Murrumbidgee, and at length, in February, 1830, they entered the great Murray River, and, as they were borne along, passed the mouth of the Darling. They rowed by day, and encamped at night on the river banks, where they were sometimes surrounded by hundreds of natives. Sturt was enabled to keep the peace by his pleasant and tactful demeanour, and he was well aided by one of his party, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Macleay. When the twilight found the little encampment surrounded, Sturt joined in the sports of the natives, and Macleay won high favour by his comic songs, accompanied by gestures and grimaces which raised roars of laughter from the dusky crowd.

On the thirty-third day of the voyage Sturt and his comrades passed into a sheet of water about 30 miles long and 15 miles wide, which was named Lake Alexandrina, in honour of the young Princess who was to become, in due time, Queen Victoria. When the southern end of the lake was reached, it was found that they were near the southern shore of Australia at Encounter Bay. The great disappointment was that of finding the passage from the Murray into the ocean blocked by a great bar of sand. It thus became needful for the travellers to turn the boat round, and face the current of the great river for a return voyage of 1,000 miles. Sturt took his full share of the toilsome work with the oars. Much hardship was endured in heavy labour, scanty food, and the heat of (in that region) a summer sun. Food was failing as they entered the Murrumbidgee, and settled districts were reached and relief obtained only when some of the party were almost insane from physical suffering.

Another daring explorer of this period was Captain Barker, of Sturt's regiment, who, in 1831, when he was on his way from King George's Sound, in the far west of the southern coast, to Sydney, entered St. Vincent's Gulf, and landed on its eastern shore a little north of Cape Jervis. With six members of the ship's company, Barker crossed the Mount Lofty ranges, discovered the hill which bears his name, and passed along the shores of Lake Alexandrina to the mouth of the Murray. The daring man, in order to make observations from the top of a sandhill, performed the perilous feat of swimming across the river where it joins the ocean. The name of this gallant officer, afterwards killed by natives, who flung his body into the sea, stands first in the long list of explorers who, in the Bush of Australia, laid down their lives in the service of humanity.

Thus was South Australia, as regards much of its interior, made known; and we turn next to Captain Sturt's account and opinion of the territory which he observed. What he then reported was, to a very great extent, confirmed by the experience of settlers in later days. He formed a high opinion of the capabilities of the region, both for pastoral and agricultural purposes. He regarded the climate as well adapted for the growth of fruit-trees, both of the temperate and the hardier tropical kinds, the English fruit-trees, and the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate. "The trees," he wrote later, "which are congenial to the climate arrive at maturity with incredible rapidity, and bear in the greatest abundance."

It was Sturt's journey of 1830, combined with Barker's exploration from the coast, that led to the colonization of South Australia. The former had proved that a great and fertile land awaited settlers; the latter proved that there was access from the sea to land suitable for the purpose. The matter was taken up in London, and in 1836 the body called "The South Australian Association" was formed. An Act of Parliament of 1834 had given authority for the creation of a new "Province of South Australia," to be independent of any other Australian government, and it was expressly provided that convicts from the United Kingdom should never be transported to the colony. The capital of the new company was £200,000, and land was purchased from the Crown at twelve shillings per acre in readiness for settlement.

The Crown had appointed some Commissioners to manage and dispose of the land and land-revenues of the new territory, and to superintend the emigration of settlers. One of these gentlemen was Mr. George Fife Angas, who, from the useful and energetic part which he took, has been styled "The Father of South Australia." He was the real founder of the South Australian Company, and he largely promoted success by his principle of sending out emigrants possessed of capital, intelligence, and high character, especially respectable young married couples.

In the spring and summer of 1836 the Company's first fleet was sent out. The *John Pirie* carried twenty-one passengers, goods, and live-stock. The *Duke of York*, the *Lady Mary Pelham*, and the *Emma* took out passengers and general stores, the *Duke of York* being the first arrival, and anchoring, on the 27th of July, in Nepean Bay, Kangaroo Island. H.M.S. *Buffalo* conveyed Captain Hindmarsh, the Governor, and Colonel Light, the Surveyor-General, with his staff of assistants. This officer may be regarded as one of the chief pioneers of the colony, as having, after much exploration and anxious thought, fixed on the site of the capital, Adelaide, on the banks of the River Torrens, and that of the harbour at the present Port Adelaide, eight miles from the city.

On the 28th of December, 1836, the *Buffalo* dropped anchor in Holdfast Bay, where the town of Glenelg now stands, and on the same day Governor Hindmarsh and his people landed. It was midsummer in that region, and the royal proclamation was read under the welcome shade of some gum-trees about half a mile from the beach. The Union Jack was hoisted; the guns of the man-of-war fired a salute; a party of marines shot off a musket-volley, and rounds of cheers were given by the 200 settlers present.

A cold luncheon was spread under the trees, at which the health of "His Majesty," and the toasts of "The Governor," "The Officers," and "Success to South Australia," were given and drunk with great enthusiasm. An eyewitness wrote: "Our National Anthem, combined with the circumstances in which it was sung, had more grandeur in its simplicity than those who only hear it at a theatre can conceive." Concerning the earlier days of the colony, with the voyage of some of the emigrants thither, we avail ourselves now of notes in a diary kept by Mr. Gouger, the Colonial Secretary.

That gentleman sailed on the 30th of June, 1836, from Gravesend on board the *Africaine* (Captain Duff), a vessel of 316 tons. Many of the labouring emigrants expressed a desire to have a school established on board for the instruction of some of the party who were unable to read. The cabin and other chief passengers included, besides Mr. Gouger and his wife and son, the emigration agent; a merchant and purchaser of land as an intending settler; and the son of a Norwich solicitor, articled to the Attorney-General of the colony. There were also four landed proprietors, an intending hotel proprietor, and the printer of the colonial newspaper and his family. The name of this last person ought to have been Micawber (*vide* "David Copperfield"), but it was Thomas. The labourers, with their wives and families, numbered about fifty.

During the passage the evil effect of allowing spirits to labouring emigrants on board ship was shown. "Very few of the men," Mr. Gouger writes, "ever think of helping the sailors by pulling at a rope, or of rendering any other assistance." They remained quite idle, eating far too much, and rendered vicious by the allowance of spirits. The women, many of whom had never tasted rum before, became large drinkers, and so quarrelsome. On the 22nd of September, after a voyage presenting no notable incidents, the vessel anchored in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and sailed again on the 28th of September, after taking in fresh water and other stores.

On the 3rd of November Kangaroo Island and Yorke's Peninsula were sighted, and on the 10th the vessel anchored in Holdfast Bay, so named by Colonel Light from the excellent anchorage. All hands went ashore, and were soon busy in erecting tents, building huts, and landing goods. The Colonial Secretary notes some difficulties of a new settler. He had chosen a spot suitable for the erection of a tent and the building of a hut. This was a place shaded by large gum-trees in the middle of a meadow covered with very rich pasture. Then came the transport of his goods from the beach to the tent, a distance of little over a mile, "but not," he observes, "of British turnpike road, nor with the aid of waggons and horses."

"My only assistants were Pollard (a young friend), my boy Alfred, and a portable truck which I had brought from England. The road was first a deep sand, then an uneven field covered with high grass and intersected by two gullies, at this season dry. Three journeys from the beach to the tent with the laden truck was a good day's work. The heat, at that Australian midsummer season, was sometimes very oppressive, and the mosquitoes troublesome; but the flies are afflicting—nothing can equal their cruel perseverance." During these toils Mrs. Gouger was left aboard the ship, and her husband, on his return to the vessel at night, was obliged to wade breast high in the sea to reach the boat for conveyance to the vessel, as the small craft, except at high tide, could not get over a sand-bank about 20 yards out from the shore.

On the 19th of November he and his wife finally quitted the *Africaine* to live ashore in the tent. There "troops of mosquitoes entertained us with their music, and we, in return, entertained them with a full repast, and in the morning we were wellnigh in a fever from their visitation." Another trouble was the centipedes, of which five, about 5 inches long, were caught within 2 yards of the tent and another inside; and one night Mr. Gouger missed by an inch laying hold of a large scorpion. The great range of the thermometer was very trying; once, within twelve hours, the shade temperature varied from 105 to 50 degrees.

Other emigrants had erected huts, a work rendered easy by the discovery, a mile away, of a little wood with straight poles of trees, and by the abundance of long sedge-grass for thatching. Game was found in great plenty on the plain, and on the river and in the lagoons, quails, wild-duck, and other fowl. On most trees were seen parrots, white cockatoos, and parrakeets gorgeously feathered. Numbers of kangaroos were seen leaping about in the bush. At the end of November the dry bush near at hand was accidentally fired, and from the effects of this conflagration Mr. Gouger and his family were preserved only by a trench dug, 20 yards away, round his tent and enclosure. All beyond was made black and waste, but the destruction of insects and vermin was a beneficial result of the fire.

A disastrous adventure had occurred, early in the month, on Kangaroo Island, a territory 87 miles in length by 34 broad. On the 2nd of November some young men on the *Africaine* landed to walk across the island, having heard from one of the captains in command of the vessels that it was a safe and easy excursion. The party of six persons comprised Mr. Slater, a surgeon; Mr. Osborne, a printer; Mr. Nantes, a clerk of the Colonial Secretary; and three labourers. They very rashly declined to take with them, from the boats that landed them on the island, the fresh water provided, and they were thus left to the chance of water left in pools from the winter rains that had fallen months previously.

When the party did not make their appearance again in due time, an expedition of three sailors, with a native woman as "tracker," was sent in search. Mr. Nantes and the three labourers were found by men in a fishing-boat on the eleventh day out, and were conveyed to the settlement. They had not tasted food for four days, but with judicious treatment they made a slow recovery. Nantes stated that, after being out for nine days, Osborne could go no further, and that Slater, with his usual generosity, offered to stay with him while the rest went on in the hope of finding and sending back relief.

Other parties sent out in search of Osborne and Slater found the tracks of only one person, who appeared to them to have been walking in circles, or backwards and forwards, as if he were demented. This person could not have been the exhausted Osborne, who had doubtless perished under Slater's eyes. Neither man was ever seen again.

In December Mr. Gouger's hut was erected, being a structure 12 feet wide and 21 feet long, made of the poles from the copse. Only six nails were used, the uprights, cross-pieces, beams, and joists being all tied together with cordage. The building was thatched with a kind of reed, 10 feet long, having long wide leaves. The heat on the 26th of December was oppressive, the thermometer in the hut showing 86°, 104° in the double tent under the inner covering, and 116° under the outer canvas. The goats and fowls appeared to be exhausted under this temperature. The arrival of the *Buffalo* two days later, with Governor Hindmarsh and his officials, has been already recorded. On the 29th a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gouger, being the first colonial child, to whom Captain Hindmarsh " stood " as godfather.

In January, 1837, another vessel arrived from London with emigrants, and the *Africaine,* which had been dispatched to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania), came in with a supply of live-stock. On the 14th of March the Colonial Secretary had to mourn the death of his wife, who had remained very ill, and the little son died two days later. The bereaved man had been a victim to divided duty between attention to his sick wife and that of his official post.

Trouble soon arose in disputes between Governor Hindmarsh and Commissioner Fisher concerning their respective powers, and also between the Governor and Colonel Light as to the site of the capital. The Governor acted in a very arbitrary way, especially in the unjust suspension of Mr. Gouger from his post, and about the middle of 1838 Hindmarsh left the colony, having been peremptorily recalled by Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary in London.

The colony of South Australia was, however, fairly launched on its career after the usual difficulties and discomforts of new emigrants. When the landing took place at Holdfast Bay, each family had to shift for itself, some having tents, and others, in imitation of the natives, building huts of boughs. When a move was made from the sea-coast to the spot where Adelaide stands, women and children had to walk, carrying as much of the household goods as they could, while the men placed other articles on wheelbarrows, which they had to push through five or six miles of "scrub." Next came the "reed-hut period," when dwellings of all shapes and sizes were made from reeds growing in the Torrens River.

The time soon came when stalwart men and noble women faced the practical work of colonization in subduing the wilderness and wresting from Nature the gifts of the soil. The pioneers pushed out northwards into the country, and the air resounded with the crack of the bullock-driver's whip and with the ringing of the axe as roadways were cut through the brush. Courageous and persevering toil, patience under privations, and stern resolve laid the foundations of the splendid colony in which the stockman, the miner, and the tiller of the soil were in time to create enduring wealth and prosperity.

CHAPTER XV

GREY AND SELWYN IN NEW ZEALAND

Sir George Grey's birth and early life—His work in Australian exploration; as Governor of South Australia—His first term of rule in New Zealand—State of the colony—His first measures—His bold attitude—Description of a Maori pah—The storming of The Bat's Nest—The country pacified—New military settlers—Founding of Otago and Canterbury—The Governor's treatment of natives—He wins their affection—His tactful conduct—Work in education—Bishop Selwyn in the colony—His excellent work—The two fellow-helpers—Grey's return to England—The welcome at Oxford—Second period in New Zealand—Another war—Storming of Te Ranga pah—Captain Smith's heroism—Close of Grey's career.

SIR GEORGE GREY, one of the greatest British colonial Governors and statesmen, was born in Lisbon on the 14th of April, 1812, eight days after the death of his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, of the 30th Foot, at the storming of Badajoz. After education at Sandhurst Military College he became an ensign in 1829, Captain ten years later, and then left the army. It is with a part of his noble career in British colonial rule that we are here concerned. He possessed many of the best qualities of his race, those which have enabled the nation dwelling in a small island in the north-west of Europe to become possessors and rulers of the largest and finest Empire that the world ever saw.

His active life began as that of an explorer, enduring great hardships, fighting hand-to-hand with wild natives, in the north-west region of West Australia, and returning alone on foot to Perth in 1838 so changed by suffering that friends could not recognize him. In May, 1841, Captain Grey arrived as Governor in South Australia, at the age of twenty-nine, and justified his appointment most amply in four years of patient toil by changing a condition of want and discontent, almost of despair, into that of contentment, peaceful industry, and prosperity. Always the champion of the British ideals of freedom, justice, and peace, he had abundant energy and resolution, combined with administrative skill of the highest order.

It was the recognition of these qualities by the Colonial Office that sent Grey in November, 1845, as Governor of the infant colony of New Zealand. It was little more than five years since Captain Hobson, the first Governor, had proclaimed the sovereignty of Queen Victoria over the islands, and it was at a very critical time that the strong, wise man reached the country. The white people, scarcely exceeding 12,000 in number, were scattered in distant settlements, unable to co-operate for defence, and the men were mostly untrained for military service, and had no experience in the use of weapons. These few and feeble folk were face to face with 120,000 natives, the Maori nation, whose warriors had no superiors, of their class, on earth in courage, athletic power, and skill in their own peculiar style of warfare.

An armed struggle with the natives was in progress when Grey landed. The British soldiers had been again and again defeated. One or two more native successes would bring ruin, in the expulsion or the utter destruction of the Europeans. This was the state of affairs with which the new Governor had to deal. It is our business now to show by what methods he turned a position of imminent peril into one of perfect safety, and, reaching the land at a crisis of savage war, left it in perfect peace ; how it was that a condition of bankruptcy became one not only of solvency, but of great prosperity.

Within a few weeks of his arrival the new Governor had partly restored financial order by the judicious use of moneys brought from South Australia, and, in the face of bitter opposition from some of his colleagues, he had, by an Order in Council, stopped the sale of firearms to the Maoris. In regard to the war, Grey took prompt and effective measures. Not all the Maoris were hostile to British rule, and it was clearly incumbent on him to recognize that important fact, and to enlist native aid in behalf of the whites, who were in so small a minority.

There was a brave and loyal chief named Waka Nene, in command of friendly natives, and the Governor at once provided that all his warriors should be regularly fed. He refused to have any dealings with Hone Heke and Kawiti, two principal and recently victorious chiefs, until they sued for forgiveness and peace ; and this bold attitude encouraged the depressed European and the friendly native people. He also proclaimed that all tribes that did not render active assistance, when it was in their power, to the British cause would be treated as hostile.

Within a few days of his landing at Auckland, Grey went to the Bay of Islands, the scene of recent British defeats, where he found the native mind exulting in success as a proof of the superior skill and courage of the Maori race. The forces of the disaffected party had rapidly increased, and an immediate success for British arms was demanded by the state of affairs. Hone Heke, who had recently defeated, with severe loss to the assailants, a British attack on his fortified pah at Ohaewai, had quitted that position with his warriors for a new one with still stronger defences, and so located as to appear impregnable. This fortress was constructed at Ruapekapeka, signifying "The Bat's Nest." Governor Grey determined to do what in him lay to dispel the prevailing delusion as to British and Maori troops.

We must give some description of one of these strongholds, first stating that a model of the one now under notice may be seen in the United Service Museum at Whitehall. This ingenious kind of defensive work varied in shape according to the ground on which it was constructed, but in all cases it was composed of a series of trenches, one within the other, with cross-cuts as connecting passages, giving it something of the appearance of a maze. Until the moment of attack the garrison kept close, for the avoidance of shell-fire, within little dens hollowed out in the sides of the trenches.

More protection from artillery missiles was afforded by trench-roofing made of hurdles of branches and twigs covered over with ferns, and sometimes with additional layers of earth. The eaves of the roofs were supported by posts rising half a foot or more above the edge of the trench, thus enabling the defenders to sweep with bullets the ground in front. In many cases rifle-pits were excavated on the flanks of the main work, with traverses or banks of earth lying across the general course of the trenches, so as to protect the men in the pits from a flanking fire. Lastly, there was often, in front of the whole, a fencework of posts and rails—a kind of stockade—which was of service in checking the rush of stormers.

The Maori defenders of these formidable pahs, which no European engineer could have surpassed for ingenious devices, were generally armed with double-barrelled guns, firing bullets, slugs, or buck-shot, and able to be loaded much more rapidly than the muzzle-loading Enfield rifles then carried by British troops. The fighting was mostly at close quarters, for which the Maori gun was as effective as any rifle, and the warriors were further armed with spears of hard wood and small axes or tomahawks, while the chiefs carried war-clubs of greenstone or jade.

Governor Grey had been reinforced with soldiers from India and China, and within five weeks of his arrival in New Zealand he took 1,100 men, commanded by Sir Everard Home, against the Maori position. The first needful matter, a practicable road to the scene of operations, had been prepared within a fortnight by the troops, so that the men could draw the artillery on carts. The Bat's Nest pah was under the command of Hawiti, who there set up his flag. His ally, Heke, had been wounded in a recent fight with some "friendlies," and was twenty miles away, kept in check by a chieftain in the Governor's employ.

The siege began with a constant artillery fire on the palisades in front of the position. Many sorties, always repulsed, were made by the Maoris, and it was in vain that the wily native commander strove to tempt or provoke the cool courage of the British leaders to premature assault. Ten days passed away before the cannon-fire of the assailants showed any serious effect on the works of the besieged. On the 10th of January, 1846, two small breaches could be seen. The following day was Sunday, and the garrison, who were native Christians, nearly all retired from the works to hold service in a valley at the rear.

A friendly native, hearing the sound of hymn-singing, and noting the silence within the pah, went to tell the Governor and the General, and an immediate assault was made. The works were entered, and the Maoris, rushing back, met the British troops hand-to-hand. As usual, the bayonet won the day, and the native warriors, taken by surprise and outnumbered, were utterly beaten. Sir George Grey would not, of course, have made his attack under such circumstances except for his desire to avoid the far more serious loss of life which must have ensued if the Maoris had been present in full force when their works were assailed. This success cost the victors only twelve men killed and thirty-one wounded. Thus was the Bat's Nest taken, and the power of Hone Heke was brought to an end. The chiefs in the North Island made a general submission, and the war was ended with a pardon to all who had been in arms. Such was the change made in the aspect of New Zealand affairs within two months of Grey's arrival.

Having thus established British credit in the country, the new ruler quickly pacified other parts of the territory by the same skilful and energetic operations, making roads of access to minor strongholds, and capturing them by swift strokes of war. In July, 1846, the most famous of the Maori warriors, the chieftain Rauparaha, was captured by a clever stratagem. He was a dangerous man, who, pretending to be a friend of the white people, was proved by an intercepted letter to be urging on his countrymen against the settlers. After much miscellaneous warfare, on a small scale, in North Island, a general peace was concluded with the chiefs in February, 1848.

The Governor, with an eye to future possible trouble in the district of Auckland, the capital, from the large number of armed natives in the centre of the island, made arrangements with the Colonial Office in London for a supply of discharged soldiers as colonists. In this way four settlements arose, composed of men enrolled for seven years' service as "New Zealand Fencibles." Each of the men had a cottage, with an acre of land, as his own property, and at the end of his term of service he could claim a further five acres. These new colonists, with their wives and children, numbered in a short time

2,000 souls. It was at this time that the Governor received from his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, the well-merited honour of a Knight Commandership of the Bath.

The important settlements of Otago and Canterbury were also founded by Sir George Grey in South Island through the purchase of native lands for £10,000, furnished by the Home Government. Otago was established in 1848 by members of the Free Church of Scotland, and Canterbury arose, at the end of 1850, with the arrival of three ships in Lyttelton Harbour. These vessels had on board emigrants sent out by the Canterbury Association, representing the Church of England. In later days many of the people of the British Isles were to become partakers of the famous "Canterbury lamb," produced on the plains which furnish for sheep the finest pasture in the world.

It was a great thing to have conquered Maori warriors. Sir George felt that it would be a still finer and more beneficent achievement to win the love and esteem of the Maori people. To this work he now addressed himself in a wise, determined, long-sustained, and successful effort to master a knowledge of the language, manners, customs, religion, and modes of thought of the native population. He desired to have the most direct personal communication with themselves on all subjects, that he might fully understand their complaints, and apply remedies which would not wound their feelings or deal harshly with their prejudices.

It was Grey's avowed object to gain the confidence and regard of the Maoris by a patient hearing, at all times and in all places, of a tale of suffering or wrong, and, even if he were unable to render aid, to create a belief, by a kindly reply, that he had a sympathetic feeling for those whom he ruled. He had on many occasions, when he was travelling without an interpreter, been waylaid by some suitor who had come on foot many weary miles to utter a tale of grievance. Sir George had then been compelled to pass on without the power of understanding, and to witness with pain an expression of sorrow and disappointment come over a countenance previously bright with hope in obtaining an opportunity anxiously looked for and at last secured.

It is certain that no ruler ever more fully succeeded in so benevolent an enterprise. The affection of the natives was won. In June, 1848, Government House at Auckland was destroyed by fire, and most of the valuable contents perished, including manuscripts, correspondence, memoranda, and articles of various kinds, many of which no money could replace. The British Parliament expressed due sympathy, and voted money for the redress of Sir George Grey's smallest loss—that of his furniture and plate. In this time of trouble there came a striking demonstration from the Maori workmen employed at the Government quarries, and instructed, by Grey's orders, in skilled work.

These men wrote a letter to their "friend, the Governor": " Salutations to you. Great is our love and sympathy to yourself and Mrs. Grey because your dwelling has been destroyed by fire." They then beg to be employed to furnish stones for a new house, " but there must be no payment given us," and to be allowed to show their skill in the erection of the edifice. " From your loving children. Concluded to our father the Governor."

The wisdom and tact of Sir George, in his great object of conciliating the natives, and enlisting the influence of the chiefs in the service of order and civilization, were never found wanting. Young native chiefs were enrolled in the constabulary, and the heads of the tribes were appointed as magistrates, with fixed pay, in their several districts. Energetic work was done in all parts of the territory in the construction of roads by bands of native workmen. As these needful operations were being carried on, one great chief, a stubborn and prejudiced man, refused to allow highways to be made in his territory. The Governor at once attacked him at a weak point by presenting a horse and carriage to a young and favourite wife of the chieftain, at the same time, with assurances of his friendship, suggesting that the use of the vehicle would be healthy and pleasurable for the lady. The Maori then made a passable road through a region previously inaccessible to wheeled traffic.

The great work of education was not forgotten. Schools for the sons of chiefs were established with endowments for their support. We must now turn to some account of the invaluable aid afforded, in the work of civilizing New Zealand, by the famous Bishop Selwyn. George Augustus Selwyn, born in 1809, a few months before Mr. Gladstone, the coming Premier, was his close friend at Eton and during the rest of his own career. At Cambridge, Selwyn was Second Classic in 1831, and rowed, in 1829, in the first University boat-race. He was also a great pedestrian and swimmer.

In 1842 Selwyn arrived in New Zealand as the first Anglican Bishop in that region, and soon proved how admirably he was fitted for his work. During the lengthy voyage to the Antipodes he studied the difficult Maori language to such purpose that he was able to address the natives in their own tongue. He also mastered the art of navigation. He visited every part of his extensive diocese before undertaking the arduous work of organization. As a Bishop he lived a life of constant strain and hardship. For whole days and nights he was in the saddle as he journeyed through the wilds ; he swam broad rivers, and at sea he manœuvred his yacht as expertly as any professional mariner in the colony.

His devoted labours won the confidence of the natives, but the outbreak of the first Maori War shook his influential position, and in his efforts at conciliation he seemed to lose for a time the trust of both the natives and the colonists. Selwyn was a very determined and outspoken man, and he may thus have given unintended offence, but his noble character, in the end, was duly appreciated. On the battlefield itself he tended the bodily and the spiritual needs of the sick and wounded on both sides, but the natives held the delusion, for some time, that he had come out to fight against them, and long afterwards a Maori pointed to a scar on his leg as having been inflicted by Selwyn's own hand. Before he quitted the scene of his devoted labours the Bishop was respected by the Europeans for his high integrity, and was regarded by the natives as a father.

Governor Grey and Bishop Selwyn, men of like character, both holding the highest ideals of duty, were sure to become firm friends and allies. More than once they traversed the North Island on foot, from Wellington to Auckland, scaling mountains, toiling through forests, making friends with the chiefs, and influencing the tribes in the cause of Christianity and of loyalty to the Queen. Never was there a more happy and beneficent partnership of two men of high intellect and unsurpassed energy in the promotion of civilization among conquered savages. The Governor took counsel with the Bishop concerning the rule of the natives; the Anglican Church in New Zealand owed the original draft of its constitution not to Bishop Selwyn, but to Governor Grey.

Sir George Grey quitted the Colony on the conclusion of his first term of service as Governor, on the last day of the year 1853. He had ruled the country with wisdom and power for eight years. A few months previously a representative constitution had come into action. The natives, whom he had not only subdued by arms, but had rendered willing and loyal subjects of the Crown, teaching them the value of education and industry, order and law, were not slow to testify their affectionate regret for his departure. There was, in fact, an outburst of native poetry and oratory in his praise.

The great Proconsul had not only rescued his countrymen from imminent peril in a strange land, and made profound peace to reign ; he had created a new nation by welding scattered bodies of colonists, living in lawless independence and antagonism, into a single State, with a free and elastic constitution, and with municipal organizations of wide and beneficent powers. The country was making rapid progress, and the European population had grown from about 13,000 to 30,000, while the revenue had increased from below £13,000 to nearly £150,000.

Sir George Grey, on his return to England in 1854, had a remarkable welcome at Oxford, when the University conferred upon him the honorary D.C.L. degree. There, in the Sheldonian Theatre, in presence of a great and distinguished assemblage, the Public Orator, in the usual Latin oration, dwelt on the remarkable merits of the man whom the University had selected for honour. The gownsmen in the gallery listened patiently until the speaker used the word "anthropophagi" (man-eaters), in noting how Sir George had quelled the fierceness and civilized the spirit of the warlike, and formerly cannibal, tribes of New Zealand.

On the instant a joyous tumult arose, when an undergraduate, from his elevated position, started, with stentorian voice, a popular song of the period, "The King of the Cannibal Islands." It was in vain that the Orator, wildly waving his arms, begged for silence. The hundreds of youthful enthusiasts, as they sang, swept away with them most of the audience, who joined in with a roar of delight, and drowned all the rest of the eulogium on the visitor.

It was towards the end of 1861 that Sir George Grey, after a brilliant success as ruler of Cape Colony, went out for the second time as Governor of New Zealand. He arrived, as on the first occasion, at a time of unrest, when a sort of armed truce had followed on a second Maori War arising from disputes concerning the land. In 1863 the struggle was renewed, the hostile natives being well provided with firearms and ammunition. The contest spread all over the country, though 10,000 regular troops, and as many colonial riflemen, were in the field. The British forces often failed in attacks on pahs, and the Governor became engaged in bitter disputes with Generals Cameron and Tuke, whom he regarded as in some measure responsible.

A brilliant success was, however, gained by the British on the 22nd of June, 1864, in the midwinter of New Zealand. The Maoris had constructed, at Te Ranga, in the Auckland province, one of their usual fortifications, which, in this instance, barred an important route to the forces under Colonel Greer. That experienced officer, well used to warfare with the Maoris, determined to clear the way, and advanced with about 600 officers and men of the 43rd and 68th Regiments of Light Infantry and Colonial Militia. He had also a few cavalry and a 6-pounder Armstrong gun, which was kept hidden in the centre of the little column.

The scouts of the enemy were able to give warning, and so prevent the surprise intended by the British commander. He halted his men at about 700 yards from the Maori outwork, 170 yards in length. The main position represented the letter A, with the base facing the British. Along both legs and round the top were deep natural gullies, formed by art into a pah. The cross-bar of the letter was the work just mentioned, not straight, but sloping, being really a line of rifle-pits, 2 feet wide and from 3 to 4 feet deep, partially stockaded in front.

Colonel Greer first sent a company of the 43rd, in skirmishing order, out on his right, to within 200 yards of the Maori left flank, where his cavalry were also drawn up, and the Armstrong was posted on a hillock. As the other troops slowly advanced to the attack, heavy firing came from the pah, and the soldiers were eager for a rush. The commander would not permit this, but caused his advanced men to occupy outflanking positions commanding the rifle-pits, while the gun was moved so as to deliver an enfilading fire. The enemy's position was now so far enclosed that the Maoris could not retreat without severe loss.

At 1.15 p.m. the advance was sounded, with orders to the men to reserve their fire to the utmost. With a loud cheer the men dashed on under rapid and accurate volleys from the foe, who were in greatly superior numbers. The men of the 43rd Regiment had been severely repulsed in the previous month, and were now ready for anything to restore their credit. The attack, in spite of the heavy fire, made good progress, and another Armstrong gun came up. The whole scene was enveloped in smoke, from the midst of which Colonel Greer could hear, on his far right, the incessant crack of the rifles of the 43rd.

He galloped up to that point, and found them making a fine charge with the bayonet. Far in advance of all was Captain F. A. Smith, his sword in his right hand, his revolver in the left, only a dozen yards from the parapet. The captain suddenly fell headlong, and a roar of rage came from his men in the rear, and a cry that he was killed. In a moment he was up again, waving his sword, though a bullet had pierced his body, and, shouting to the men, he sprang on the parapet, stood there for a second, and leapt among the savages in the rifle-pits, cutting down four Maoris as he slashed to right and left.

His revolver cleared off more of his foes, but a blow from a tomahawk knocked him down. In a moment more he was on his feet again, and got his back against the highest part of the work, with his enemies below him. His revolver was now empty, and could not be reloaded. His left hand was smashed by a Maori axe. His sword had been knocked or wrenched away by two Maoris who had crept into his rear, and then a warrior in the pit below, who had been cut down by Smith's last sword stroke, was just able to fire a bullet through the British hero's thigh, from so close a position that the flesh was burned all round the wound.

Captain Smith at last rolled helpless over, down into the pit, where his throat was seized by wounded foes that he had laid low. At this instant his men, with a yell, were over the parapet. Smith was rescued, and the British bayonets, in half a minute, had left nothing alive near him. Meanwhile, in the centre and on the left flank, the 68th men and the Colonial Militia had stormed the rifle-pits, and the Maori warriors fled along the gullies and the swamps in the rear, falling by hundreds under the bullets, and cut down by the sabres of the mounted men in a pursuit of six miles. All the principal Maori leaders in that region were soon either killed or captured, the pah was blown up, and the heroic Smith received the Victoria Cross, which he wore afterwards as Colonel of the 43rd, chief among the victors on the Te Ranga day.

Sir George Grey's real work in New Zealand had been performed during his first term of office as Governor. In the second period he had not a free hand, and his efforts were thwarted by his ministers and by the colonial authorities in London. His chief offence was the military success which he achieved as an example to General Cameron. The Maoris had a strong work at a place called Wereroa, whence they issued in marauding parties. When Cameron refused to undertake the work of capturing the position, asserting that it would require 2,000 more troops than he had with him, or 6,000 in all, the Governor gathered a few hundred men, friendly natives and colonial bushmen called "Forest Rangers," and took command in person. In three days' time he was master of the pah, with the garrison as prisoners of war, and with no loss on his side. This event occurred on the 20th of July, 1865, and was regarded in Downing Street as "subversive of discipline," according to the remonstrance made by Cameron.

It only remains to state that in 1868 the Governor was recalled, and left New Zealand amid an outburst of gratitude and sympathy from those whom he had ruled. At a later day, in 1877, he became Premier of the flourishing colony, of which he had been the real founder, for about two years. In 1894 he came to London, was called to the Privy Council, and graciously received by the Queen at Windsor. This great Englishman died at Kensington on September 20, 1898, and had a public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. His name is for ever associated in high distinction with the history of more than one of our chief colonial possessions.

CHAPTER XVI

CECIL RHODES AND RHODESIA

Rhodes as an Empire-builder—His birth and early life—Out to South Africa—His wealth and health—Travels on the veldt—His aspirations—Illness and restoration—A champion against the Boers—Acquisition of Bechuanaland—Matabeleland—King Lobengula—British treaty with—The Boers excluded—The British occupation—Work of the pioneers—Salisbury founded—Early difficulties—The Matabele war-party—First Matabele war—British columns in the field—Native attacks on laager repulsed—Capture of Buluwayo—Pursuit of Lobengula—Major Forbes' movements—Major Wilson and his men—Attacked by Matabele—Retreat of Major Forbes—Matabele surrender—the Shangani patrol—Heroic resistance to death—The last man—the burial of the skulls—The cool courage of Cecil Rhodes—His death, burial, and monument—The Victoria Falls Bridge opened.

IF ever Englishman could justly claim to be a founder of Empire, it was Cecil John Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, and Managing Director of the British South Africa Company, chartered by the Crown in October, 1889. The avowed objects of this association were the encouragement of colonization, the promotion of trade, and the development and working of mineral and other resources in the regions then known as Matabeleland and Mashonaland, in the south-east of Africa. Mr. Rhodes, we may observe, was the originator and guiding spirit of the Company.

This great colonial and Imperial statesman was born on July 5, 1853, at Bishop-Stortford, in Hertfordshire, being fifth son of the Vicar of that town. In 1870, in feeble health, he went to Natal, where an elder brother was engaged in growing cotton. In the following year, as a successful digger for diamonds at Kimberley, he laid the foundation of his great wealth, and his health was restored by the pure, dry air of the veldt. He was now free to choose his own course in life, and he resolved to return to England and study at Oxford University. Before starting for home, however, he made a lonely journey of eight months' duration in the region north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers.

As he made his way with his ox-waggon, at the rate of about 20 miles a day, observing and meditating, his imaginative mind became filled with vast schemes of ambition on behalf of his country. He dreamed even of the governance of the world by the British race. Stepping down a little from that stupendous height, Rhodes, a man of prudence and resolution, aimed at British predominance in South Africa At the same time he determined to extend, if he could, the region of British sway in that quarter of the world.

At a later day, pointing to a map of Africa, and indicating the territory reaching beyond the Limpopo to the Zambesi, and farther still to the north, he cried, "I want all that coloured red," meaning marked on the map as British. This aspiration was to be fulfilled. On his return to England in 1872 Rhodes entered at Oriel College, Oxford, and was again seriously affected in the lungs by a bad chill caught after rowing. He was sent out again to South Africa by an eminent physician, in whose diary, years afterwards, he saw against his own name the note, "Not six months to live."

The man of science was, happily, mistaken in his sentence of death. The veldt gave the patient restored health, as it had already bestowed riches, which were now increased by various schemes. From 1876 to 1878 Rhodes "kept his terms" at Oxford, spending the Long Vacation in his southern scene of action, and taking his degree in 1881, when he was a member of the Assembly in Cape Colony. It was the year of Majuba, when the Transvaal, after a revolt against British authority, and several small defeats of British forces, was handed back to the Boers as again an almost independent territory. The exultant Dutch party at the Cape were talking of a "United States of South Africa," under Dutch control. At this crisis British interests found a steadfast champion in Mr. Rhodes, who was more than ever resolved on the extension of the range of British power and influence in South Africa.

The first important matter was that of Bechuanaland, the territory lying west of the Transvaal, and commanding the trade-routes northwards to what was then practically the unknown region between the Limpopo and the Zambesi Rivers. In 1884 the British Government assumed a protectorate over Bechuanaland, and a definite border was laid down beyond which the Transvaal was not to extend westwards. At the end of that year Rhodes became a Resident Commissioner in the new British territory, and found that, not only were the Transvaal Boers overrunning the border, but that Bechuanaland had been practically seized by a Boer "commando."

The intervention of Mr. Rhodes caused the despatch of 4,000 men under Sir Charles Warren, including 2,000 irregular cavalry. The Boer forces were at once withdrawn peacefully, and in August, 1885, British Bechuanaland became a Crown Colony, and the Protectorate was defined as the land between the Molopo River on the south and the Zambesi on the north, with an area of over 200,000 square miles. A splendid province was thus added to the Empire, with a population of about 200,000, including the Bamangwato tribe, ruled by the excellent chief named Khama, thoroughly loyal to the British Crown, an enemy of alcoholic liquors, and a friend of education.

This was a good beginning for the great pioneer, but there was far more to come. To the north-east of Bechuanaland lay the regions called Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The Matabele people were a military tribe, akin to the Zulus, and had, early in the nineteenth century, as a division of the Zulu army, migrated westwards and northwards, and conquered the territory which became afterwards the Transvaal, and had then been driven towards the Zambesi by the Boers who migrated from Cape Colony. Mashonaland, to the east of Matabeleland proper, was inhabited by people not physically or morally strong, lowered in character by Matabele tyranny, but good at tillage and native handicraft.

In 1887 it became clear that the Boers of the Transvaal were aiming at Mashonaland, and that the Portuguese were also eager to obtain as much territory there as they could. Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, intervened with effect, and claimed for British influence the territory up to the Zambesi. Most of Matabeleland and Mashonaland had for many years been subject to Lobengula, son and successor of Moselekatse, the original conqueror of the territory. Lobengula was by far the strongest native chieftain south of the Zambesi, and possessed a great disciplined army of warriors. He was a hereditary friend of the British, and now again Mr. Rhodes did good service to the Empire.

He induced Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner for South Africa, to send, as a negotiator to Buluwayo, Lobengula's chief kraal, or capital, an official named Moffat, who had long worked in Matabeleland as a missionary, and was very influential with the King. Lobengula was by him persuaded to seek British intervention against the Boers and the Portuguese, and a treaty was made whereby the Matabele ruler undertook to make no agreement with any foreign power, nor sell or concede any part of his territory, without the sanction of the British Government. In the following year (1889) the South Africa Company, as above recorded, was formed, and Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-directors resolved on a prompt occupation of the territory in which the Company was to work in connexion with the mining-rights conceded by Lobengula.

It was a great and memorable day in the history of the expansion of the Empire when, on the 28th of June, 1890, a body of about 200 chosen pioneers and 500 armed police started northwards from the Macloutse River, a tributary of the Limpopo, and made their way over 400 miles of the gradually rising plateau to Mount Hampden, in Mashonaland. The guide of the expedition was the famous explorer and lion-hunter, Mr. F. C. Selous, who knew the territory better than any other white man.

A route on the east side of Matabeleland was taken, at the desire of the King, in order to avoid all risk of collision with his *indunas*, the commanders of his *impis*, or regiments of young warriors, about 15,000 strong, who were jealous of the presence of white men, and eager to "wash their spears," in the Zulu phrase, and were hard to restrain. The advancing pioneers constructed the "Selous Road," 400 miles long; they bridged streams, made platforms over marshy ground, and established fortified stations at Tuli, Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury, on the way to Mount Hampden. All this was effected without firing a shot. In two years' time the white population of the country reached 3,000.

At Salisbury there was soon a town with many of the signs of civilization—hotels and hospitals, churches and clubs, lawyers and land-agents, stores, newspapers, a race-course, and a sanitary board. The disbanded pioneers pegged off claims in the auriferous quartz districts of Mashonaland. In the very rainy season of 1890-1891 the adventurers suffered much, and many deaths were caused by the lack of medicines and proper food. Then began a dawning of prosperity, and in September, 1891, within a year of the occupation, there were over 10,000 mining-claims allotted in the six goldfields which had been opened. The new-comers were soon destined to have to assert possession of the territory, not merely by concession from its ruler of a British protectorate and right of occupation, but by force of arms.

The young Matabele warriors continued their raids on the Mashonas who were in the employ of the British settlers, and on Sunday, the 9th of July, 1893, a Matabele war-party killed several native labourers close to the town of Victoria. Dr. Jameson, the administrator of the Company's territory, met with defiance when he had an interview with the Matabele leaders, and some hundreds of their warriors were then attacked and dispersed by a party of the mounted police. Lobengula, probably under pressure from his warlike subjects, refused to comply with British demands, and war became inevitable.

Several small columns of the Company's forces, with the Border Police, who were Imperial troops, about 1,100 white men in all, mounted and armed with rifles, and provided with Maxims and some field-pieces, started from Tuli, Victoria, and Salisbury, for a converging march on Buluwayo, the Matabele capital. About 600 natives employed as servants, waggoners, and scouts accompanied the fighting force, which had ox-waggons for the food-stores and ammunition. The vehicles, with the help of a thorn-fence, could be employed in making a "laager" to resist the rush of superior numbers of the enemy. About half of the Matabele warriors had rifles, with which they fired far too high for effect; the rest carried only the native weapons—the spear, the club, and the hide-covered shield.

Almost all the fighting fell to the share of the Salisbury and Victoria columns, united under the command of Major Forbes, under whom Major Allan Wilson served. On the 17th of October, 1893, they began their march along the high ground forming the watershed between the Zambesi and Limpopo Rivers. The route lay through a country well watered by streams, generally over open glades and high downs, though sometimes a track had to be cut through the bush. On the night of the 24th the invading force camped near the head-waters of the Shangani River.

The Victoria and Salisbury contingents lay close together in separate laagers formed with the waggons, and connected by parallel thorn-hedges, inside which the oxen and horses were picketed. The guns were placed in openings of the laagers left for the purpose, and pickets of white volunteers and natives were outside the laagers in every direction. Just before daybreak the Matabele warriors, about 6,000 strong, "rushed" the pickets. Major Forbes wrote: "At five minutes to four we were suddenly awakened by quick firing, and realized that the enemy were upon us. The waggons were manned immediately, and fire was opened all round the laager. It was too dark at first to see the natives, but their position was shown by the flashes that came from the grass all round, very close and frequent."

The pickets mostly got safe inside the laagers, though one officer of the native scouts was wounded in the arm and side, and had a thumb shot off. His people had been awoke by "finding the Matabele right among them, and stabbing them." The first attack ended before day-break, and when it was light firing began again, but the enemy were driven into the bush by rifle-bullets and shell. It was observed that when the larger shells burst the Matabele fired their rifles at them, as if at a living foe.

The white troops had one man killed and six wounded; forty or fifty of the natives with the British were killed or wounded, partly when the pickets were "rushed." The Matabele lost many scores of men. They retreated on Buluwayo, keeping now in front, now in flank, of the British column. On the evening of the 26th a scouting-party was nearly cut off by them, and Captain Williams, the commander, lost his life through his horse "bolting" and carrying him into the midst of the enemy.

On the evening of the 31st of October the column was at a point about twenty miles east of Buluwayo, and on the following day the Matabele made a last fight to save their capital. The British laager was formed on a spur of the hills, with a stretch of open ground between it and the bush. There some thousands of the enemy were seen in motion to surround the camp and make an attack. When a 7-pounder gun was fired, they broke cover and rushed in dense masses, firing as they came on, against the north and east sides of the laager.

Swept down by the fire of rifles and Maxims, and by the shells of the two guns bursting in their midst, the Matabele could scarcely get within 300 yards of the waggons, and in about forty minutes they slowly retired. The victory cost the whites three killed and seven wounded; hundreds of the enemy fell. On the 4th of November Buluwayo was quietly occupied, being mostly ruined by fire, as Lobengula had ordered when he fled to the north. During the course of these events the

Bechuanaland Border Police and the Tuli column, about 450 men in all, united under Colonel Goold Adams, had rendered great service by drawing towards them about 8,000 of Lobengula's warriors. There was no serious fighting on his march, and on the 15th of November he reached Buluwayo.

The Matabele people now seemed to desire peace, but the King at first refused to surrender, and a body of mounted men under Major Forbes was sent out in pursuit. They were forced to retire, from want of stores, when they were, as was afterwards found, within three miles of Lobengula's place of retreat. The King was now really ready to submit, and he had sent off two messengers to the British commander, with a present of gold and a letter asking for terms. The gold was stolen and the letter intercepted and suppressed by two troopers of the Border Police.

This criminal conduct, rare enough in a British force, drove the King and his bodyguard to a desperate further effort, and caused the loss of many valuable lives. The pursuers, following the tracks made by the wheels of Lobengula's three waggons, arrived on the 3rd of December at a native camp, recently abandoned, near the Shan gani River. A captured Matabele stated that the King and his escort had slept there on the previous night, and that he was, in fact, near at hand. Major Forbes, as it was now 5 p.m., resolved to camp for the night, but he sent forward a patrol—fifteen officers and men—under Major Allan Wilson.

It was now the South African midsummer, and Forbes hoped that Wilson, by a swift advance, could find out Lobengula's last place of rest, and be back before dark to camp. Late in the evening two of the patrol returned with a message from Wilson that he had crossed the Shangani and ascertained the King's position; he would, therefore, spend the night near Lobengula's bivouac. Still later three troopers came in from Wilson to warn Major Forbes that the enemy were in considerable force, and meant to surround and attack his camp.

In the dark, Major Wilson, coming close to the King's place of rest, had shouted out to the natives that he meant no harm, and only wished to speak to their master. The Matabele then, in large numbers, came crowding round the little party, and Wilson and his men rode back half a mile and halted for the night. Forbes, on receiving Wilson's last message, sent off Captain Borrow and about twenty troopers to his aid, with a message that on the morrow he would join him with the rest of the column and the Maxims. Borrow's party reached Wilson without seeing any of the Matabele.

On the 4th of December, at dawn, Forbes started for the Shangani ford, and at once heard from beyond the river the sound of firing. Shortly after a heavy fire was opened on his men from the dense bush on the left. The party halted to reply with Maxims and rifles, and after a fight in which a few men were wounded, the enemy's fire ceased, and Forbes and his men drew nearer the river. While the firing went on, three men from Wilson's party—an American scout and two troopers—joined Forbes by swimming their horses across the river, and the American startled his comrades by the words: "I think I may say that we are the last survivors of that party."

The story told was a terrible one, yet full of glory for brave Britons. At dawn of that day Wilson and his patrol, riding up to the King's camp, and again calling out for Lobengula, had been received with rifle-fire, which they returned. They retreated before overwhelming numbers, and when they were nearly surrounded Major Wilson sent off the three men, as the best mounted, to

Forbes for help. The American and his comrades, making for the ford, had to dash through a mass of the enemy, who had already cut off Wilson from his only chance of safety.

The surrounding of the Shangani patrol was due to the facts that several of the troopers were dismounted, as their horses had been shot; the other steeds were tired out; and the several wounded and the dismounted men could not, come what might, be abandoned. Major Forbes was in the terrible position for a brave man of being helpless while comrades were being done to death. The river had become swollen during the night through heavy rains, and he could not get his Maxims across. His own force was small, and if he took the troopers, supposing it were possible, over the deep rushing stream, he would only throw away more lives to no purpose.

He could only stay on his side of the river, in the hope that it might fall, and make way for his machine-guns, or that some of Wilson's party might get down to the river-bank within their range. On the next day he was forced to abandon all hope, and he retreated, sending on a message to Buluwayo for a column of relief. He was already short of supplies, and his men, as they retired, had to kill and eat the horses, except a few retained for the use of the sick and wounded.

There was fighting at first with enemies on the flanks and rear, and the constant rain made the ground so deep and difficult that most of the baggage and the very carriages of the guns were left behind. The force was in a terrible plight when the relief column was met about forty miles north of Buluwayo. In January, 1894, another patrol of 180 men and two Maxims, under Colonel Goold Adams, started for the Shangani, but was soon stopped by the heavy rains.

Early in February two white traders, well known to

Lobengula from long residence in his capital—James Dawson, a Scot, and Patrick Riley, an Irishman—volunteered for the dangerous task, which no native could be induced to undertake, of carrying a message to the Matabele King. Travelling in a small cart, without any escort, they reached the Shangani in the middle of February. They were helped by their knowledge of the native language, and were not attacked.

They learned that Lobengula was dead, that many of his people had perished, and that most of the survivors had been down with fever from exposure to the rains and lack of proper food. They were quite ready to surrender, but dreaded death in revenge for their slaughter of Wilson and his men. When they received due assurance on this point from the white envoys, they laid down their weapons, and Matabeleland was then so safe that white men could ride unarmed through the wildest parts of the territory.

The story of the Shangani patrol was now, through the Matabele chiefs who related it to Dawson and Riley, told to an admiring Empire. Cut off, as we have stated, and surrounded by hundreds of dusky warriors, the white men stood and fought in a little group on and around a big ant-hill, defying death in the passion and pride of heroic resolve. One by one these Britons fell, answering the heavy fire poured in from the bush on all sides with a steady discharge of rifles and revolvers to meet every rush. When a man was disabled from standing, he lay down, and, if he could, he fired still from his prone position, or handed up his ammunition to his comrades.

At last all were slain, or so severely wounded that they could fire no more, with the exception of one big man, who, in the words of a Matabele chieftain who was present, "would not die." Gathering round him a number of the weapons dropped by his dead comrades, and plenty of ammunition, he slew a number of his assailants. The Matabele thought he was a wizard who could not be killed or worn out, though they could see the blood streaming from his wounds.

They seemed awe-struck by the splendid Briton as he picked up weapon after weapon and shot all round him with wonderful aim—in front, to each flank, and over his shoulders—whenever a foeman approached him out of the bush. Shot at last in the hip, he dropped down, and fired on as he sat. The fight was only ended by his exhaustion from loss of blood, and his last breath passed away in the stabbing of assegais. The thirty-four men of the Shangani patrol had slain nearly 400 of the enemy. The Matabele chiefs were full of admiration for the heroes who had proved that, without Maxims, the white men could fight nobly. The brave old Umjan, chief in command of Lobengula's royal *impi*, or regiment, cried : " Men of men they were, whose fathers were men of men before them."

Matabeleland was conquered, and the natives were glad to surrender, " that they might sleep," their phrase for being free from care. The remains of the men who fell by the Shangani were disinterred, and the skulls—most of them pierced by bullets—were buried in consecrated ground near some stately ruins due to an unknown religion and civilization. There they lie, on a bare, rocky mound, amidst dense tropical bush and flowering trees, with a granite monolith raised by Cecil Rhodes in their honour. These brave builders of Empire are for ever enshrined in the memories of all their countrymen worthy of the name of Britons.

We must pass over all details of the Matabele rebellion which broke out early in 1896, and was suppressed, after a contest lasting for several months, by a force of 5,000 men headed by Sir Frederick Carrington. The conclusion of peace showed the founder of Rhodesia as the worthy compatriot, in coolness and courage, of his fighting countrymen. Among his many gifts was an extraordinary power of winning the affection and confidence of the natives in South Africa. He employed no white servants, but all were native youths, many of whom came from Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The time came when this influence over the minds and feelings of the natives was used with excellent effect in public matters.

Towards the end of August, 1896, when the Matabele rebels had been severely defeated in an action fought among the wild Matoppo Hills, the scouts brought in as a prisoner a woman who proved to be the wife of the chief named Inyanda. Through her, communication under the white flag was opened with the chiefs, and Mr. Rhodes, who had gone into the hills unarmed, and with only three attendants, trusting to the word of the Matabele, had an interview with Inyanda and some other leaders. The result of this meeting was an armistice, followed by some other conferences, and the conclusion of peace in the following October. Mr. Rhodes' action had, in fact, put an end to the rebellion in its main stronghold.

The South African statesman did not survive the conclusion of the Boer War, during which he played a most effective part in the defence of Kimberley. He lived long enough to see victory assured for the British arms, but died at his Cape Town residence on the 26th of March, 1902. The body lay in state at the Houses of Parliament, the coffin being adorned with wreaths sent by Queen Alexandra, Dr. Jameson, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Milner, amidst hundreds of such testimonies of grief and regard. It was then borne to the cathedral on the carriage of "Long Cecil," the gun which was manufactured at Kimberley during the siege, and there did good work against the enemy. A most impressive service was conducted by the Archbishop of Cape Town, followed a few days later by a memorial service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The great man's remains were finally and most fitly laid on a huge, steep, stony kopje among the Matoppo Hills, in a grave cut a yard deep into the solid rock. Many chiefs stood around, with about 2,000 natives, saying among themselves: "My father is dead." The Bishop of Mashonaland read the service, and said: "I consecrate this place for ever as his grave." The spot is about ten miles within the recesses of the hills, where are forests and high waving grass, taking in the winter hues of crimson and of gold such as are rarely seen in South Africa. A few huge monoliths, stained with green and orange lichen, stand around the tomb like a Druidical circle.

Cecil Rhodes' countrymen could not but regret that he did not live to witness the extension, far beyond the Zambesi, of his great scheme—the "Cape to Cairo Railway." In October, 1902, about seven months after his death, a line connecting Salisbury with Buluwayo (301 miles) was completed. Rapid progress was then made northwards from Buluwayo, and on the 25th of April, 1904, the railway was finished as far as the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi (282 miles). In less than a year the great river, at that point of grand scenery in rock and cascade which surpasses even the glories of Niagara, was spanned by the highest bridge in the world.

This fine structure passes over the gorges at the Falls at 420 feet above the level of the water, with a length of 650 feet and a width of 30 feet. It was on the 1st of April, 1905, that the two pieces of engineering work were linked up, and on the 12th of September, in the same year, the ceremony of opening took place. Many members of the British Association, headed by the President, Sir George H. Darwin, K.C.B., were visiting South Africa, and Sir George formally opened the bridge with a happy allusion to the prophetic words of his great-grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, written in 1785:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Urge the slow barge and draw the flying car."

The day was the fifteenth anniversary of the occupation of Mashonaland. Early in 1906 the railway had advanced over 200 miles northwards from the Falls, and the telegraph-line had reached Ujiji, about 3,250 miles from the Cape. The great bridge may well be regarded as a monument to the man who was instrumental in adding to the British Empire, in Southern and Northern Rhodesia, an area of about 750,000 square miles.

CHAPTER XVII

FRANCE IN ALGERIA

Description of Algeria—The peoples—Origin of war—Outbreak of hostilities—the French expedition—First fighting—Capture of Algiers—Release of Christian captives—Turkish divisions of the country—General Clausel in command—His recall—Abd-el-Kadr in the field—His early exploit—Formation of Zouave corps by French—Count d'Erlon as Governor—Defeat of French by Abd-el-Kadr—Arab cruelty—D'Erlon recalled—Clausel as Governor—He captures Maskara—Abd-el-Kadr again successful—Then defeated in field by Bugeaud—Clausel marches on Constantine—Strong position of city—His failure and recall—Abd-el-Kadr near Algiers—General Damrémont in command—Marches for Constantine—Killed before walls—General Valée storms the place—Appointed Governor—French victorious over Abd-el-Kadr—His harassing guerilla warfare—Bugeaud made Governor.

THE occupation of the great territory of Algeria by France — a very long and very costly operation, both in lives and money—is an instance of pioneering on the grandest scale—that of conquest by the use of great military forces. The country has over 700 miles of coast-line between Morocco and Tunis, with a breadth inland of 180 to 250 miles, bounded by desert. If we take the 30th parallel of north latitude as the southern limit, the area exceeds 250,000 square miles, or is, in other words, about five times the size of England. The territory contains three distinct regions. The northern, called the *Tell*, is somewhat larger than England, and is generally mountainous, with fruitful valleys intersecting the hills. In some parts a fertile plain lies between the hills and the sea, as the Plain of Oran, and the Metidja, to the south of Algiers. This part of the country has an average breadth of fifty miles.

South of the Tell lies the central region of mountainous plateaux, rich in spring with a sudden growth of long grass and aromatic herbage, much relished by the numerous herds of cattle. This district is bounded on the south by a chain of mountains reaching, in one peak, a height of 7,500 feet. Southwards, again, comes the third division, the Algerian Sahara, equal in area to the two others combined, and consisting partly of sandy dunes always barren, partly of land producing herbage after rain. Around the wells are many oases. At the time when the French became involved in war the population may have been about 3,000,000. The Arabs of various tribes were, perhaps, 1,500,000; the Kabyles, or Berbers, over 1,000,000; and the Arabs of the towns, the Moors, and the Jews, over 250,000.

The country Arabs were either nomads in the southern territory, rearing cattle, or tillers and cattle-breeders in the Tell. The Moors of the towns and villages on or near the coast were a mixed stock of the ancient Mauritanian and Berber races. The true Berbers, the famous Kabyles of Franco-Algerian warfare, mainly dwelt in the mountainous parts of the eastern region. These determined people, mostly fighters on foot, are descended from the old Numidians of Roman times, and differ in person and in language from the Arabs. These descendants of the seventh-century conquerors of the land fight on horseback. The bond of union between these two chief races is that of religion, both being devotees of Islâm.

It was the insolent behaviour of an Algerian "Dey," the man ruling in a city which had for ages been a den of pirates, which brought France into collision with Algeria. The tremendous chastisement inflicted in 1816 by the British fleet under Lord Exmouth is well known, but it was France that had the honour of abolishing the evil work of Algerian pirates in the Mediterranean. In 1826 the Dey of Algiers, Hussein, had made himself obnoxious to the French Government by acts of plunder at sea, including the seizure of vessels protected by the French flag, and by other hostile proceedings. In April, 1827, at a State audience, in presence of the Consular body, he insulted M. Deval, the French Consul, by violent reproaches, following this up by a blow in the face with his fan. Lands near Bona, belonging to French merchants engaged in the coral trade, were seized, and their buildings destroyed, and the Dey, as if suffering from madness, then declared war against France.

The prompt answer to this defiance was the dispatch of French men-of-war, which drove the Algerian fleet under the guns of the capital, and blockaded the port. Political unrest, under Charles X., who was ultimately deposed, existed in France at this time, and hence the delay which occurred in taking a decisive course. Further gross provocation came in June, 1829, when three small French craft of the blockading fleet were cast ashore by a heavy sea, and some scores of troops and sailors were massacred by a host of Arabs. The Dey defied French envoys who were sent, and one of the vessels which bore them was fired on by the Algerines as she left the port, in spite of the flag of truce flying at the masthead. The Dey did, indeed, disclaim this outrage by dismissing the commander of the Mole batteries and giving the bastinado to the gunners, but this reparation, such as it was, came too late.

Unanimous public opinion in France demanded strong measures, and the ultimate issue was the conquest of

Algeria. In May, 1830, a fleet of eleven ships of the line, twenty-four frigates, forty-one smaller craft, and 357 transports, carrying 27,000 sailors, 37,600 soldiers, and 4,000 horses, set sail from Toulon under Admiral Duperré, a man who had risen to the highest grade from that of a sailor before the mast. Lieutenant-General Bourmont was in command of the troops; the chief engineer, Valazé, had served against the Spaniards in the Peninsular War at Saragossa. Among the minor officers were five future Marshals of France—Baraguey d'Hilliers, Vaillant, Pélissier, Magnan, and MacMahon—and other men that were then or afterwards famous, such as Changarnier and La Moricière. The army comprised sixteen regiments of light infantry, a few squadrons of chasseurs, and 183 field-guns and siege-cannon.

The force here described looks very formidable, and it was efficient; but the French nation had no idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken. They knew little of the country and the people. They would have been amazed to learn that a complex struggle extending over more than thirty years was about to begin—a warfare destined to form a whole new school of officers and men—a contest which was to cost many thousands of lives and £150,000,000 before France acquired a new province across the Mediterranean. Above all, the European invaders of northern Africa knew nothing of the existence of the Arab champion, Abd-el-Kadr, one of the noblest characters of modern history, a model of the highest form of Moslem chivalry, worthy to be compared with Saladin in courage and ability.

The reduction of the city of Algiers was an easy business for such a force as was sent against it. The troops were disembarked 5 leagues to the west, on the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch, between two deep bays well suited for the anchorage of the fleet. The Algerian forces, exceeding

40,000 men, were on the coast to the east of the city, under the brave but incapable Ibrahim, son-in-law of the Dey. On the 19th of June over 30,000 of the enemy, mounted men armed with muskets, attacked the French entrenched position, but they were vigorously repulsed, and Bourmont's counter-assault on the Algerians drove the foe off in rout to Algiers. Inside the city an excited mob, on news of the defeat, cried for the Dey's deposition and death. Hussein, safe in his citadel-palace, the Kasbah, an ancient fortress 500 feet above the sea-level, would have beheaded his luckless commander but for the intervention of his own daughter, the wife of Ibrahim.

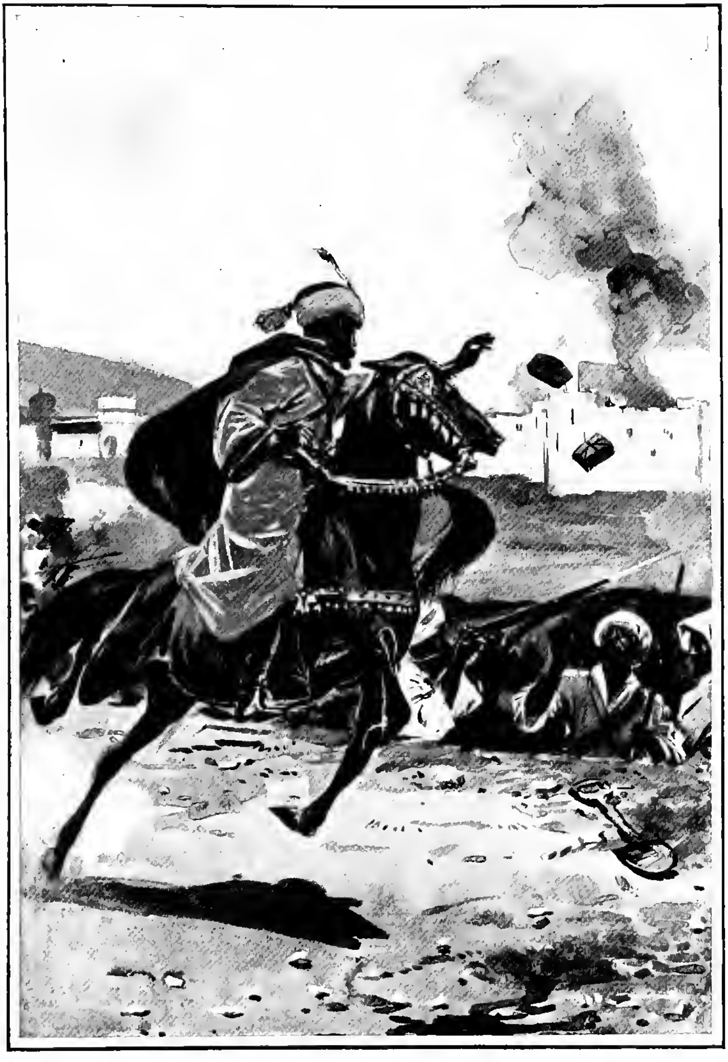
The Algerian troops were now massed under the city walls in great strength, and detached parties made frequent attacks on the French, who were waiting the arrival of their heavy siege-guns in slow-sailing transports. On the 24th of June the siege-train was landed, and the march to Algiers began. There was some sharp fighting on the road, and trouble arose from the lack of guides and maps, rugged ground, hedges of aloe, and the mirage in the Metidja Plain, which counterfeited the sea, and caused a wrongful change of route. On the 29th the invading army mounted the heights commanding the rear of the city, and beheld on the horizon their fleet moving up for the attack by sea.

On the land side the defences were weak, consisting only of a single wall with some detached forts. The French opened siege-trenches and mounted guns under a constant fire, while the fleet bombarded and destroyed batteries on the front. On the 4th of July the siege-guns quickly silenced the fire of the fort called "The Emperor's Castle," from being on the site of Charles V.'s head-quarters in his siege of 1541. The garrison fled into the city; an explosion opened a great breach; and the French flag was quickly flying from the castle. The populace, excited and alarmed, forced the Dey to surrender, and he left for Leghorn on a French frigate.

The entrance of the French army on the 5th of July set free 122 Christian slaves, one of whom, a native of Toulon, had been in misery since 1802. Some of the captives were mentally deranged; some were totally blind; most were thin and haggard from suffering. Thus the Cross finally triumphed over the Crescent in the chief stronghold of the corsairs. The value of nearly £2,000,000 found in the Dey's treasury in gold and silver went to France. About £200,000 worth of current coined money was kept for the use of the army. Great quantities of stores of various kinds were also taken. In twenty days from the opening of the campaign Moslem power in the city of Algiers had been laid prostrate, but this was only a beginning.

Algeria was found to be divided into four *beyliks*, or provinces—Algiers to the north, Constantine to the east, Oran to the west, and Tittery in the centre, this last alone not bearing the name of its capital, Medeah. There were no regular lines of communication—no roads or bridges connecting the four cities. The last traces of the old Roman roads had long been overgrown with trees and brushwood. Turkish rule had been confined to the chief towns and a few strategical positions, and a large part of the people—the Kabyles of the mountains and the Arabs of the south—were wholly independent. Most of the people in the north and centre had merely paid tribute to the Turkish Government, and comprised a number of tribes, subdivided again into *douairs*, or little groups of inseparable families. Each tribe was a kind of sovereign State, connected with the others only by ties of blood, language, and religious faith.

The Turks were hated by all, as conquerors and oppressors, and their Christian successors were now, by long



Abd-el-Kader's Bravery

"Cowards!" he cried, when none of his men would expose themselves, "give me the cartridges." He then rode over the plain and flung the ammunition into the ditch, bade the men stand firm, and dashed back unhurt.

and bitter experience, to find the necessity for an entirely new system of warfare against enemies united by the strong bond of religious fanaticism. The French commanders at first engaged had little success when the forces moved towards the interior. General Bourmont, in July, was driven from Blidah, at the foot of the Lower Atlas, by fierce attacks of hill-Arabs. The "revolution of July" in Paris, when the Duke of Orléans, as Louis Philippe, replaced the exiled Charles X., led to the recall of Bourmont, and his replacing by General Clausel, an officer of considerable distinction in the Peninsular War. In Algeria, Clausel was a comparative failure, both as a commander and an administrator. He reorganized the army, captured Medeah in November, 1830, and was soon recalled through disputes arising with the new French government.

It was in May, 1832, that Abd-el-Kadr first encountered the French. The Arabs had been attacking a strong post to the south of the city of Oran. When he arrived with a mixed body of cavalry and infantry, he sent his foot-soldiers into the ditch of the fort to keep up a constant fire on the ramparts, while he held his horsemen ready against a sortie. The Arabs, staggered by the French shot and shell, were only kept to the work by their leader's courageous demeanour and cheering words. News came that the men in the ditch had expended all their ammunition, and that no man would expose himself to supply them. "Cowards!" cried Abd-el-Kadr; "give me the cartridges!" He then wrapped them up in the folds of his scarlet burnous, rode singly over the plain, flung the cartridges into the ditch, bade the men stand firm, and dashed back unhurt to his post.

By this and other acts of daring he won marvellous influence over his followers, and became one of the most formidable opponents ever encountered by Frenchmen.

In November, 1832, he was chosen "Sultan," and delivered in the Mosque at Maskara an oration of fiery eloquence proclaiming the "Djehad," or Holy War, against the infidels. The French governors, on their side, created the famous corps of Zouaves, light infantry clad in a distinctive dress—the red fez, short jacket, and wide Turkish trousers. At first they were all warlike mountaineers of the country, commanded by Colonels La Moricière and Cavaignac, under whom they won great distinction in conflicts with the Arabs of the south.

In course of time the regiments included adventurers from many European countries, eager to serve in a body of troops renowned for headlong courage in attack, boldness and self-reliance in face of every peril. The native element grew less and less, and after the year 1840 the Zouaves became almost wholly French troops, wearing the native uniform as at first adopted, and recruited from veterans of the infantry of the line distinguished by fine physical qualities and by tried courage.

In June, 1835, when Count d'Erlon was the French Governor, Abd-el-Kadr gained one of his chief successes at the River Makta. A French column, under General Trézel, composed of 5,000 infantry and a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, with four mountain-guns, a small train of provision-waggons, and the usual ambulance service, were furiously attacked by the Sultan and his mounted Arabs, in front and flank, in a wood. The sudden onset, the thickness of the forest, and the undulating ground, tending to conceal the enemy's real numbers, soon shook the steadiness of the French troops. It was in vain that changes of formation were tried—the rear battalion being closed up, the centre compacted, and the cavalry thrown forward on all sides. The whole body was flung into confusion, the cavalry were driven in, and the infantry and artillery could only fire at random.

The attack of the Arabs was for a time suspended, as it was only Abd-el-Kadr's rear-guard that was present. Then the Frenchmen fell on their provision-waggons, staved in the wine-casks, and made a hasty and ravenous meal. Some kind of order was restored by the exertions of the officers, and the march being resumed, the little army encamped at sunset, in a solid square, on the banks of a river. In the morning the Arab leader came up with his main body, and seizing the line of communication with Oran, on which Trézel was retreating, he occupied a defile in advance near the River Makta. About mid-day the Frenchmen, after a toilsome march across a plain in which they were constantly harassed by Arab horsemen, entered the defile and were entrapped.

The slopes on each side were bristling with armed men. As the French troops advanced, huge pieces of rock were hurled down upon them. Two hours were spent by the skirmishers in bravely but slowly opening a way, and Abd-el-Kadr with his whole force closed in upon the column in the rear. The rear-guard pushed hurriedly to the front. Part of the artillery took ground to the right, and were swamped in a marsh. The gunners cut the traces of the horses, mounted them, and fled; regiments were mingled together; companies and sections rushed this way and that, seeking to escape.

The exulting Arabs, luckily for some of their enemies, wasted time in plundering and in slaying the wounded, and let many Frenchmen get away into nooks and corners. Many men, plunging into the Makta for escape by swimming, were carried away by the stream and drowned. As an organized force, the French column was annihilated, and only fragments of helpless fugitives, as night drew on, made their escape to the nearest fortified French town.

During the night the defile presented a strange and terrible scene, as the Arabs, amid the glare of torches, with shouts of joy, revelled in plunder and in the carnage which they had made. At one point a pile was seen growing up like a pyramid under the work of busy hands. When the task was done, some hundreds of heads of Frenchmen were displayed. It was about midnight when Abd-el-Kadr, who had been directing operations in front, rode to the spot and viewed the ghastly trophy with horror. Throughout the whole war he was distinguished by his humanity, and he fulfilled the vow which he now made in his own heart, that this should be the last of such barbarities.

The terrible disaster of the Makta enraged and horrified the French nation. D'Erlon was recalled, and Trézel was replaced by General d'Arlanges. Marshal Clausel was again sent out, now as Governor-General, and, reaching Algiers in August, 1835, he issued a pompous proclamation, with a map portioning out Algeria into *beylicks*, or provinces, under native governors named, as though Abd-el-Kadr, the victor of the Makta, the Sultan of Maskara, did not exist. Clausel at first had some successes. In November he took the field, from Oran, with 12,000 men, and was met, near Maskara, by the Sultan, who commanded 8,000 cavalry, 2,000 foot, and four guns. The excellent tactics of the French leader, the French shells and rockets, and superior discipline, won the day, and Clausel, early in December, entered the city.

Abd-el-Kadr, however, was quickly at the head of 6,000 horsemen, and, attacking the French, had much the better of ten days' continuous fighting by avoiding regular battle and seizing and defending every point of vantage presented by hills and ravines, rocks and rivers. Clausel was harassed in his retreat up to the very gate of Oran, and then he took ship for Algiers, where he tried to save his credit by a proclamation that the war was over, and that "Abd-el-Kadr, utterly beaten, had fled to the Sahara." If this were so, it was a strange fact that the Sultan, in April, 1836, swept down on General d'Arlanges near the Tafna, and drove back his force of 3,000 men and eight guns. In June General Bugeaud, with a fresh force, completely defeated the Sultan in a long and desperate battle, but the Arab leader, again trying guerilla warfare, moved about rapidly in all directions, cutting off convoys, and reducing the French at Oran and other points to extremities for food.

In November, Clausel, returning from a brief absence in France, and eager to re-gild his tarnished reputation, marched against Constantine, in the eastern province. This place, the "Cirta" of ancient Roman days in Numidia, the capital of Syphax and Masinissa, had been found "a hard nut to crack" by the conquerors in the Jugurthine War. Clausel, trusting to a statement that the city would at once surrender to a French force, set out with only 7,000 men and fourteen mountain-guns. The troops carried only fifteen days' rations, half in their own haversacks. The weather was a mixture of stormy winds, heavy rains, and icy cold in the higher ground. The mountain-streams had become raging torrents, the paths were broken up, the soldiers had to bivouac without fire to cook their food.

When the French troops, after thirteen days of toil and trouble, arrived before the key of Eastern Algeria, they beheld a most formidable stronghold on a quadrilateral plateau rising to a height of about 2,000 feet on the north-east and over 600 feet on the south-west. On all sides but one are deep, wide ravines, with peaked rocks, at the foot of which runs the swift River Rummel, in some places dashing down in cascades, in others burying its waters in huge caverns, to emerge to light farther on. On the south side alone is there any natural approach to Constantine, where the rocky peninsula is joined by an isthmus to the main country; on the west the ravine is crossed by the beautiful old Moorish bridge El Kantarah.

The French Marshal found no signs of submission. The Pasha, an old Turk who, on the capture of Algiers, had set up for himself under the Sultan at Constantinople, was in the field with a large body of horsemen. Clausel had no siege-guns, and, with only 3,000 effective troops in hand, he only made an immediate assault because supplies were scanty. Both attacks, on the isthmus side and at the El Kantarah gate, were repulsed. Retreat began, and, after a campaign of three weeks, the army was at Bona, having lost 2,000 men in killed and wounded and by deaths from disease and fatigue.

In February, 1837, Clausel was recalled, to be succeeded as Governor by General Damrémont, at a critical time for French fortunes in Algeria. The failure at Constantine was followed by a swoop of Abd-el-Kadr, at the head of his Arabs and Kabyles, on the Metidja Plain, carrying destruction and dismay to the very gates of Algiers. Damrémont, however, a man who had served in the country since 1831, and was of resolute and energetic character, full of forethought for the welfare of his troops, and possessing their full confidence, was determined to capture Constantine. No means that could assure success were neglected.

On the 1st of October, 1837, he quitted Bona at the head of 10,000 infantry, with sixteen field-guns, seventeen heavy siege-cannon, and ample supplies of stores. Ten companies of engineers were under General Valée, the commander of the artillery, and the Duc de Nemours, a son of King Louis Philippe, led a brigade of Zouaves. When the force, after six days' march, arrived at the Rummel, the walls of Constantine were covered with men waving great crimson flags, while the women on the flat roofs of the houses yelled defiance at the foe. In six days a practicable breach was made at the isthmus side of the walls, and Damrémont, on the morning of the 12th of October, drew near to reconnoitre. He was shot dead by one of the enemy's sharpshooters at the moment when the Duc de Nemours was protesting against his rashness.

General Valée, succeeding to the command, kept up a fierce bombardment all day, and posted his columns of attack during the night, each composed of 500 men, with a reserve of 400. The first assaulting-party, chiefly of Zouaves, was led by Colonel La Moricière. These men, fifty by fifty, made the first rush. An inner wall was blown down by an explosion from the inside, burying many of the assailants, but a way was opened for the rest. The second column went on at a run, but was checked by a second and more fatal explosion, and the cry of "Retire! the whole ground is mined!" arose. At this moment a young captain, St. Arnaud (afterwards Marshal commanding in the Crimea), dashed to the front, rallied the men, and led them on. After fierce fighting in the streets the place was taken, and the French had thus a strong position in the eastern province. Valée became Marshal of France and Governor-General of Algeria.

Abd-el-Kadr, however, again carried war through the plains up to Algiers, and a new effort became needful. Strong reinforcements arrived from France, and Valée took the field at the head of 30,000 men in April, 1840. The Sultan headed about that number of cavalry, with about 6,000 regular infantry, and a fair trial of strength soon came between the Arab and the Frenchman. The Arab leader, by a feigned movement, led his foe to enter the mountains by some gorges which he had spent months in fortifying. Every eminence useful for the purpose was cut into entrenchments. The highest peak was crowned by a redoubt armed with heavy guns. Near this were placed his regular infantry, with French deserters as officers. Arabs and Kabyles swarmed in all directions, and, crouching in nooks, were ready to open fire on the French army as it wound its way with steady march along the narrow causeway hanging midway on the slopes of the mountain. It seemed as if the Frenchmen were again entering a trap.

Valée had divided his force into three columns, one consisting of Zouaves led by La Moricière, while Changarnier headed the 2nd Light Infantry. Abd-el-Kadr was now to learn the value of French troops properly commanded. To the astonishment of the Arabs, the enemy, quitting the roads, came darting over the steeps. Ravines, woods, and rocky places were all mastered in the rush. Slowly and surely the assailants drew near the entrenchments, when a thick veil came over the scene from the smoke of incessant fire. The breeze sweeping through the pass made all clear again, and the combatants were seen fighting hand to hand.

The Arabs and Kabyles clung desperately to their places of shelter, but the French went ever onward in their clambering, grasping bushes and branches of trees. Abd-el-Kadr made a last stand in person at the great redoubt, while his "regulars" and masses of Kabyles gathered round him. The converging columns of the French came creeping on amid the clang of trumpets and the roll of drums, and the Arabs, bewildered by attacks both in front and rear, at last wavered, broke, and fled. The tricolour was quickly waving on the summit of the Middle Atlas.

The Sultan, after this reverse, resumed the old guerilla warfare, and caused endless trouble by constant attacks on the flanks and rear of marching troops, the cutting of communications, the seizure of baggage, and the devices of feigned retreats, ambuscades, and sudden sallies in order to bewilder and weary his enemies. French garrisons were reduced to want by the occupation of surrounding territory, and Abd-el-Kadr, by his combinations and swift movements, kept the Frenchmen ever on the alert from the borders of Morocco to those of Tunis. The prospect of conquering Algeria seemed as distant as ever. A better French leader was sorely needed, and he appeared when General Bugeaud, in February, 1841, assumed the functions of Governor-General. A new era in the long contest now opened.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRANCE IN ALGERIA—*Continued*

Bugeaud's previous career and character—His new methods of warfare—His columns and commanders—Occupation of Algerian towns—Abd-el-Kadr's swift movements—His *Smalah,* or movable tent-town—Attacked and dispersed by Duc d'Aumale—The spectacle of the rout—Great booty taken—Effect of this blow—Bugeaud's victory at Isly—Abd-el-Kadr in Morocco—Again in the field—Bugeaud's forces scour the country—The Arab chief again near Algiers—His desperate courage and escapes—Again in Morocco—Defeats Moorish army—His hopeless position—Surrenders to Duc d'Aumale—French finally masters of Algeria—Kabyle revolts—Civil rule established—Mode of government—Progress made under French rule—Education—Tillage—Growth of European population—Agricultural products—The esparto (alfa) grass—Its great utility—The wine production—Increase of trade—The city of Algiers—Oran—Constantine—Bona.

THOMAS BUGEAUD, born in 1784, of a good family, descended by his mother's side from Irish people who had emigrated to France in Stuart days, entered the army in 1804 as a big, athletic youth of twenty years, enlisting as a private in the Imperial Guard. A man of little education but good natural abilities, he made his way to a colonelcy in the Peninsular War, and in that rank he fought at Waterloo. When he assumed rule in Algeria he was fifty-seven years of age, hard as steel in constitution and frame, a commander of the old *Grande Armée* type in imperious manner and decision. To his troops he was always "*le père* Bugeaud," for his devotion to their welfare in every way and his kind and friendly demeanour. He shared their privations, and made his officers of infantry go afoot with their men.

Bugeaud, with 100,000 men at his disposal, at once changed the faulty methods of warfare which had been hitherto adopted. He knew that an adversary such as Abd-el-Kadr, one so mobile, so full of expedients and resource, could be successfully met only by mobility and incessantly offensive movements. It was not an army, but a nation in arms, that had to be subdued. The French forces were promptly organized in many small, compact columns, each a little army in itself, composed of a few infantry battalions, two squadrons of horse, a transport-train of camels and mules, and two mountain-guns firing shell. Picked men only, acclimatized and used to toil, were employed, carrying nothing but their muskets, ammunition, and a little food. These columns were placed under the command of energetic and capable men such as Cavaignac and Changarnier, Pélissier and Canrobert, La Moricière and Bedeau, St. Arnaud and the Duc d'Aumale.

During 1841 and the two following years the coast towns were linked together by a chain of armed posts. The command of the Tell was ensured by the occupation of Medeah and Mascara, Tlemcen, Miliana, and other towns. The provinces of Algiers and Tittery were in French hands; Oran was half subdued; Constantine was free from the Arabs. The mountain tribes to the south, towards the Sahara, were then assailed by the movable French columns, which, in combined operations, were ever in touch with each other. During these campaigns Abd-el-Kadr continued to give much trouble by the rapidity and intricacy of his movements, as he slipped with his forces between the columns, now flitting in the front, then hovering on the flanks or assailing the rear, aided by his perfect knowledge of the country in every direction.

No nation, however, of limited resources in men and material has ever, in the long-run, beaten a great Power of endless means for warfare, employed with reasonable skill. It was in 1843 that a deadly blow was dealt at the power of the great Arab leader. In order to protect the dependents of his most faithful adherents, he formed a new and remarkable organization, consisting of a gathering of private families called the *Smalah.* To this moving asylum of refuge and safety the tribes sent their treasures, their herds, their women and children, their sick and aged people. The *Smalah* was, in fact, a great travelling capital, containing many thousands of persons, following the Sultan's movements by the aid of a vast number of transport animals in advance to the more cultivated regions or in retreat to the Sahara, according to the fluctuations of the contest which he was so bravely waging.

In the Sahara the tents of the shifting town spread to the distant horizon. In the Tell they filled a great valley, and rose up the slopes of the hills. All the arrangements were of military regularity. The different *deiras,* or households, were distributed into four great encampments, each *deira* having its appointed place, each chief with his station marked and his duties assigned. To protect the whole body in its wanderings four tribes and guide were set apart, and the guard was composed of the last of Abd-el-Kadr's regular troops. It became a chief object with the French leaders to capture or disperse this great organization. La Moricière and the Duc d'Aumale, in charge of two separate columns, were foremost in this enterprise, and fortune favoured the son of the French King.

On the 10th of May the Duc d'Aumale left Boghar at the head of 1,300 infantry and 600 horsemen, with food for twenty days. After six days' journey, of which the last twenty-four hours took the force across untilled, waterless plains, his advance-guard caught sight of a town of tents, set up on the bank of a stream running amidst rich pasturage. This was the *Smalah*. Only the cavalry were with the Duke, and it seemed too great a risk to attack with this small force a camp containing ten times as many fighters. On the other hand, if he waited for his infantry, Abd-el-Kadr might escape, or, learning the neighbourhood of his foes, himself assail them. The bold course was adopted, and the French leader launched his cavalry from three sides on the great gathering. The Arabs, taken by surprise, could make no regular resistance, and in less than an hour a complete rout was made.

The *Smalah* was broken up amid terrible scenes of confusion and despair, including the extraordinary sight of a promiscuous mass of camels, dromedaries, horses, mules, asses, oxen, and sheep, careering and plunging on the plain. There was little bloodshed, but the French victors were in possession of hostages of the utmost value in the families of Abd-el-Kadr's most influential chiefs. His wife and mother escaped, escorted by the Sultan and a few picked cavaliers. The booty taken was immense, comprising thousands of animals; the Sultan's valuable library of rare Arabic manuscripts; the military chest containing coin worth some millions of francs; and the chests of his khalifas and other high officers, filled with gold and silver coins and costly jewellery. The French soldiers baled out dollars and doubloons in their shakos, and filled their haversacks with diamonds and pearls.

This was a deadly blow to the Arab cause. At the time of D'Aumale's attack the *Smalah* contained about 60,000 people, of whom 3,000 were taken. The Sultan's adherents began to fall away, and the ranks of the French were swelled by large contingents of Arabs. The defeated hero sought refuge in Morocco, and that country was invaded by the French. On the 14th of August, 1844, Bugeaud, at the great battle of Isly, routed the Morocco army, capturing many guns, a large quantity of small arms, and great stores of warlike material. The ruler of the country then made peace on condition of his expelling Abd-el-Kadr from his territory. The victor, already created Marshal, became Duc d'Isly.

In the spring of 1845 the Arab chieftain was again in the field, and had some successes over French detachments. Bugeaud returned from France, and in October entered on a fresh campaign with 120,000 men. This great force was broken up into fourteen divisions or flying columns, each complete in infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Algeria was scoured in every direction, and resistance in every quarter was ruthlessly crushed. At last, in December, 1845, when the Sultan was in the Tell, combined movements of columns were made to hunt him down. In February, 1846, at the head of 5,000 Kabyles, the dauntless leader swept into the plains, and was within four hours' march of Algiers, while his enemies were looking for him in the Tell.

In the same month, however, they came upon him, and Abd-el-Kadr had some narrow escapes. The chasseurs closed around him. He fought with them single-handed until two horses were shot under him. He then stood his ground on foot, and for that time escaped in the confusion and gloom. On the 13th of March, after more fighting, he was attacked by cavalry on open ground. The Sultan was conspicuous on a white horse, and, alternately firing and charging, he kept the French at bay until forty of his small body of men were killed. Then, after a display of wondrous valour, he vanished in a defile.

He again resorted to Morocco, his whole force being now under 2,000 men; but these included 1,200 horsemen, the flower of the Algerian cavalry. On the 11th of January, 1847, starting at dead of night, Abd-el-Kadr fell furiously upon a great Moorish host, under the Sultan's two sons, sent out to attack him. The slumbering enemy awoke to see the thick darkness illumined by the flashes of musket-fire. Seized with panic, the men rushed away in all directions, abandoning arms, tents, and baggage. The Arab chief and his men swept onwards, defeating and dispersing a second Moorish division. In this and further conflicts he had lost over 200 men killed, and nearly all the rest were suffering from wounds. The end of the struggle was at hand.

The brave champion of Algerian independence had crossed the border into French territory. He had in charge about 5,000 non-combatants, and he felt it impossible to protect them against the attack of a French force visible in a pass three hours' march away. After consulting his chief warriors, he wisely resolved on submission, and, obtaining favourable terms from La Moricière, he rode, on the 23rd of December, 1847, to the head-quarters of the Duc d'Aumale, the new Governor-General. After a detention of some years in France, he was released in October, 1852, by Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic. His honourable career ended by death at Damascus in May, 1883.

The submission of Abd-el-Kadr gave Algeria finally into French possession. There were many revolts of the irrepressible Kabyles, dealt with in succession, from 1849 till 1870, by Pélissier, Canrobert, and MacMahon. The downfall of the Second Empire in September, 1870, caused another great revolt on the withdrawal of a large part of the garrison of Algeria for service in France against German invaders. On the suppression of this outbreak, a wise change of government was made in the substitution of civil rule in the three departments—Algiers, Oran, Constantine—for the military domination which had hitherto prevailed.

The country is regarded as a portion of France rather than as a colony in the proper sense, and each department sends one senator and two deputies to the National Assembly. There are seventeen subordinate prefectures and 348 communes for the purposes of civil rule. The *Bureaux Arabes*, mediating between the sheikhs, or native chiefs, and the Government authorities, do useful work in protecting the civil and religious interests of the Arabs and of the colonists in their relations with the other native population. The Mohammedan worship is supported by the State, as also that of the Jews, who are now regarded as French citizens.

Great progress in material prosperity and in the arts of civilization has been made under French rule. Algiers is the centre of an educational system which comprises the whole colony, and has a university with "faculties" of law, sciences, and literature, and about 800 students. There are three *lycées* (upper schools), with over 2,000 pupils, at Algiers, Oran, and Constantine; nine colleges, with about 4,000 pupils; and at Oran a college for girls, with 200 students. Most of the 1,200 primary schools are Arab-French, with about 110,000 pupils, of whom over three-fifths are boys. The infant schools contain over 30,000 children, and there are some superior Mussulman schools, where pupils are prepared for native employments.

Much land, formerly desert from natural reasons, or devastated by warfare, has been converted into fertile ground. In the Sahara districts the sinking of artesian wells has increased the number of oases, with a large growth of palms and fruit-trees of various kinds.

Thousands of miles of road have been made, connecting the three departments with the caravan routes leading inland to the Sudan and Timbuktu. The advance in the numbers of the European population has been steady and remarkable. In 1840 the European civil population was only about 45,000. Five years later it had increased to about 76,000. In December, 1849, there were over 112,000, of whom 58,000 were French, about 7,000 Maltese, over 33,500 Spaniards, 7,000 Italians, 2,500 Germans, 1,250 Swiss, and 3,250 of other nations.

In 1861 there were over 112,000 French people, and 80,500 of other European nations. Five years later, again, the French exceeded 122,000; the Spaniards were nearly 59,000, the Italians 16,650, the Maltese 10,600, and the Germans over 5,600. In 1901, when the total population was about 4,750,000, over 364,000 were French. The new irrigation created by the French rulers has done much to restore the fertility of the country as it existed in the old Roman days.

In 1866 over 4,160,000 acres were growing different kinds of grain, chiefly wheat and barley. There were over 28,000 acres of vineyards, above 14,200 under cotton, 6,000 growing flax, and nearly 10,000 producing tobacco. Olives were being largely grown, and over 100,000,000 pounds' weight of fruit were gathered, including oranges. At this time the growth of alfa, or esparto grass, had become an important matter for Algerian trade. The plant, reaching a height of 3 to 4 feet, and growing in clusters from 2 to 10 feet in circumference, resembles the ornamental feather-grass of gardens. The cylindrical stems, clothed with short hair, serve as food for cattle in the earlier growth, but become in a few years very tough in texture. The grey-green leaves, from 6 inches to 3 feet long, have a tenacious and flexible fibre, which has for centuries been used in making ropes, sandals, baskets, matting, and other articles.

This valuable material, of indigenous growth in the south of Spain and the north of Africa, springs up abundantly on the dry steppes and high plateaux of Algeria, where about 500,000 tons are annually gathered on an area of 3,000,000 acres. The esparto-leaves contain 56 per cent., by weight, of fibre, or about 10 per cent. more than straw, and so become largely used as a substitute for linen rags in the making of paper. It was French ingenuity which first utilized esparto for this purpose, and in 1857 the material was introduced into Great Britain, to which country the bulk of the export is sent.

There has been also a considerable development in the production of minerals, the chief being iron, zinc, lead, phosphate, stone, and marble. By far the most important industry of Algeria, however, is the tillage of the soil, and it is in regard to this that French rule has been most beneficial by the maintenance of peace and the increase of communications, which now include over 2,000 miles of railway. The tables of Paris are well supplied with early vegetables and fruit. The progress of vine-culture has been very remarkable. In 1872 under 40,000 acres of ground produced less than 5,000,000 gallons of wine. In 1880 the figures were about 56,000 acres, and 9,500,000 gallons ; and in 1888 nearly 309,000 acres, and 60,750,000 gallons. In 1898 nearly 350,000 acres of vineyard sent out over 100,000,000 gallons, worth over £6,500,000. Tobacco, wheat, barley, and oats are largely grown.

The enormous increase in the trade of the country since the French conquest is a striking proof of the value of civilized domination in a semi-barbarous region. In the olden days the wild tribes were ever at war with each other, agreeing in nothing save in devotion to the religion of Islâm, and living, under nominal Turkish rule, practically uncontrolled. In 1831, when the French appeared on the scene, the annual value of Algerian imports was only £280,000. In 1863 the value had reached nearly £4,500,000; in 1868 it approached £7,750,000. In 1863 the annual value of exports had never exceeded £2,000,000; in 1870 it was close upon £7,000,000. In 1898 the yearly exports were worth over £10,500,000, and the imports more than £11,500,000. Five years pass away, and in 1903 the exports had a value exceeding £12,500,000, and the imports were worth nearly £13,750,000.

The population of the city of Algiers between 1872 and 1900 grew from 66,000 to 135,000 through the extension of commerce, of the public services, and of agriculture. The city, placed on high hills all covered with gardens, has now become one of the most frequented winter resorts for wealthy foreigners. The old Algiers, with its steep and narrow streets, crowned by the Kasbah (Citadel), has witnessed the creation of a new town on level ground, with the grand Boulevard de la République and many fine public buildings. The old walls have been demolished, and their place is taken by a line of forts on the edge of a hill over 1,300 feet above sea-level. The port has been transformed, and a quick service of steamers conveys passengers from Marseilles to Algiers (500 miles) in less than thirty hours, and brings the place within forty-five hours of Paris.

At Oran, a chief port, a new French town has arisen, with "places," or public squares, beautiful promenades, public buildings, a fine harbour, and excellent water-supply. In 1900 the population was 85,000, of whom 25,000 were French and over 34,000 Spaniards. At Constantine, which is the chief town of the richest and most populous part of Algeria, a striking contrast is seen between the older and Moorish portion of the city, with its winding lanes and Oriental architecture, and the modern French quarter, showing rectangular streets and wide open squares, bordered with trees and adorned with fountains. The place lies on a railway about fifty-four miles south-west of Philippeville, its seaport, and by its beautiful situation and fine air yearly attracts crowds of visitors. In 1900 the population was about 52,000, of whom over 18,000 were French. Bona, in the department of Constantine, is now, through recent works, one of the best and safest ports on the Mediterranean coast, with a population grown from about 19,000 in 1872 to 32,500 in 1900, of whom over 12,000 were French. Such are some of the changes wrought in Northern Africa under French rule during the last half of the nineteenth century.

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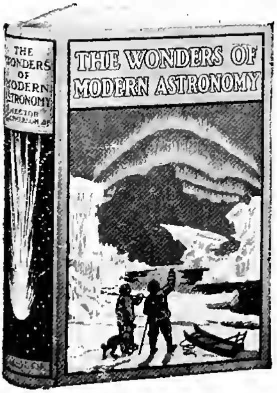
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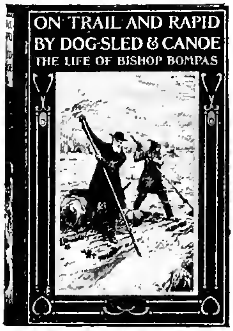
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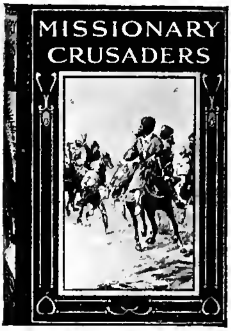
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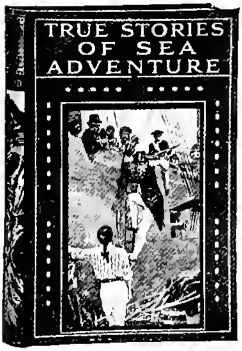
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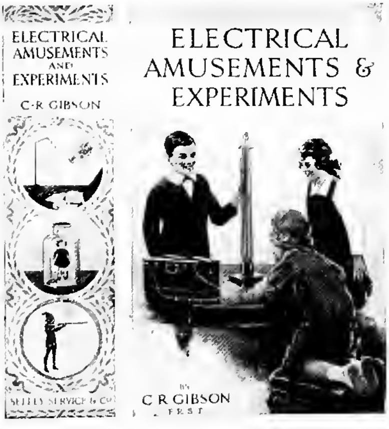
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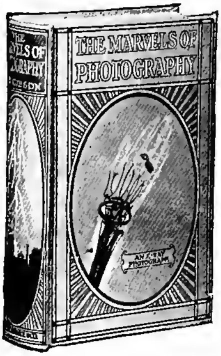

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